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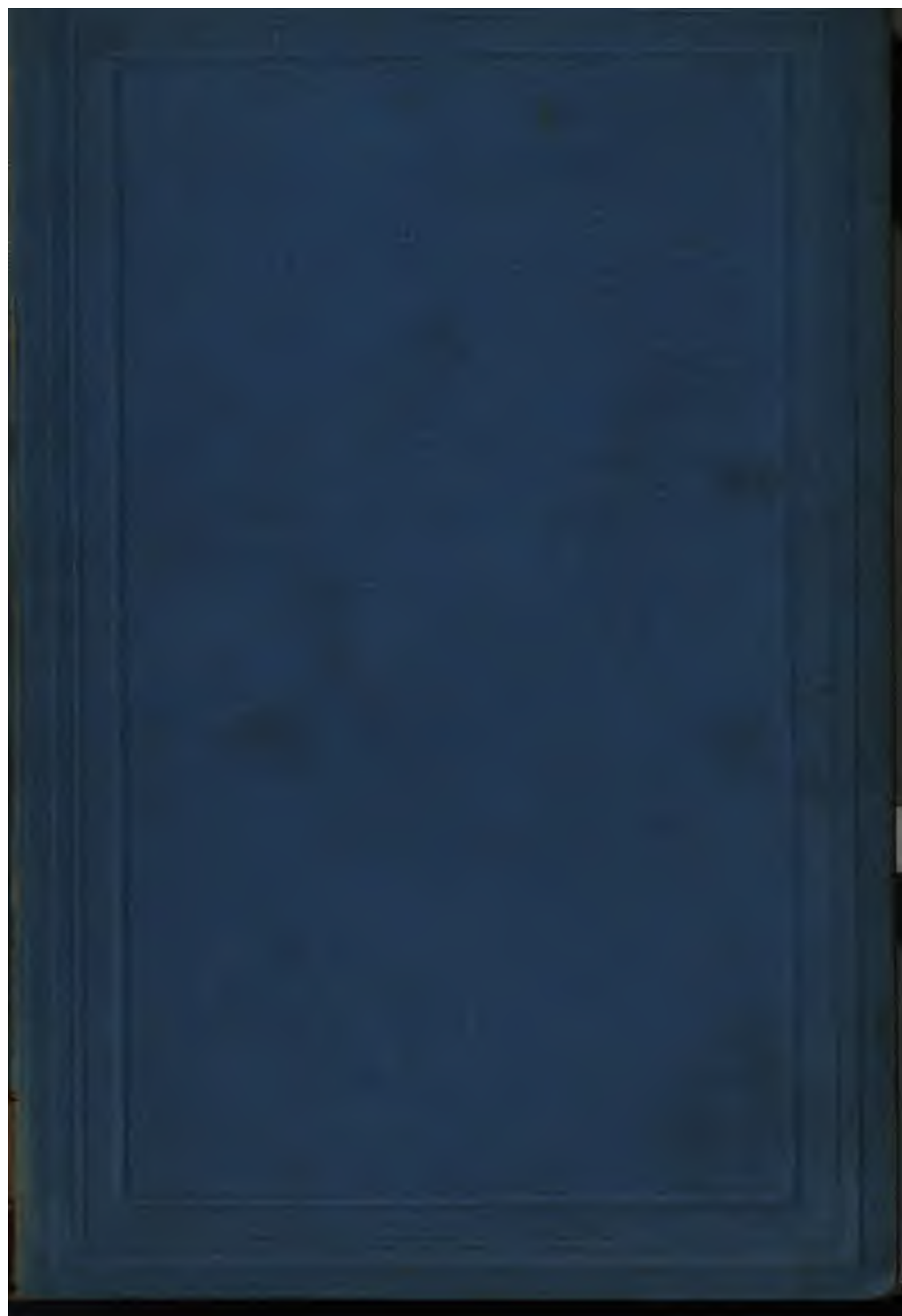
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AN

ART-STUDENT IN MUNICH.

THERE IS THAT TO BE SEEN IN EVERY STREET AND LANE OF
EVERY CITY, THAT TO BE FELT AND FOUND IN EVERY
HUMAN HEART AND COUNTENANCE, THAT TO BE LOVED
IN EVERY ROAD-SIDE WEED AND MOSS-GROWN WALL,
WHICH, IN THE HANDS OF FAITHFUL MEN, MAY CONVEY
EMOTIONS OF GLORY AND SUBLIMITY CONTINUAL AND
EXALTED.

JOHN RUSKIN.

AN
ART-STUDENT
IN
MUNICH

BY
MRS. HOWITT - WATTS.

IN TWO VOLS.

SECOND EDITION.

VOL. I.



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TO MARY HOWITT

The following Pages

ARE AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED

BY HER DAUGHTER.

INTRODUCTION

TO THE SECOND EDITION.

THE Author requests her husband to add a few words, by way of introduction, to the new edition of her book. He suggests to her that—as sometimes happens with ladies—she is turning timid rather late. She replies that she has nothing to say. Nor, indeed, is there much, though perhaps, something, to be said.

The work, of which a second edition is now offered to the acceptance of the public, has been long out of print, and the Author has been frequently asked for it, both at home and abroad. It was very kindly received on its original publication, and she has been gratified at learning incidentally, more than once, that it has been found an agreeable companion, and even a practically useful guide-book—to which, however, it makes no pretension—to the Art-City, by more than one of those distinguished writers, English and American, whose commendation of any literary work is praise indeed.

She hopes, therefore, not to be deemed presumptuous in having assented to a proposal for its revival.

Some changes which have taken place since the work was originally published may receive a passing notice.

The difficulties which the habits of society of that day placed in the way of a young woman seeking an independent career in Art, or, indeed, in any other direction, have now almost wholly passed away, and thus, one of the objects to which the book was designed in its modest degree to contribute has been largely attained.

The "Passions-Spiel" at Ober-Ammergau, to which these sketches first directed public attention in England and America, has become since then more and more an object of public interest, until the Peasants' Play has attained the perilous distinction of fashion. The performance of 1880 (they are given every ten years) will be the third which will have taken place since that described in these pages.

Lastly, the illustrious painter to whose kindness these young ladies were indebted for the facilities for practical Art-culture, at that time almost unattainable to women, and but for which this book would never have been written—has passed away from the scene of his labours and triumphs.

The Author has ventured to add, in an Appendix, a criticism upon the works of this master, from the well known pen of Hermann Becker, and which appears to her to be just and solid.

She is not unaware that the works of Kaulbach have appealed less to the spirit of England than to that of his native land.

The cause of this is not far to seek.

Art is many-sided, and is rarely, if ever, passing through the same phase of its development, at the same time in different countries.

When German Art was in the philosophical stage, of which the works of Kaulbach, as a whole, afford the most prominent and the fullest illustration, English Art was most admired in Germany for its realistic qualities, as manifested in the admiration felt by the great German master for Hogarth, whom he sought, not without success, in some of his earlier works to emulate; and in the appreciation of the genius of Wilkie, which led to the commission given to that English painter by King Ludwig I. of Bavaria, for whom was painted his celebrated picture of "The Reading of the Will."

All is now reversed or reversing. Germany is now relinquishing the philosophical and metaphysical in Art, for the poetry of realism in contra-distinction to the poetry of idealism, as illustrated in the pictures of Piloty and of the younger Kaulbach (Hermann), whilst there are surely not wanting signs around us, that English Art is now on the eve of a great transition in its highest and noblest efforts, from pure realism to the poetical and philosophical ideal.

The more public taste shall consent to be led in this direction, the more, the writer thinks, will it sympathetically comprehend the value of what has already been effected in it, in his day and generation, by the works of Kaulbach.

It only remains to add, that the concluding chapters, "Twenty Years Later," "Munich again—The Master," and "Supper with the Ammergau Actors of Seventy-one," are published now for the first time.

A. A. W.

19, CHEYNE WALK, CHELSEA, S.W.

18th July, 1879.

PREFACE

TO THE FIRST EDITION.

THESE volumes are gleanings from letters written home during a sojourn in Munich for the purpose of artistic study. They record the beautiful and happy experiences belonging to a peculiarly poetical chapter in the life of a woman studying Art. Should some readers, however, cavil at what they may deem a certain *couleur-de-rose* medium through which all objects seem to have been viewed, the writer would simply reply, that to her it appears more graceful for a Student of Art to present herself in public as the chronicler of the deep emotions of joy and of admiration called forth in her soul by great works of imagination, than as the chronicler of what in her eyes may have appeared defects and shortcomings. The sole shadow, therefore, which the writer

has purposely introduced into the chronicle, is the shadow of intrinsic sternness and mournfulness pervading certain of the great works referred to.

In the personal narrative running through the volumes, as a thread upon which to string certain pearls of Art, the writer has pursued a very similar line of action, feeling that although each passage of life has its peculiar prose and its peculiar pain, that to dwell, in retrospect, upon this pain and upon this prose is not only unphilosophic in itself, but ungrateful towards that Spirit of Joy and of Beauty which is ever brooding over the world.

And here the writer would add a few words as a living protest against a very common but thoughtless calumny, namely, that it is man who thwarts every effort of woman to rise to eminence in the life of Art. With a thrill of truest happiness, she must here declare that her experience hitherto, as an Art-Student, has been the most perfect refutation of such calumny. Invariably and repeatedly, when a hand has been required to put aside the sharp stones and thorns

which peculiarly beset a woman upon the path of Art, strong, manly hands have been stretched forth with noble generosity to remove them ; and manly voices have uttered words of teaching, of encouragement, and of prophecy of happy achievement.

ANNA MARY HOWITT.

LONDON, *April 16th, 1853.*

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AN ART-STUDENT IN MUNICH.

CHAPTER I.

SETTLING-DOWN.—A RELIGIOUS PROCESSION.—THE HOF-
KAPELLE.—A GREAT PAINTER'S STUDIO AND CARTOONS.

Munich, June 1st, 1850.—Here we are in Munich. These last several days have been such a confusion of excitement, delight, disappointment, joy, fatigue, and disgust, that I scarcely know where to begin my narrative. I will, however, begin with prosaic lodging-hunting. To-day, all yesterday, and part of Saturday, have we been hunting for our little home that is to be; and as yet have not found it. The fact is, Munich is very full, from the sitting of the Bavarian Parliament, and from the great number of soldiers and students here; so that it seems next to impossible to find what we want,—cleanliness, respectability, and moderate charges combined. I should think I have been in almost every street in Munich; and what queer places and people I have seen! I fancy to-night, when I fall asleep, I shall find myself in dreams standing at the corner of some old street, reading the written advertisements which are posted up in such places. I seem to have no ideas in my brain but "*2 Zimmer zu vermieten. Ein sehr schön möblirtes Zimmer zu vermieten an einen soliden Herrn, und gleich zu beziehen.*" Think how old-

fashioned it is here in Munich even, when a servant-girl will be sent round with a number of such advertisements, and a paste-pot, and pastes them up at the corner of the streets throughout the city: I had the amusement of seeing one perform her business. At present we remain at the inn.

You will naturally wish to know what we have done about the most important thing of all,—our artistic arrangements: scarcely anything as yet, for all requires time and consideration. I have not yet been even to Kaulbach's atelier. I asked advice from B——, and he recommended that I should become a pupil, for the first three months at least, of a friend of his, a rising artist and pupil of De la Roche. I, of course, was anxious to see this gentleman and his works; but I am disappointed,—and, in fact, we for the present remain in a state of the greatest uncertainty. Admission into the Academy, as we had hoped, we find is impossible for women: the higher class of artists receive no pupils.

I saw, yesterday morning, when at B——'s, a procession, or rather a number of processions, which were moving through the street. They were a sort of sequel to the grand procession of Corpus Christi Day, which we unfortunately missed seeing by a few hours. The morning was gloriously bright, the sky as cloudless and blue as an Italian sky; the streets through which the procession passed were strewn with grass and flowers; whole forests of birch-trees seemed to have been cut down to decorate the houses; they were arranged side by side against the walls, so that the procession appeared to pass through the vista of a green wood. Banners, tapestry, garlands, floated from the windows of the houses, which were often converted into shrines with burning tapers, golden crucifixes, pictures, and flowers. The air was filled with the sound of hymns and the pealing of bells; altars were erected at the corners of the streets, at the fountains, and before the

churches. Through the gay street wound the long train ; priests in their gorgeous robes, scarlet, white, and gold, under gorgeous canopies ; Franciscan monks in their grave-coloured garbs ; Sisters of Charity ; various brotherhoods in quaint, picturesque attire, all with gay floating banners and silver crucifixes. Then came young girls with wreaths of myrtle on their heads, with lilies and palm-branches in their hands, or bearing books, tapers, or rosaries ; then troops and troops of little children, all in white, and their heads crowned with flowers, and all raising their pure youthful voices in hymns of praise ! It was very beautiful. My soul seemed calmed and exalted. And, at a window opposite to where I was, sat an old, old woman, watching all with the deepest devotion. I shall not soon forget her face.

Wednesday.—We are at length settled as to domestic matters. We live not far from the Palace, at a sort of old curiosity shop, which Dickens would love to describe. You go up a dark winding staircase, and ring at a little dark door ; the door opens, and you see a large room full of gilt crucifixes, picture-frames, and huge painted saints larger than life, and glittering with gold. Beyond this, at the end of a long, desolate, white-washed passage, lie our rooms, spacious and cheerful, with many windows looking out into the public street, and giving a distant view of the Palace.

June 12th.—Rejoice with us : on Monday we become pupils of Kaulbach ! Yes ! next Monday we are to begin our studies in that identical little atelier where, seven years ago, when almost a child, I saw that group of young artists resting themselves at noon, and playing on the guitar,—a group which has haunted me ever since, like a glimpse into a new world of poetry, or the old world of Italian art. Yes ! that little room, with its glorious cartoons, its figures sketched on the walls, its quaint window festooned with creepers,—*that* is to be our especial studio. There we stood

this morning ; there we showed Kaulbach our sketches ; there I talked to him in the German tongue, being the mouth-piece for us both, as though he had been a grand, benevolent angel.

I told him how earnestly we desired *really to study* ; how we had long loved and revered his works ; how we had come to him for his advice, believing that he would give us that, if not his instruction, which we heard was impossible. I know not how it was, but I felt no *fear*,—only a reverence, a faith in him unspeakable. And what did he do ? He looked at us with his clear keen eyes, and his beautiful smile, and said,—“Come and draw here ; this room is entirely at your disposal.” “But,” said we, “how often, and when ?” He said, “Every day, and as early as you like, and stay as long as there is day-light.”

We knew not how to thank him ; we scarcely believed our ears : but he must have read our joy, our astonishment, in our countenances.

The amount of our joy may be estimated by considering what was exactly our position the evening before,—nay, indeed, at the very time when we entered the studio. The evening before, we were discouraged and disheartened to an extreme degree ; our path in study seemed beset by obstacles on every hand : in fact, we asked ourselves for what had we come,—how were we better off here than in England ? We talked and talked, and walked into that lovely English Garden, along the banks of the Isar ; the trees rose up calmly in their rich summer foliage ; all was silent in the approaching twilight ; long gleams of pale flesh-coloured sky shone through the clumps of trees in the distance ; acres of rich summer grass and flowers stretched away from our feet. Behind us rose a gentle mound surmounted by a white marble pavilion, more like something on the stage than a reality ; there was the scent

of early mown grass, the distant hum of the city, the towers and spires of which, in the distance, rose abruptly into the evening sky, as if from a sea of wood ; there was the near rush of the water, the gentle voice of a bird ever and anon. The peace of nature sunk into our hearts : never had nature and life and art seemed so holy and beautiful to us. We talked of a thousand things ; a certain cloud, a certain barrier which seemed to have existed between our hearts, melted away ; for, after all, our hearts had been strangers to each other until this night.

On our return home, we still thought and thought what was to be done ; we talked till it was morning, and by that time we had arranged a grand ideal plan of work, which, as far as it went, was good. We determined, if we could find no really first-rate master, to have models at our own rooms, and work from them most carefully with our anatomical books and studies beside us ; that we would do all as thoroughly as we could, and help and criticise each other ; that we would work out some designs in this way, studying the grand works around us, going daily to the Basilica, to the Glyptothek, to drink in strength, and inspiration, and knowledge ; that we would draw also from the antique, and would take our drawings to be corrected by Kaulbach, as he had already offered. This was the scheme of the night.

The first thing, therefore, this morning, was our setting off boldly to him with our sketches, to ask his advice. The rest is told.

As we left the studio, I could have fallen upon my knees, and returned fervent thanks to God, so mysterious was this fulfilment of my long-cherished poetical dream. It would have been a relief to one's heart so to have done ; but though one often feels such impulses, one rarely gives way to them. As we walked home through the streets, how wondrously proud did we feel ! It seemed to us as though a sort

of glory must surround us, as though every one ought to read instantly upon our brows—"the happy pupils of a great master!"

June 14th.—We were yesterday morning in the Hof-Kapelle: a long, quiet morning. I had no conception how sublimely beautiful is this chapel, although it had greatly impressed me the other Sunday morning when we were present at High Mass there. The crowd of worshipping people, the strains of music, the incense, all produced an overpowering effect; but the highest enjoyment was, in the calmness of early morning, in solitude, in so perfect a silence that one could hear one's heart beat, to sit there alone steeping one's soul in the spirit of the place; being fanned, as it were, by the angelic wings, being caught up into the golden sunlight of those heavens, forgetting all but the glorious abstractions before and above one, till Christ seemed to speak as he stretched forth his benevolent arms, till the Virgin's eyes sent peace into the depths of one's soul, till the whole choir of angels, overshadowed with their azure wings, burst into one anthem of praise and rejoicing! It is not nature, at least not familiar nature such as we see in our streets and our homes; it is an abstraction, an exaltation, an ecstasy! It is prayer,—praise. It is typical; the flowers are typical; the wings of the angels are wings nowhere to be found on earth, but are *angels'* wings; the ark, the cross, the crown, the palm-branch, the lily, all the hieroglyphics of our faith, speaking to our souls through our hearts, are there, each chanting its appropriate hymn, subordinate, yet vitally necessary to the accomplishment of the whole great song of praise. This chapel is built in the Byzantine style; the circular arches, the three domed roofs, the niches, the three altars, are all one glow of gold, of rich draperies, of angelic forms and faces, of rainbow-tinted wings, of mystical flowers and symbols. Yet, gorgeous as

are the golden back-grounds and the frescoes, all is tempered by a certain simplicity of form, a sternness of composition, a deep spirit of earnestness, and also by the rich, yet almost sombre tints of the marble columns, of the marble walls, of the marble pavement, warm greys, ruddy browns, dark cool greens. Thus you have the gravity of earth contrasted with the glow of heaven.

The same marvellous contrast may be traced in the frescoes themselves. It was not, I am convinced, without deep meaning that the old masters employed *golden* back-grounds. As for instance : here is a figure of Saul, the dark, moody, miserable man ; there he sits brooding over his wretchedness ; the light of earthly prosperity as yet falls upon him ; his figure catches the light ; *but there is no golden glow of heaven beyond*,—all is dusk. But close beside him sits David : he touches his golden harp, a crown circles his brow ; you feel, as yet, that it is only a visionary crown, the crown that God will bestow upon him ; but he sits in the glory of God already, it streams upon his figure, upon his harp, and the golden light of heavenly glory glows beyond him ? This is but one of the poetical and deeply truthful effects produced by these golden grounds.

In order more fully to appreciate the grand thought of Leo v. Klenze, the architect, and of Heinrich v. Hess, the painter, I ought to observe that the entire chapel is a shadowing forth of the doctrine of the Trinity. The first cupola is dedicated to the Old Testament, with the Creator as its centre ; the second to the New Testament, with Christ as its centre ; the Choir, to the Acts of the Apostles, with the Holy Ghost as its centre.

From these awful centres proceeds the divine influence, governing the world and the church through the Prophets and the Saints. Within the altar-niche, above the high-altar, appears the Church-Triumphant ; as representative of

the Church, the Virgin Mary is seated upon her throne ; to her right hand and her left are Peter and Paul, Moses and Elias ; and rising above the Queen of Heaven, with benevolent out-stretched arms, and calm face of immortal love, is Our Lord, surrounded by a glory of Seraphim waving their rainbow-tinted wings.

The side-altar on one hand shows us the Saints of the Bavarian Orders, St. George and St. Hubert, in adoration before Christ, who appears to them in the clouds. St. George gazes upwards with a noble exaltation in his strong youthful face, whilst he tramples the prostrate dragon with his mailed foot. St. Hubert, in his quaint hunter's garb, is praying quietly beside his marvellous stag.

Above the other side-altar, St. Louis and St. Theresa, the Patron Saints of the Bavarian Royal Family, kneel in prayer before the Virgin and Child ; St. Theresa's meek, white face, and emaciated figure, shrouded in nun's weeds, contrasting in startling sadness with the sweet and calmly joyful Virgin, who, seated upon her throne, holds the benignant child.

A peculiar and very beautiful effect is produced in this chapel by the windows being so arranged that from below they are invisible, the light streaming down from above the golden and frescoed galleries.

Perhaps Justina will be alarmed by my earnest admiration of this particular path of art, and warn me against superhuman painting. But she need fear no danger. I admire it with one portion of my being—with the highest, with *my spirit*. I regard it as an ecstasy of prayer. But truly one must know what are the beauties of nature before one aspires to represent the sublimities of the supernatural.

June 17th.—Last night we busily unpacked all our paint-boxes, looked up, with delighted eagerness, porte-crayons, chalks, everything ; chose out such anatomical drawings

and drawings from the antique as we thought most worthy ; laid out our twin-copies of Wilson's *Vade-Mecum*,—even scraped our chalks, and thus had everything ready for starting as soon as we had taken our coffee in the morning, and when certain paper which we had ordered to be stretched on two frames should arrive.

Most explicit orders had I given on Friday morning about this *Carton Papier*, and these frames, and had been assured that at farthest they would be ready by Sunday evening. I had forgotten our former German experience, that when you want a thing in a hurry in Germany you must order it six months before you need it !

This morning, therefore, having lain awake nearly all night, lest I should be asleep when it was time to rise, my first anxious inquiry from Marie, who, entering my room with bare feet and keys jingling at her side, brought in our coffee at seven o'clock, was after the stretched paper. Marie looked frightened : the "*Herr*," said she, "sent this morning at six o'clock to the carpenter's, and the frames would not be ready before ten !" Not before ten ! I said nothing to Clare, thinking that she might as well enjoy her coffee in the belief that the frames and the paper were all ready. After breakfast, Clare said, after enumerating all the things which we had prepared—"and the strained paper, Anna?" "Will not be here till ten !" said I, quite savagely, considerably relieved by having unburdened my mind. To my surprise, a most lamb-like and patient expression was on Clare's face. "I never expected," said she, "that they would be ready ; it is no use going to the studio with nothing to draw on."

I, for my part, did not expect them till afternoon, or to-morrow, or next week ; and an agony came into my heart at the thought of appearing careless in the master's eyes, when he had told us to go early that morning.

But there was no good in making oneself miserable ; so, with a little pang in my heart, I set about doing various small matters, and, firstly, went into the town to buy two queer, picturesque, big brown jugs, from a little, stupid, old woman. These jugs were to be very important in our *ménage*, seeing that we are young ladies, who, to their present discomfort, are perplexed with the absolute necessity of living in airy rooms, and having a plentiful supply of water, and yet who are forced to breathe German stench, and to wash in a supply of water contained in a *decanter* ! These big brown jugs, therefore, were intended to be companions to two big yellow pans which we bought yesterday.

I explained most clearly to the little old woman where we lived : she seemed as dull as an owl : a good, sprightly body passing by explained to her where the *Residenz Gasse* was ; the old woman did not know, although it is only a few hundred yards from her shop : she looked asleep, yet promised to send them at seven o'clock in the evening. I did various other things in the town, hoping that when I returned I should find the strained paper all ready. I entered our room : Clare was sitting melancholy but calm, with Haydon's Anatomical Lectures open before her : no tidings had arrived about our paper ! Noon approached, and we grew quite desperate, and, like a lioness, I rushed into the old curiosity shop, and beheld a long roll of cartoon-paper reared up against a gilded Saint. I said, "What does this mean ? Is this our paper ? and why is it not strained ?" "As soon as the *Herr* gets the frames it shall be done !" was the very satisfactory reply. I felt that there was nothing for it but patience, and at length, at three o'clock, after we had arranged our rooms and put all our possessions in order, the strained paper, delightfully suggestive of work, made its appearance ; but by this time it rained, and rain here is worse than in London. It rains

in torrents, you are wet through in no time ; and the streets, which are usually deserts of white sand, are turned into seas of white mud. Well, never mind ! the paper for which we had waited so long *could* not go, but *we* must. The boy with the ear-rings, Wilhelm, the youngest son of the *Haus-Herr*, must carry our things for us : and off we set, Wilhelm, like a little beast of burden, trudging behind,

We wound along all sorts of strange places, dived into narrow lanes, came out beneath crumbling old gateways, and through a field in which hay-making was going on. Even this wet afternoon, a peasant girl, in a pink bodice, with white sleeves, and a black handkerchief tied over her head, was tossing hay in the rain. As Germans do every thing contrary to English custom, I suppose the proverb is "make hay while *the rain rains* !"

We passed between the wet trees and knocked at the studio-door. No answer. We lifted the latch and entered : there was no great painter present ; there stood his grand works on their easels ; there hung his furred painting-gown ; there lay his cigars :—but he was not there.

We looked around on this side and on that, and presently a picturesque somebody was aroused from behind a colossal cartoon. We enquired whether Herr v. Kaulbach were there.

"No, he would not be there till the morrow !"

Good ! then on the morrow we also would return to draw ; meanwhile we would have a quiet study of two small cartoons placed upon easels in the centre of the large studio.

One of these cartoons is the Reconciliation of Wittikind and Charlemagne. Every one, no doubt, recollects that Charlemagne waged war against Wittikind : fortunately I remembered reading of it in Mentzel.

On a rising ground stands Charlemagne, a grand heroic figure : with one hand he clasps a rude, huge crucifix, which is raised upon a broken Druidical idol ; this crucifix is

planted on the broken feet of the idol—a fine idea! with the other hand he grasps the hand of Wittikind! He grasps his hand and gazes at him with an inspired countenance; his eyes, from beneath their massive brows, seem to flash a beneficent lightning upon his reconciled enemy. Wittikind grasps his hand in turn, but gazes on the earth awe-struck as it were. To his right, a step or two behind him, are his queen, his mother, his little daughter, an affecting group. The queen, with a mournful, proud bearing, with head erect, yet eyes cast down, only half assents to the reconciliation; a fierce mental struggle is yet going on within her. The old mother clings to her, weeping on her shoulder in undisguised agony at her son's desertion of his religion; the young girl, with her long, heavy tresses of hair, stands meekly beside her mother, with tears rolling down from her beautiful, sad eyes. Strange, wild, stormy, yelling groups surround them: here in the foreground, in the centre of the picture, Druids are mourning over their fallen, broken idol; some bowed over it in despair, others invoking curses from their gods upon the renegade king, wild, frantic! hurling denunciations against gods and men. Here is a group of Wittikind's subjects, serfs, nobles, men, women, and children, pointing to their slain, to their broken idol, to their wounds, wild, frantic also! There are curses, taunts, jeers; a strange contrast to the calm corpses strewn around.

To the right of Charlemagne, beneath the rude crucifix—a crucifix as rude as the Christianity of that age—are marshalled the knights of Charlemagne, calm though triumphant. The four *Haymon's Kinder*, the four heroic brothers, all seated on one horse, as they are described in the old legend, are there. One, the shadow of the other, grave, stern, heroic, *awful* almost in their beauty and their sternness. The foremost slightly leaning over the neck of

their pawing, snorting horse, points to two Druids who have passed over to the new faith, and who stand bound side by side, with bowed heads, and brows yet encircled by fading oak garlands, reading a passage in one of the gospels, which is held open by a triumphant bishop. Beyond this group of knights rises a Druidical temple, the demolition of which has already commenced. On its height stands a frantic Druid, hurling his imprecations against the skies. On the other hand rises a funeral pyre; a Druidical priestess burns herself in her chariot; she breaks her sacred wand, her hair flies in wild masses behind her, mingling with the smoke and flames; around her pyre lies a circle of corpses; far away stretches a savage mountainous region, on every height burns a fire of sacrifice, its long column of smoke ascending to heaven.

The whole cartoon is a wonderful embodiment of the spirit of those old times; it seems also to be an illustration of those words of Christ, "I came not to send peace, but a sword."

The next cartoon tells its story plainly enough. It is an embodiment of the spirit of the Crusades: not alone the Crusaders' first glimpse of Jerusalem, which has so often been painted, but it is the age of the Crusades which is there. A rough road, on which is cut in rude letters the word "Golgotha," leads through an arid, rocky region; in the distance lies Jerusalem, its flat-roofed houses, its mosques, its temples, its fortresses, its ramparts, its towers rising into the sky. In the centre of the picture marches along this arid road a little band of youthful priests, bearing an exquisitely sculptured shrine; their calm, grave, youthful countenances raised towards the sky. You feel that they chant a hymn. Behind them, slowly, majestically, rides a king; his eyes directed heavenwards: in his upraised hands he bears his crown, an offering to Christ, who, with outspread arms, and surrounded by the Evangelists, hovers

over the earthly procession. On rushes, behind the king, a host of warriors, bearing the spoil of the Pagans, jewelled coats of mail, bracelets, chains, the whole wealth of the East, borne upon their spears, which bend beneath their weight. It is a rude tumult.

The shrine and its youthful priests are preceded by old priests, prelates, cardinals seated on mules, praying, or conversing in low, grave words. They again are preceded by knights; knights spurring on their horses in frantic haste to reach the hallowed city; pilgrims of all ranks, all ages, hurrying on into the distance! You have a confused vision of prancing, madly careering horses; of arms brandishing weapons in an ecstasy of enthusiasm; of men, of women flinging themselves on their knees, bowing their heads to the dust in a frenzy of joy, on catching from those rocky heights their first glimpse of the Holy City!

Meanwhile, in the foreground, as the shrine proceeds on its way, Peter the Hermit, two troubadours, a flagellant, applying the lash to his naked shoulders, and several other pilgrims of various characters, fling themselves on their knees, bowing their heads to the earth, or raising their countenances with joy towards Christ.

And now come two prominent groups, connecting the band of pilgrims with the distant, careering horsemen. A very beautiful woman is borne on a litter, supported by four mild-looking young savages. She, with an upraised arm, unveils a face of the most exquisite beauty, a beauty still veiled, as it were, with an awe,—an awe inspired by the presence of Christ! In her lap lies a wreath of roses; her other hand is clasped by a young Crusader, who forgets even her presence in the thought of Christ and Jerusalem; and he waves his sword and shouts praises to God. The other group is another Crusader with a beautiful Saracen lady seated behind him on his horse.

The above will give a faint idea of the subjects of these cartoons, but not of their powerful drawing, not of their beauty, their grace, and grandeur and richness of composition.

I wish you could have a glimpse of our two pretty sister bed-rooms, opening into the sitting-room with its four windows, now that all is complete. We have taken down various prints and paintings belonging to the people of the house, and put up our own. Our bed-rooms have pale green walls, and I have fastened up my Raphael prints and my studies of colour from the National Gallery, with one of Justina's lovely water-colour landscapes, so that when the door of the sitting-room stands open the effect is pretty. You catch a glimpse of a writing-table, a pale green wall beyond, with a print of Raphael's upon it; an old-fashioned looking-glass in a gilt frame, hung high, in German fashion; beneath it Justina's Highland landscape, with its ruddy heathery foreground; on one side the glass hangs a palette, and somewhat below a little white porcelain vessel for holy water, a sort of shell with a praying angel above it. Our sitting-room is also arranged to the best advantage, and ornamented with sundry of our own sketches and works of art. Clare's bed-room presents pretty much the same appearance when the door is open, only that instead of my Raphael she has a clever copy of Rembrandt, and a Christus Consolator instead of my Highland landscape. And then, to complete the picture, you must imagine our chairs to have very dark *pink* damask cushions, so that we get a little warm colour.

Very tired we were by seven o'clock, when, returning from the studio, we took our coffee; but very thankful to have everything, even to our clothes, in order. I leaned on our smart window-cushion in the window, and, looking

out into the wet street, saw a droll little object wrapt up in shawls, head and body, emerge from a narrow little street opposite. The figure carried two big brown jugs! It was my old woman! She looked round and round, half asleep; she looked at every house but this; she was close upon the house; she turned her back; she stared fixedly at the house opposite; she seemed to have made up her mind to look any way but the right. We called to her; we beckoned! She could neither see nor hear! Again she gazed up and down, and again straight before her, with her back to us, and then in despair hobbled away down the narrow lane with our two brown jugs!

CHAPTER II.

THE STUDIO OF WILHELM VON KAULBACH.

THE studio of Kaulbach is situated in the St. Anna suburb, which resembles rather a quaint country town than the suburb of a smart little capital. It is altogether a somewhat out-of-the-way sort of place. It is a region of stone-masons' yards, mills, and timber-yards. If you approach from the old part of Munich, you probably pass beneath some gloomy gateway, and emerging among gardens and pleasure-grounds, cross some rapidly-running branch of the green Isar, which turns many a noisy mill, and is the resort of washerwomen, who, leaning over the pleasant water from low plank balconies, wash their linen, picturesquely and merrily, the whole summer through.

On bright summer mornings, these women, in their gay-coloured bodices and petticoats, furnish a succession of beautiful pictures as they wash their linen, which shines dazzlingly white in the shower of sunshine and amid the luxuriant grass and large-leaved plants, which droop their sprays into the stream. Across a wooden bridge you see passing an old Franciscan friar. He stops and speaks to that merry group of urchins rushing away from morning school; and now he says a word to that demure little fair-haired damsel, who knits as she walks along. The Franciscan comes from that white convent with its many rows of windows, and with its church rising in the centre, adorned with a gay figure of the Madonna, standing in a sky-blue niche, and shaded by tall poplars. Those are

pomegranates trained up the walls; and there is another brown monk at one of the windows. And now you find yourself in a regular little town: among houses, white, pale green, pale pink, and salmon-coloured, with rows of *jalousies* thrown back, and here and there bright-coloured bedding hanging out of the windows to air in the sunshine. Here the green mill-stream is choked up with pine tree trunks, which once majestically reared themselves among the Alps, and have been floated down some tributary of the Isar, and now lie prostrate giants, ready to be sawn up and stacked in the royal wood-yard close at hand. This wood-yard connects the St. Anna suburb with the beautiful English Garden.

"Is it to a stone-mason's that we are going?" exclaims some stranger-friend, whom you are conducting to the studio, as, leaving the main road, you skirt the mill-stream, and entangling yourself in a maze of stone slabs and blocks, open the crazy door of an old grey wooden fence. This old crazy door admits you into a field, where still blocks of stone, a very chaos of them, are seen in the distance, lying in wild disorder about a ruinous building, partially covered with a straggling vine. Close before you is a long, grey, desolate-looking house; you turn the corner, you stand in the field—one lovely, odorous mosaic of flowers, and deep, rich grass. Here the tall salvia rears its graceful spike of brilliantly blue flowers; clover, white and red, scents the air with its honied perfume; the delicate eyebright, daisies, trefoils, harebells, thyme, bugloss, yellow vetch, the white powdery umbels of the wild carrot, and the large, mild-looking dog-daisies, bloom in a gay, delicious tangle; crowds of graceful butterflies dance and flutter unceasingly above the flower-mosaic like showers of falling pear-blossom; myriads of happy tiny creatures, beetles, grasshoppers, ladybirds, revel among the flower-stems and blades of

grass : all is joyous life ; an odour, a gentle murmur—a hymn of nature. And there, seated beneath those elder trees in full bloom, before the desolate grey house, is a group of merry, brown-eyed children, playing with a beautiful white rabbit, while a large, sagacious mastiff sleeps beside them.

And now, opposite to you, across the field, and half hidden by thickets and a group of poplars, you see the studio ; two grey wings, with a high centre. All is bowery and green, overhung with vines and creepers. Opposite the grey wooden door in the centre of the building, and lying in a thicket, you see capitals and various fragments of broken columns arranged as seats around another capital, larger than the rest, which serves as a table. Close upon the threshold of the studio stands a peacock, displaying his handsome tail, his gorgeous green and blue neck glancing in the sun. He and his wife and young ones are doing all in their power to tempt forth the artist to feed them with a loving hand, as is his wont. These peacocks are great favourites, and know it too ; you may see their portraits painted in *stereo-chromie* upon the outer wall of the studio, beneath a window, where they are festooned with living sprays of vine. All is a pleasant, quiet dream without ; green and shady, yet with glittering, dancing showers of sunshine breaking through the branches as they are stirred by a light passing breeze.

"Very untidy all this !" remarks your Englishman, recalling his trim lawn and shrubbery at home : "a boy is wanted here to pull up these rank weeds, and a roller to roll that gravel and grass ! Can't think what Kaulbach is after, to let all run so to ruin !"

But Kaulbach, with many another artist, rejoices in all these docks and darnels, in this rank growth, in this unpruned, unfettered nature. He loves his vines, his hops,

his nettles and thistles, and his myriads of wild, lovely flowers and butterflies. And in winter he rejoices in the heavy snow as it lies on the branches of the trees, in the glitter of the hoar-frost, in the pure expanse of the snowy field; and in autumn in the gorgeous tints of his trees, when they glow, gold and coral; or again in spring, when their bare branches, ruddy with awakened life, are wildly tossed to and fro by bold March winds, and above, the sky is a deep blue, across which scud fleet, bright clouds.

But we linger too long in the field. Let us lift the old-fashioned latch, and enter. A handsome, large, black spaniel greets us with a loud barking, but soon recognising old acquaintance, wags his tail and curls himself round to sleep again. The artist is not here, though the peacocks seem to await him. We glance round the room, expecting to see him, as the spirit of the place, emerge from behind some large cartoon or canvas which had concealed him from our sight; but all is silent. We are alone with his creations.

The Englishman, remembering his smooth lawn at home, has, we have seen, disparaged Kaulbach's wild field, and probably, also, blinded by the gorgeous and richly mellow tints of our English school of painting, and fascinated by the clever execution of our English pictures, may disparage Kaulbach's works.

"Is this," he may exclaim, "a far-famed work of art?" as he looks at a copy in oil of the Destruction of Jerusalem, which has struck his eye on entering the studio. "*This* that much-vaunted painting! compare it only with a picture of Etty's, or of — or of —, and see then what figure it will make!"

Many such an exclamation of hasty judgment has probably been heard in Kaulbach's studio, from both English and French. But the Destruction of Jerusalem, and other

works by the same artist, still maintain their real greatness, not, as the artist himself would be the first frankly to avow, as *pieces of painting*, but because they are *poems*, and new subjects treated in an original manner.

Unbounded imagination, philosophic thought, and studious research, are, I consider, the peculiar attributes of Kaulbach's great historical works.

"But has not this German imagination become almost a by-word with us?" asks the caviller.

No: the imagination to which I refer, that dreamy imagination which invests all nature with a tender poetry, which gives an individual life to every bud and leaf,—that imagination, half superstition, which peoples the wild regions of the country with its spirits of the Brocken, its Rübezhals, its Libussas, which, in olden times, having created legend and saga, in later days has raised up an immortal band of musicians, philosophers, and artists!—no; this imagination has never become a by-word, and it is from the possession of this high species of imagination that Kaulbach's name stands forth with a peculiar prominence even amidst a nation pre-eminently endowed with this glorious gift. Who, studying his work, does not feel that this subtle imagination at times rises into the power of a *Seer*, which penetrating the abyss of time, calls up forms, countenances, and scenes passed away ages ago from the earth, with such a vividness of truth that your very soul is thrilled! Dead bones and ashes, buried in funeral urns, in cairns and barrows, become instinct with life; the scald, the warrior, the amazon, clad in their wolf-skin garments, and wearing their rude golden ornaments, wielding their uncouth weapons of destruction, singing their death-songs; suffering, loving, and hating with a barbarous intensity of passion, astounding to us of modern days,—all are evoked by this mighty power of the seer. And ages remoter still

lying far off in the very dawn of time, are revealed ; for does not imagination annihilate time and space ? Loving and understanding all things, whether sublime or lowly, is it not truly a divine sympathy with all nature, a sympathy with the flower and insect as with the mountain and the tempest ; a sympathy entering into the inner life of the dumb animal, as well as into the inner life of the hero and the sage ?

And if, in studying the works of Kaulbach, you discover undoubted proofs of this divine gift of intense imagination and unbounded love, wherefore turn away dissatisfied with his works, because they are not as great in colour as in imagination ? Why, whilst admiring the vigour and grandeur of a noble oak, destroy your delight by exclaiming, "how perfect that oak would be did it but produce roses !" May not those attributes of beauty, of which our English school of painting is so justly proud, be as foreign to the German nature as for the oak tree to bear roses ? But this is a subject on which much already has, and more probably will be, written.

So many hasty judgments are passed, by English travellers, upon Kaulbach's works, that I have been led into an invective desirous that these works should be, at least, regarded from a point of view nearer akin to that of the artist himself.

But now for the works :—

We will commence our survey with the Destruction of Jerusalem, which, though not the first in the chronological order of Kaulbach's great series of historical works, now executing in *stérionomie* at Berlin, yet is the first of his works which strikes us on entering the studio at Munich.

Above the human turmoil, agony, famine, despair, and triumph, which fill the lower portion of the picture, throned upon clouds, and dimly visible through a haze of heavenly

light, sit the four great prophets, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, and Daniel, who prophesied in vain to the stubborn and blinded Jewish nation ; again they repeat their awful warnings, pointing with solemn gestures to their open books. The seven angels of God's wrath, as described in the Revelation, descend on swift wings, and with swords of flame, like a mighty whirlwind. And now, whilst the avenging angels descend, and the prophecies are fulfilled, Titus, seated on his white snorting charger, is seen in the distance riding onward over smouldering ruins, into the doomed city ; grim-visaged lictors surround him ; the Roman generals, with standards and glittering spears, crowd on behind him ; a multitude of soldiers, half lost in smoke and gloom, precede him, announcing their victory with triumphant music. Roman soldiers have already obtained possession of the holy altar (the centre of the picture) ; have planted the Roman eagle upon it ; have sacrificed upon it to their She-Wolf ; crowding upon it, clinging to it, they celebrate their triumph by the braying of trumpets, the clang of arms, and the shouts of war. One soldier stretches forth his robber-hands towards one of three Jewish virgins, who, shuddering, cling together ; another leans from his horse, which is laden with spoil from the Temple, and with rude grasp seizes the arm of a woman, who, clasping her hands in agony, shrinks from him towards the earth. Then is fulfilled the abomination of desolation foretold by Daniel.

And now like a huge wave around the altar, driven on by the tide of entering Romans, see a crowd of Jews passing forth beneath their upraised shields. They cast wild looks of agony and hatred towards the desecrators of their holy altar, and above them swiftly descends the whirlwind of angels. Here, round that cauldron, cowers a fearful group : one old hag sucks blood and devours the flesh of her own arm ; another devours some horror no less revolting ; and a

young and handsome woman, frantic with hunger, slays her infant ; with rabid and glazed eyes she sits gazing at the pale corpse and her blood-stained knife. And up those broad steps, leading to the Holy of Holies, fly crowds of men, women, and children ; here lies a corpse, there sits a mother, wild with alarm, seeking to screen her children, who cling to her and hide their heads in her lap. Aloft, beneath the pillars of the Temple, cold, scornful, and impassive, stands John of Gischalla and Simon, the son of Gioras, the reckless and wicked Jewish leaders ; wildly gesticulating, frantic men and women gather around them : with clenched hands raised with impotent imprecations against heaven, they curse the descending angels of God's wrath and the triumphant Roman hosts. Beyond this infuriated throng, illumined by the ruddy glare of fire, you dimly see the sacred ark supported by its cherubim, and the waving arms of more and more fugitives and supplicants.

Such is, in truth, the background of the picture, from which stand forth three remarkable and principal groups. The centre figure of the centre group is the High Priest in his robes. His dark, haggard countenance, and blood-shot eyes, are riveted upon the approaching Romans ; he thrusts the keen point of a long dagger through the golden border of his sparkling breastplate ; one foot is planted upon a corpse which lies on the ground wrapt in a scarlet mantle, through which you trace the features of a dead face, and beneath which you see a crown and long tresses of dark hair ; his other arm presses to him and supports his dying children ; the youth's pallid face yet rests upon his father's knee, though the slight form, clad in its light golden armour, slowly sinks upon the corpse covered with the scarlet shroud. Meanwhile, the wife of the High Priest seizes his upraised and suicidal arm, and points

frantically to her own breast, longing, demanding to die with him and their children. Seated, or prostrate round the High Priest and his family, you see the Levites mourning and destroying themselves amid the scattered treasures of the Temple. One young man has fallen upon his sword; an old man, with a venerable white beard, sits in a stupor of despair,—his hand listlessly grasps a long sword, and he leans against golden vases upheaped with gold, jewels, and long strings of pearls. The left group consists of the Wandering Jew, driven forth by three demons, whose livid brows are wreathed with knotted snakes, and the whips in whose hands are snakes likewise. Forth rushes he, lacerating his naked breast, a type of modern Judaism, and undying remorse: thus connecting the historical part of the Destruction of Jerusalem with the prophecy of Christ, in which the Destruction of Jerusalem is made a symbol of the Last Judgment, etc.

Three gracious angels, bearing aloft a golden chalice encircled with a glory, the mystic sign of Christian faith, conduct a group of Christians forth from the devoted city. This is the right hand group. A beautiful and gentle woman, seated upon an ass, presses lovely smiling twins to her breast; a shadow of foreboding rests on her sweet face; in her hand she bears the martyr's palm. Behind her, on the ass, sits a boy of some seven years old, and passes through her arm a tiny hand which holds a branch heavy with golden fruit: his large brown eyes are full of eagerness, his lips are parted, he beckons to his three playmates, who kneel, imploring to be taken along with the Christians. Two are lovely children,—a boy with curling fair locks, a girl with thick dark plaited tresses, while between them kneels a little yellow naked boy; all three raise beseeching hands and weeping eyes towards the departing Christians. The nearest angel waves his hand with a look

of love ineffable—they shall depart also! probably also to win the martyr's crown. See those graceful youths who conduct the ass, on which rides the mother, and a second ass ridden by the father, who chants a hymn of praise to God from the book open in his hand, and by the white-headed grandfather. All bear palm branches. Yet all sing hymns of love and praise, and with firm steps and undaunted hearts they approach their doom,—a joy eternal, though purchased by suffering and death.

Such is Kaulbach's Poem of the Destruction of Jerusalem;—and now, opening the door of the little inner studio, let us read one still finer, on THE FALL OF BABEL.

“So the Lord scattered the nations from thence upon the face of the earth, and they left off to build the city.”

The Book of Genesis relates, in figurative language, how, through the dispersion of races and the confusion of tongues, history took its origin. In accordance with variety of race and variety of speech, variety of opinion soon showed itself, and confusion arose in men's minds regarding God and divine things.

“‘Eat of this fruit and thou wilt be like God.—Heaven thy dwelling-place, Eternity thy life!’ Thus spoke the tempter through the woman's voice, to Adam, the type of undefiled humanity. And these words, echoing through ages, fell upon the ear of Nimrod, a type of fallen man, believing himself omnipotent. But the lightning of Jehovah's wrath smote the proud tree, scattering its fragments over the earth, until, through divine compassion, the type of reconciled humanity was born of woman, and once more the tree of life arose, shooting forth fresh branches, and filling the world with peace. But now the Tree of Life was the humble Tree of the Cross.”

Such is a condensed translation of the Introduction to the artist's manuscript account of his Cartoon of the Fall of

Babel. The whole manuscript reads like a sublime poem, consisting largely of passages from the Scriptures, bearing upon his view of the event.

Now let us glance towards the Cartoon.

Nimrod, "the mighty hunter before the Lord," the tyrant of men as well as of beasts, is seen seated upon his throne, approached by a lofty flight of steps; behind him, rises in the gloom the huge Tower. The throne is supported by grotesquely carved figures of dogs; on either hand arise clouds of perfume, from tall incense-burners; the throne has been surmounted by idols of the sun and moon. But Jehovah, and his avenging angels, darting forth from a cloud keen forked lightnings, have smitten the baleful forms, which, falling upon the marble steps, have slain Nimrod's two sons, who lie crushed beneath them. The curse has fallen in truth upon the tyrant. He sits there between his mutilated gods, with his dead sons at his feet, with his wife prostrate before him and them, beseeching him wildly to acknowledge the power of the unknown God, with his courtiers, priests, and minstrels on either hand, taunting, scoffing, conjuring him to renounce his idol-worship, his tyranny: but he neither hears nor sees—he only *feels* the curse. In the swollen muscles of his brawny arms and chest, in his hands clenched on his knees, in his cruel, proud, lion face, in his quivering foot, you read a dumb bewilderment! Through his brain ring the words, "How art thou fallen, Lucifer, son of the morning! How art thou cut down who didst weaken the nations! Thou hast said in thy heart I will ascend into heaven; I will exalt my throne above the stars of God; I will be like the Most High! Yet thou art brought down to hell, to the sides of the pit."

The curse has fallen also upon the tower. On all sides fly the workmen, in wild haste, leaping from the scaffolding,

which breaks beneath them, letting themselves drop from the steep walls of the basement. All is bewilderment, frantic confusion. A woman meeting three men yoked like beasts to a load of ponderous stone, which they are dragging up an inclined plane, urged on by a fiendish taskmaster, shouts to them the astounding doom; but the sounds of her own voice seem to appal her: her lips look petrified, her hands are raised towards her mouth in astonishment.

In one corner of the picture you see the architect, with his plan of the tower, struck down and stoned to death by two infuriated workmen. Already the tribes have begun to disperse. The minstrels to the left of Nimrod's throne, holding in their hands lyres of the most primitive fashion, and admonishing the tyrant by word and gesture to acknowledge the awful God, hasten to join the race of Japhet already departing towards the west. Their wives, seated on camels, beckon wildly to their lingering husbands with beseeching hands. Far, far away, stream multitudes, on foot, on horses, on camels, away, away, across those hills out into the world! Here a strong warrior, naked except for his helmet, formed from the head of some wild horned beast, and his fluttering lion-skin mantle, holding spears in his hand and with his sword girt around him, rushes madly away on a snorting horse, swift as the wind; two slim youths, one holding his bow, his quiver slung across his shoulder, the other swinging a sling,—grasp the long mane of the horse and fly along with him. Another warrior follows madly behind them: on rushes his steed, but with averted head he watches the solemn lightning cloud which bears Jehovah.

Away, away, out into the world, fly the ancestors of the Persians, the Greeks, the Romans, the Scandinavians, the Germans, with spears and shields to battle for liberty, for beauty, for chivalry, for the noble rights of humanity!

In front of Nimrod's throne, the race of Ham, to which race belong Nimrod himself and the luckless architect, assemble themselves. A half idiotic priest, cowering over his three-headed idol, which he presses to his breast, is seated upon a shaggy, sullen bison, its horns decorated with ponderous pendant ornaments, its back covered with a barbaric matting. Frantic worshippers surround him; one savage-looking girl, with matted elf-locks and clad in skins, seizes the robe of the priest and licks it with her tongue. A hideous old hag, the impersonation of sorcery and false prophecy, raises her hood with skinny fingers, and casts a baleful glance of malice upon the slim youth with his bow and quiver who rushes past her. Thus departs the race of Ham, the idolaters of Africa, the Phoenicians, the Egyptians. The curse falls immediately upon them: "They who eat the flesh of men and drink abominable blood to do homage to Thy name! But Thou hast compassion upon all, and bearest with the sins of men. For Thou lovest all that are, and hatest none that Thou hast created; Thou sparest all! For all are Thine, Lord! Thou lover of life! and Thy Eternal Spirit is in all!"

Meanwhile, behold towards the east the departure of Shem, in the person of the venerable patriarch Peleg, mentioned by Moses. He is seated on a low car drawn by mild oxen; he stretches forth his arms as if at once blessing and protecting his race, his noble countenance raised towards heaven with love and gratitude. In horror of the departing idolaters a youth and maiden spring to his knees, shrinking in alarm from the savage fanatics. A grave boy, holding listlessly in his one hand the reins of the oxen, in the other a crook, stands up in the low wagon on the other side of the patriarch, and half leans against him. On the neck of either ox, see, a round-limbed naked child is seated; they are twin brothers! One presses a bunch of

luscious grapes to his lips, whilst his other arm rests lovingly upon the shoulder of his little brother, who leans towards him holding a long spray of vine in his chubby hand. Their mother walks beside the yoked oxen, gazing at them with eyes of love ; in one hand she bears bunches of grapes, the other supports a flat basket upon her head, in which lies, together with a distaff, a younger child, who, laughing, stretches forth his arms towards his brothers seated on the oxen. Other women and children follow. They are surrounded by flocks and herds ; you seem to hear a gentle lowing and bleating. All is peace, fruitfulness, love. They journey towards a land of promise. "In my race shall all the nations of the earth be blessed," spake the Lord God ; "and to you, ye nations of the earth, to you is born, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will to men !"

Opposite to the Fall of Babel, in the small studio, hangs the design for the Battle of the Huns, another of the Berlin frescoes. The subject is taken from the old legend by Damascius in his life of Isidorus. He relates how the hatred was so intense between the Huns and Romans that after a great battle fought before the walls of Rome, in the time of Valentinian III., the spirits of the slain returned into the corpses, and a frenzied conflict was renewed by the phantoms in the air ; a legend fraught with deep significance, and found in various ages, and among various nations, symbolising the bitter hatred which outlives mortal conflict !

Rome, in the distance, with its temples, palaces, and gardens, sleeps silently upon its seven hills. Between the quiet walls and the foreground of the picture are scattered groups of slain. Here, in the front, lies a heap of corpses,

Romans and Huns mingled together ; soldiers, amazons, horses, and wild Hun children. The sleep of death is, however, loosening its hold upon them. A gigantic Hun, wrapt in his skin mantle, his eyes still closed, his bearded chin sunk upon his breast, draws slowly, as yet drunk with sleep, his sword forth from its scabbard. Beside him lies a yet unawakened amazon, her stern countenance thrown back in death upon the lap of another woman, who sits gazing, full of a wild amaze, towards the sky. A third woman is gradually awaking, though her eyes are still closed and her head bending towards the earth. Sunk upon the breast of the sleeping amazon, like the pretty bud of some flower closed for the night, lies the round head of a little Hun child. There sleeps a Roman soldier grasping his sword, his metal helmet and armour conspicuous amidst the skin garments and savage weapons of the "Barbarians." Women, with faces on flame, with beckoning arms and animated gestures arouse the sleepers. At the touch of that eager woman, the warrior, fallen prostrate from his dead horse, will awake !

And here is a group entirely of women ! Roman women they seem : some, aroused only to a dim sense of agony, sit dreamily upon the ground ; others, clinging together as if drawn towards the ghastly conflict waging in the air by the might of their anguish and mourning, hover above the earth. A little naked child, heavy with sleep, clings to the girdle of his mother, as, pressing her hands with convulsive agony to her brow, she rises from the ground. Here a young Roman soldier aids the ascent of a veteran towards the battle.

Up, up, they rise ! Romans and wild Barbarians. At first dreamily with heavy eyelids ; then comes perfect consciousness of a more than mortal hatred. The Romans rush on with spears and standards, exhibiting with defiant

gestures to their foes a cross borne aloft, from which radiates celestial light. The Roman Emperor is supported on either side by a slim youth. Old Rome, now leaning for support upon his young dependencies, leads on his cohorts. Intensest hatred fills the veteran with a transient youthful vigour; his large breast heaves, his eyes flash flame, and with fierce defiance he presses on towards his adversary, the terrible Attila, who, standing on a broad shield upheld by floating Huns, brandishes a fearful weapon, a huge whip, each lash ending in a cruel *Morgenstern*. Attila, conspicuous in his loose coat of mail, his fur-trimmed widely flowing robe, and strange high cap, and wielding his many-lashed scourge with one hand, beckons forward with the other his countless hosts, who swarm behind him, bearing along with them shields, bows, spears, arrows, clubs, and slings, only less wild and rude than are their own eager, savage countenances.

On, on they come, with elf-locks and skin garments floating on the wind! on, on they come, hurrying through the air from the far-distant heavens, like flocks of ominous birds! And now, on all sides, above and beneath the two terrific leaders, the ghosts close in struggling conflict, and all is one dense cloud of agony!

Let us now, returning to the large atelier, study the colossal cartoon in progress,—the Homer, for the Grecian cycle of the Berlin frescoes.

Homer, steered in a little boat by the eldest of the Sagas, by the Sibylla, touches the shore of a small creek, where he is awaited by assembled Greece,—by her poets, her philosophers, her warriors, her priests, her Arcadian shepherds and hunters. Homer's figure is turned away from us, the modern spectators, but we catch a profile glimpse of his glorious, inspired countenance as, with sightless orbs, it is turned towards the listening crowd upon the shore. He

raises one hand commandingly towards heaven ; the other hand touches the strings of a large lyre, which he supports upon his slightly raised knee and the curved prow of the little bark as he pours forth his immortal strains in a mighty torrent of song. The wind blows back the rich masses of hair from his noble brow, rustles the leaves of his bay-wreath, and raises the veil of Sibylla, floating it mysteriously above her melancholy dreamy countenance, which she rests upon her left hand. Her right listlessly holds an oar, as she sits low upon the deck of the little boat. An open scroll lies upon her knees ; her eyes do not read its mystic words, but are sunk in wondrous dreams. Hers are eyes which have never shed a tear,—stern, sad eyes, though tearless. What a contrast between the Sibylla, and the gentle heart-broken Thetis, who to the left of Sibylla's boat rises from the waves towards heaven, bearing with devoted love the urn which holds the beloved ashes of her heroic son ! An unutterable tenderness and woe speak in her lovely, plaintive, tearful, upraised face. The gentlest and tenderest of her attendant Nereides watch her as she departs, striving to detain her by their caresses and looks of love ; whilst others of a sterner nature, the nymphs of storm and shipwreck, are less sympathetic, and busy themselves with their own affairs. The hair of these sea-goddesses is wreathed with coral, with reeds and sea-blossoms, and fastened up with fantastic fish-bones ; necklaces of shells rest on their large, round shoulders ; one young creature defends herself from the attack of a swan which, with its companions, sails boldly towards her with ruffled plumage. Another nymph gazes towards a warrior seated on the shore with an earnest, proud glance, as though a deep, passionate love had existed once between them. But he, a type of the joyous, careless, yet heroic Grecian nature, has already buried his memories of this love amid a hundred others. Love, wine, and song, are

the glories of his existence ; but for this moment song has predominant sway over him. His face is averted from the proud nymph, his hand rests carelessly upon the shoulder of a lovely boy, who presses to his side, holding upon his knee an ivy-wreathed beaker ; he listens entranced by Homer's strains. Now stretches along the shore in a vast semi-circle the Grecian nation, represented by its various types of poets, sages, sculptors, painters, warriors, and shepherds. There are voluptuous, youthful countenances whose ambrosial locks are wreathed with odorous fresh flowers ; some listen, sunk in dreams ; others, roused by a generous enthusiasm, stretch forth their arms, and their eyes gleam with inspiration ; there you see, seated upon the rocky shore, stern, old, bearded men, who rest garlanded lyres upon their knees, whilst their brows are shadowed by laurel, bay, and ivy. Standing beside that rock, conspicuous amid the garlanded crowd, in solemn drapery, which hangs in stern folds around his brow, you recognise a bardic-priest of the earlier mysteries, a descendant of Orpheus, who listens with bitter scorn to the song of his mighty antagonist ; a sickening hatred growing within his soul as he finds that the glory of the mystics is about to pale before the dawn of a new poetic era.

Here rises in solemn majesty a colossal statue of Achilles. A group of youths pause from their labour of chiselling it, and feed a falcon, which screams and flaps its large wings above the arm of the youth who reclines in naked beauty, like a glorious antique statue, at the feet of the Achilles. The sculptor—Pheidias himself, perhaps, stands, mallet in hand and shading his eyes, as a mysterious vision of beauty bursts upon him. The divinities of Greece descend towards two noble temples which rise in the background of the picture. The artists busied upon the scaffoldings which surround a temple recognise also the glorious vision, and

hail the approach of the deities with extended arms, and supplicate them upon their bended knees. A rainbow spans the sky, connecting the heavenly and the earthly multitudes.

Across this rainbow sweeps the celestial train. Love leads them on, pointing with arch mien towards the temple, whither he bends his flight, whilst the lovely Graces float in an airy dance beneath him. Apollo presses on with majestic step and radiant brow, followed by the Muses; Zeus and Hera, attended by the gorgeous peacock, the eagle in wild flight above them, with Artemis, Hermes, and Athene, and a throng of lesser deities crowding behind them, are seen descending and throned in calm majesty, side by side, upon a cloud of smoke which curls up in vast volumes from an altar erected on the farther shore of the little creek. A band of warriors, unconscious of the full acceptance of their sacrifice, seeing alone the ascending smoke, not the spiritual forms descending upon it, encircle the altar in a mad war-dance with clashing swords and flying plumes. Yet the strains of Homer resound above the clash of arms, and echo through these warriors' souls; two already have left the war-dance and have drawn near to the margin of the bay, where they listen with the rest of Greece, in a trance of amazement, to the mighty voice of poetry, which is here summoning as to a vast assembly the inhabitants of heaven, earth, and ocean.

And now, whilst our imaginations are still peopled with these noble creations, let us quietly pass out of the studio, cross the pleasant grass and flowers of the field, follow the windings of the mill-stream as it rushes through the royal wood-yard, and enter the bowery English Garden, beneath whose fine trees the great artist daily goes to and fro from his beautiful studio to his no less beautiful home. Here, amidst the budding trees and upspringing weeds and

flowers, let our hearts thank God, not alone for his gifts of poetry and art, but also that He yields us ever and anon a transient realization of what the artist's life may become when he remains nobly true to himself, in harmony with God, his own soul, and, ennobled through his art, ennobling humanity !

Since commencing this sketch of Kaulbach's studio, a sad change has fallen upon the pleasant field in which the studio stands. King Max is turning it into a rose-garden. *A rose-garden !* This sounds very poetical, but the reality is not very attractive. At all events, the English visitor will no longer have to quarrel with docks and darnels. Straight gravel walks, formal flower-beds, and rows and rows of hot-houses, will meet his eye. The mosaic of tangled flowers, the clouds of butterflies, the blossoming elder trees, and the little clump of poplars, are now, alas ? memories of the past. Depend upon it Kaulbach, with his Hamadryads, will have to seek out some other solitude where they may once more hear alone the gentle rustle of the trees, and tread upon grass and wild flowers.

CHAPTER III.

PASSING SKETCHES.

AT half-past six we breakfast, and then, as early as we can, set off to our work. It is a pleasant walk along the quaint old streets, now passing beneath the Falcon Tower, a heavy round mass of stone, which tells well from different points against the deep blue sky. All is bright and joyous : peasant-women, young and old, in their strange costumes, some with heavy round caps of black fur, some with black or gay-coloured handkerchiefs bound tightly across their brows, others with their little gold or silver *Riegel Hauben* (Munich caps) sparkling in the sun, others in Tyrolean hats, all are hurrying along with baskets to the market. Sentinels are standing on duty at almost every turn, their bayonets glittering in the sunshine. We see on our way numbers of beautiful groups and effects.

The other morning, walking along our favourite path, one of the branches of the Isar, at a turn in the road just where the stream was crossed by a little wooden bridge, we came upon a peasant-woman with a reaping-hook in her hand. Behind her was a background of foliage, a magnificent tangle of vines ; she had a sun-burnt, handsome, strong face, brawny brown arms, loose white chemise sleeves, a black handkerchief on her head, whilst over her breast was crossed an orange kerchief, on which the sunlight fell dazzlingly in its brilliancy. Such colouring I never saw before ; and beyond, above the vines, was deep blue sky, which heightened the effect wonderfully. It was

a study for Etty. She looked like a bird, with a strange brilliant orange breast.

Having crossed this same wooden bridge, we come to a quaint little baker's shop, in which, half filling it and surrounded with heaps of pretty-looking bread, and in an atmosphere oppressive with aniseed, sits a very fat old woman, from whom we buy a pennyworth of bread,—enough and to spare for our drawing, and for ourselves.

And so, crossing another bridge, a stone-mason's yard, and another busy stream, we reach the gate close to the house where live the people who look after the studio. Here we are already recognised by the old dog as belonging to the place. If we are early we ascend the steps and ask for the keys of the studio, or perhaps a little brown-eyed girl, with her hair in a net, runs to meet us with them.

Two minutes more, and we unlock the heavy door and stand in our art-temple. The high priest as yet is not there, and we have a quiet, earnest studying of his pictures, endeavouring through them to discover how he looks at nature—endeavouring to see only the beautiful, the strong, the tender. This union of the strong and the tender seems to me the great characteristic of his mind. But is not that the great and difficult union which we are all striving after, whether in life or in art? Is it not that glorious union, in its perfection, which we adore in Christ? Is it not this in our noblest poets—in the *In Memoriam*, for instance,—which so touches and ennobles us?

* * * * *

We drew last week, as a refreshment when weary with harder work, a lovely branch of white lily, and became so enamoured of this study that we determined to make another. We resolved to group together the most beautiful flowers growing in the beloved wilderness-field in

which the studio stands, and to keep them as memories of this beautiful place, and this no less beautiful passage in our lives. We began, therefore, the other afternoon; and to-day, being seized with a foreboding that as the field was now again covered with deep grass and flowers it would shortly be mown, we determined to draw flowers from morning till evening.

The change of occupation was in itself a pleasure, and with our usual insane enthusiasm for every new kind of work, we declared, and most firmly believed at the time, that nothing in the shape of work could compare with the delight of drawing flowers,—the tracing their exquisite delicate lines, their infinite variation of form and character, the living in spirit, like fairies as it were, among their bells and under their leaves. Then, two or three times in the course of the day, we had to make little expeditions into the field for specimens; and, as it luckily happened, nobody was at the studio that morning, we had the whole paradise to ourselves, and could go about freely as if in our own garden. We sat among the flowers in the warm grass, among bladder-campion and clover, lady's-bedstraw and hare-bells, thyme and eye-bright. Above, the sky was cloudless, and so intensely blue, that to talk of Italian skies being bluer seemed to be absurd.

As I was thus sitting, admiring, and pondering, and rejoicing, I chanced to look up, and saw a boy coming through the flowers towards me: he was rather a miserable-looking little fellow, and worked, I fancy, at the stonemason's: he was gathering flowers; he saw that I, also, had gathered some, which lay in my lap: he came up, and looking very shy, but with a most good-tempered smile on his countenance, offered me some clover and eye-bright with very short stalks. I was much pleased, and of course thanked him with a smile, asking him whether he did not

greatly admire the field, and other small questions ; to all of which he only replied *Ja!* and held his head very low, smiling very much.

I stuck his poor little flowers into my dress, and returned to my drawing. About half-an-hour later, when we were absorbed with our work, Clare, who was sitting on the floor near the door which opens into the wilderness, and which said door now stood open so that the sunshine might fall upon the sprays of grass and campion which she was sketching, looked up, startled by a sudden shadow falling across the threshold, and beheld the poor lad standing beneath the branches of the vine, with a half-grown reddish spaniel at his side ; and as she glanced at him he held out a small nosegay of flowers with the same quiet, shy look. It was a pretty picture. She received them also with smiles, and we called both him and the dog in : the dog obeyed most promptly ; the boy seemed frightened by our invitation, accepted it reluctantly, and soon slipped off again. We thought we had seen the last of him : But no ! Again he came, and this time with a dahlia in his hand ; and yet again a shadow darkened the threshold, and now he brought a nosegay of lovely carnations. Why, he must certainly, after all, be a child out of Fairy-land ! Whence came those splendid garden flowers ! But no ! he was only a poor stone-cutter's lad who was wonderfully attracted by the studio and all the strange things it contained, and by the two young ladies who had smiled and talked so kindly. I should think he came to us half-a-dozen times in the course of the day, with his offerings of flowers, and his silent shy manner. Seeing him stand and watch us draw, with his grave, bashful eyes, we asked him whether he would like to draw, or whether perhaps he did not try to draw as it was. "*Ja!*" was again his answer—" *Ja!*" and a bashful smile. We, however, could gain but very meagre

information from him beyond that his name was Ignazius. Poor little Ignazius! I could fancy a pretty art-story written about him, and how this might have been the awakening in him of the sense of beauty.

July 21st.—How much time I have wasted in looking out of the window and watching the blue-coated postmen, as the clocks strike twelve, filing up the street from the Post-office, each with a large packet of letters in his hand. Surely *one* among *all* those letters must be for me!

A blue-coat turns in here! I wait and wait, and wait, but no letter! No doubt it was only a letter he brought for one of the hundred other inhabitants of this house,—for some student or dressmaker who lives above, or for the master of the curiosity-shop, or for some of his journeymen, or for Mr. Bürgermeister Somebody, who lives on the floor beneath; for some one, perhaps, at the Tailor's, or the Jeweller's, or the Bookseller's, or perhaps for the Under-Secretary Wagner, who has such numbers of letters and official documents brought to him. At all events, the letter is not for me! "*Paatience! paatience! paatience!*" as our friend L— says. But how gay the street looks! Such numbers of butterfly-ladies, in gay muslins and light kid gloves, and with bright-coloured parasols; such dandified young officers with their ridiculously small waists—they lace themselves up as tightly as the silliest of girls; such clean *Bürger-Leute*; such picturesque groups of students, their hair so glossy from its Sunday brushing, their scarlet caps set so jauntily on their heads, their gay corps-bands displayed over their snowy shirt-fronts; such a pleasant sound of voices and trampling of feet along the sunny pavements. I'm quite inspired to put on all my Sunday apparel and look as gay as the best: I quite long to descend into my unusual character of "young lady," and go abroad for a pleasant *un-exalté* afternoon; drink coffee with a gay

party under green trees to the sound of music, and criticise all the faces and toilettes that pass before us. I wish Alfred were here to-day; we would for a few hours be as little in the clouds as he could wish!

I see some capital dinners going along the streets. I trust our capital dinner will soon appear; we are always ravenous about 12 o'clock. And, *à-propos* of dinners, we had anything but a ceremonious dinner the other day. We usually dine at the *Meyerischen Garten*, where they have orders when it is wet to send our dinners to the studio. Last Friday, therefore, the sky suddenly clouding over about eleven, after a most brilliant morning, when we had gone forth *sans* cloak, *sans* overshoes, *sans* everything necessary for a wet day, we awaited the advent of our first studio-meal with the intensest impatience, not unmingled with a slight uneasiness as to its appearance! The loud-ticking clock told quarter after quarter, till at length one o'clock arriving without the dinner, and the rain still pouring down in torrents, and we delighting in the consciousness of the thinnest of boots and muslin dresses, and a wet field of long grass to pass through before arriving at the region of *Braten* and *Mehlspeise*, were forced to summon all our philosophy, and cry, "dinner go hang!" Dinner indeed! We working in the studio of a great master, and yet longing for our dinners! No, we would forget prosaic hunger, and satisfy our craving in the afternoon at home. Just having reached this point of heroism, there is a knock at the door, and enter a short, broad-built, merry brown woman, with a face not unlike a mulatto, the resemblance even increased by her wearing a bright-coloured handkerchief on her head. Ah! we know that welcome countenance—that countenance of our friend the kitchen-maid at the *Meyerischen Garten*. Beloved kitchen-maid, with thy bare feet and thy big basket, well dost thou

deserve to be celebrated in verse ! Would that for thy sake I were Tennyson ! then should the world long since have revered thee with a reverence equal only to that inspired by the "Waiter at the Cock !"

At once there was a sudden starting up from our easels ; a flinging down of porte-crayons, a rushing up to the big basket, a delight and rejoicing in English and German over the contents it exhibited.

"Splendid goose !" cries Clare ; "*Herrliche Mehlspeise*," cries Anna. The magnificent kitchen-maid laughs and shows her white teeth ; and we laugh and bustle about, and sweep off prints and books, boxes and flowers, from the little round table in the middle of the room. But plates ! knives ! spoons ! Oh, thou celestial kitchen-maid, where are they ? Forgotten, as mere sublunary trash ! What is to be done ? Oh, borrow plates, and knives and forks, from the *Hausmeisterin*. Away goes the kitchen-maid, and returns with a plate, a knife, and fork. That was all very well for the goose :—but when it came to the pudding ! "Eat it out of the dish," suggests Clare ; "this is a pic-nic among the cartoons, instead of among trees, that's all !" And the pudding was eaten out of the dish with no lack of merriment : but most of all did our laughter increase when we came to drink our coffee, which, by the by, I ought to have said arrived on a little green tray, all flooded with rain ; the coffee in one little white-lidded jug, the milk in another, the sugar safe and dry in the basket. But again there were neither coffee-cups nor spoons ! Beloved kitchen-maid ! thy wits of a truth had gone wool-gathering ! But that was quite a minor discomfort—a difficulty which we speedily got rid of, simply by mixing coffee, milk, and sugar, in a china jar which we keep at the studio for flowers ; and then, having duly blended the ingredients, the delicious beverage was poured into the two

jugs, and each drank her coffee with as much gravity as she could muster.

But why, instead of all this nonsense, have I not described last evening, with its beautiful walk down that lovely Ludwig Strasse; the long pause in the Ludwig *Kirche*, which affected us, seen in the twilight, as it never had affected us before, and our enjoyment of a glorious sunset, which we witnessed over the plain. The immensity of a plain affects one like the immensity of the ocean. Yes, I love this plain, as apparently I love everything connected with Munich! Everything, excepting the heat, the rain, the veal, and—the fleas! The greatest of all plagues! There was no plague in Egypt to compare to them! They fairly leap about the paper as I write. I have long since given up the sofa, convinced that it is stuffed with fleas instead of wool.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MIRACLE-PLAY AT OBER-AMMERGAU.

EVERY now and then, during the last two months, certain bright-coloured placards, pasted at the corners of the streets, have greatly excited my curiosity. These placards announced that on certain days specified conveyances would depart for the accommodation of persons desirous of witnessing the performance of the Miracle-Play at Ober-Ammergau.

"A miracle-play!" I exclaimed—"a miracle-play now-a-days!"

Numerous were my enquiries regarding the play and its performers, and various were the remarks thus called forth. From my two or three English friends, exclamations of horror; from the good catholic people of our house exclamations of pious delight; from our excellent friend, Doctor F., alone, the information I required. "This play," said he, "is performed by the peasants of Ober-Ammergau and the neighbouring villages, in fulfilment of a vow made during a terrible pestilence, in 1633. When the plague was at its height, the poor peasants vowed to God, that if He would stay its progress, they would perform, every ten years, in token of their deep gratitude, and as a means of religious instruction to the inhabitants of the district, the whole Passion of our Saviour, from the entrance into Jerusalem to the Ascension. This miracle-play," continued our friend, "has been religiously performed every ten years until the present time. On the last three occasions,

the music and the whole spectacle have been somewhat altered and heightened in artistic effect ; it would be difficult to meet with a more striking picture of a past age and mode of thought. Let me persuade you," said he, "to start with one of these *Stellwagen* the very next time the play is performed ; you will not repent it. Ober-Ammergau is situated in our Bavarian highlands."

That was enough to decide us, especially as Clare's experience of mountains was confined to those pictured in our London exhibitions and panoramas, and to a certain vision of "ethereal mountains,"—"clouds," as she still sceptically called them—which I had triumphantly pointed out to her as "the Alps," on our way hither from Augsburg.

Not even rain could damp our enthusiasm, although it had rained for the whole week, pouring down in torrents, until Munich was as gloomy as London in November. Our places were duly taken in the *Stellwagen* amid the rain, and amid the rain we rose at half-past three on Saturday morning, and after a hasty cup of tea, prepared over our spirit-lamp, and with our bags in our hands, issued forth into the wet, silent streets, under a most leaden, melancholy sky. Yet had not Doctor F. quoted to us his favourite German proverb, *Den Muthigen gehört die Welt* (The world belongs to the brave)? That was to be our maxim. Fine weather, we doubted not, as well as other fine things, would be ours, for we had long regarded ourselves as among the brave : still we were haunted by various descriptions we had heard of the Ober-Ammergau Judas hanging himself under a red umbrella !

Outside the Sendlinger Gate, which looked particularly ruinous and dilapidated on that damp, gloomy morning, we found assembled, beneath an awning, a considerable number of *Stellwagen* passengers, all provided with umbrellas, all gazing up to the sky, and all declaring, with

a very doleful and hopeless expression of countenance, that they were certain it would be fine.

Do you ask to what class of people these belonged? With the exception of one jolly, rather dirty priest, and two fat little men, whom I decided were a shoemaker and a dyer, all the company in our *Stellwagen* were women; all wearing caps or the Munich head-dress of gold and silver thread, and not bonnets, which marked them as belonging to the lower and middle citizen class. Most of the vehicles were filled with travellers of a similar kind—jolly, beer-drinking Munich folk; not particularly refined, but very merry and good-humoured.

Our especial *Stellwagen* soon made its appearance; a long-bodied yellow omnibus, with a large leathern hood in front (the cabriolet), before which sat the driver, dressed in a light blue jacket, ornamented with black braid, black velvet breeches, enormous black leathern boots, coming up above the knees, and a picturesque black felt hat, with a broad band round it, adorned with a huge silver buckle. You will recognise many an old acquaintance of ours in this portrait, and also in the two lean, shambling, indefatigable horses, in their high pointed collars and rope traces, which drew us to Ammergau and back, travelling almost night and day, as though they had been machines, and not creatures of living bone and muscle.

We were soon seated under the big hood of the cabriolet, beside a quiet, pious little body, who carried in her hand a white pocket-handkerchief and two rose-buds, and who solaced herself by saying her prayers at the church of every village where she stopped, and by reading in a small religious book, and then sleeping, as we journeyed onward.

The coachman cracked his long-lashed whip, at the imminent risk of blinding some unlucky tenant of the vehicle, and in a few minutes we caught once more, between the tall

poplars that skirted the road, a thrilling glimpse of those cloud-like mountains, their peaks catching, even on that gloomy, grey morning, the glow of sunrise, and shining out like golden foam. On we went through village after village, being struck with two things; firstly, their may-poles, adorned to a considerable height with all manner of devices,—emblems, I believe, of different trades,—little houses, flags, animals, *Brezeln*, little cakes twisted like a true-lover's knot, and similar fancies, all of which produced a singularly droll effect; and secondly, the gradual change from the ordinary German style of cottage architecture into that of the Tyrolean and Swiss. By the time we reached Starnberg,—a favourite resort of the Munich people of all classes during the summer, from royalty to the sickly, consumptive dress-maker, and of artists especially—we were surrounded by quaint wooden houses, under the projecting eaves of whose shingle and stone-covered roofs ran picturesque wooden balconies, all looking, as my companion observed, "very like something on the stage."

As we ascended the broad flight of steps leading to the handsome inn, we were struck by the beauty of the view: a blue lake stretching away as far as the eye could reach; beyond, a wall of Alps, already stern, stony mountains, and no longer clouds, their rigid peaks cutting sharply against the sky; with a foreground of Tyrolean cottages and pleasant bowery orchards.

Attractive as was the view outside the inn, that cold July morning, the prospect inside was still more agreeable. Apparently, our fellow-travellers had thought so, for they and the late occupants of the various other *Stellwagen*, and divers vehicles drawn up before the inn, were already regaling themselves at long tables, with beer and *Braten*: that is to say, veal. The quietest, most agreeable, and certainly the warmest place in the house being the kitchen,

there we determined to stay, attracted somewhat, no doubt, by the clean hearth, upon which were stewing and simmering, and boiling, in all indescribable sorts of pots, pans, and kettles, the favourite Bavarian dish, veal ; and being, moreover, invited to do so by the smiling cook and her assistants. There we sat, and regaled ourselves on eggs and coffee, and amused ourselves with watching the activity of our gaily-attired cook and her attendants, each of whom displayed a large silver spoon in her bright-coloured bodice, and with wondering at all the quaint and picturesque crockery and kitchen utensils which were arranged round that spacious, cheerful, yet monastic-looking apartment ; when, behold a discovery ! Clare, in the bustle of departure, and sleepy as she was, had forgotten her purse ! We had agreed the night before setting off to take each the same sum in our purses,—the one to pay going, and the other returning. But now, at the very outset, we had only *one* purse between us ! So very blank and horrified did she look—so unavailingly did she feel, again and again, in bag, basket, and pocket—that I could only laugh and cheer her with the idea of strict economy for the next two days, and with the assurance that if, after all, our *one* purse did not turn out a Fortunatus's purse, as I firmly believed it would, we would throw ourselves on the mercy of some honest-looking landlord, and leave with him a ring, or even a gold chain, as a pledge, and that in any case it would only be an adventure on our journey.

But it was a long time before poor Clare could forget what she persisted in calling “our misfortune,”—not, indeed, until, as the *Stellwagen* drove off, we perceived that the whole place was in a state of extraordinary excitement, an excitement not owing to the departure of the *Stellwagen*, or to the advent of others, but to a fire—a fire in a hamlet through which we had passed some two hours before, and the news

of which had just reached this place. Leaving Starnberg, we could see the distant column of black smoke rising above the trees; and the following day, on our return, we found in the hamlet, instead of a good, substantial public-house, a blackened heap of ruins. The wild excitement of Starnberg was inconceivable; nor shall I ever forget the white face of one man—the village tailor, apparently—who rushed past us, bare-legged, with his long black hair streaming in the wind. Men and boys were hurrying along the street, and groups of women and children stood in the orchards, gazing in the distance. Ascending a hill from the village, we met the primitive fire-engine of the district madly descending, and drawn by a lanky, shaggy, raw-boned horse, just taken from field-labour. There was a strange mingling of the comic and the affecting in this episode of village life.

Slowly but pleasantly we journeyed on through the rest of that livelong day, drawing nearer and nearer to the Alpine chain; now catching a grand panoramic view of the mountains as we emerged from some old pine-wood, a plain dotted with innumerable villages, hamlets, and woods lying between us and them, the tower of one of those quaint white-washed Bavarian churches, with its small, half-oriental dome rising in sharp relief against the deep indigo of the mountains, as seen under that stern sky, and making them retire in a marvellously artistic manner; and now diving again into deep woods, ever catching and again losing glimpses of those grand mountains and their glittering snowy peaks, until we arrived, in a gleam of delicious sunset, at the quiet little town of Murnau.

They call Murnau a town, but it is a marvellously small one, and would have been as still as death but for the Ammergau visitors. So great was the overflow of strangers at the *Gasthaus*, that it was not without difficulty we were

able to secure a chamber to ourselves. The bustle and confusion, the hubbub and noise in the house, were inconceivable, and therefore, although we were to start at half-past one in the morning, and had consequently very little time for rest, the calm evening sunshine out of doors soon invited us forth. The mountains seemed fairly to close-in the street of the town, but still a plain extended from the gentle slope on which Murnau stands to the foot of the Alpine chain.

As the sun sank in a golden heaven, streaked with lilac and rose, tinting with rainbow colours the glittering peaks of the most elevated and distant snowy ridge, the nearest and lower chain was cast into a mysterious violet gloom, and the intermediate ranges were turned to deep indigo, almost black by shadow, or copper-coloured and russet in the evening glow. What wonderful gradations of colour! What sharp, bold, stern lines of composition! Where, after all, was the picture of Turner, or Danby, which could convey to your spirit the glory of those mountains and that sky! Even Turner's wonderful tints and magical power over atmosphere seemed cold and feeble in recollection as we gazed at this lovely picture painted for us by God's own hand! Beneath us lay the plain, golden in the evening light; long shadows cast athwart it from poplars and cherry-trees; beyond us this mountain vision, like the very gates of spirit-land; above our heads glowed an azure and pearly-tinted heaven, flecked with fantastic, gorgeous cloudlets; beneath our feet nodded, in the soft evening breeze, flowers as bright as gems, orange, deep blue, crimson, and lilac; Alpine flowers mingling with old English friends,—the lady's mantle, the graceful quaking-grass, the daisy, the mountain pink, and mountain-cistus. We sat and watched the azure shadows creeping up the mountains, and the light fading away from the snowy peaks, till they were left cold, and

white, and winterly, and till a deep, stern solemnity sank down upon the whole scene and upon our hearts.

When all was grey and mysterious, and the silence of twilight had become yet more perceptible from the ceasing of the vesper-bell, which had been sounding from a distant church, we reluctantly turned our faces homewards. Stalwart girls and women, strong as men, were resting themselves at their doors, or fetching water from the fountains, as we passed up the village street. Where were the men and boys? I know not :—perhaps in the beer-houses.

It was a strange fragment of a night, that at Murnau ! Throwing ourselves, half-dressed, on our beds, we tried to sleep ; but that was impossible ; the whole town was astir, and nearly as noisy as Cheapside, with an incessant rattle of peasants' carts, *Stellwagen*, and vehicles of all descriptions, which were jolting over the uneven pavement on their way to Ammergau ; and if by any chance, you did lose consciousness for a moment, you were woke up again by the watchman chanting his verse, and calling out the quarters of the hour.

By one o'clock all the travellers were again astir ; by half-past, having scalded their mouths with a cup of boiling coffee, and having in their sleepy haste run against each other, laden with carpet-bags and umbrellas, on dark staircases and in dimly-lighted passages, all had subsided into cold and silence within the *Stellwagen*. We again took our places in the cabriolet : Clare's sleepy head soon sank upon my shoulder, whilst I, only too widely awake, gazed out into the starlight, and felt, rather than saw, that we were entering the mountain-gorge.

Stellwagen after *Stellwagen* passed us, to be re-passed by us in their turn ; now an *Eilwagen* with its four horses and postilions ; now a gentleman's carriage, with its flaring lamps ; now we passed groups of pedestrians ; now wagon

after wagon filled with peasant women, their long rows of white draperied heads flitting along the dark road before us like strange moths, and looking in the cold, grey light of dawn, as phantom-like, almost, as the cold, white, solemn peaks, draperied with snow, above us. The roar of a mountain river accompanied us through the night ; in the early dawn we were still travelling along its bank. The villages through which we passed were half choked up with heaps of timber ; rafts were floating down the stream, or were moored to its banks ; giant pine-trees were lying prostrate by the river's edge, ready to be converted into rafts. This lower range of mountains was clothed with pine-forests up to its very summit.

It was now four o'clock on Sunday morning, and intensely cold ; we were well pleased, therefore, at the foot of the Ettalberg, to alight from our cabriolet, and commence with our fellow-passengers and numerous other pilgrims, the ascent of the mountain on foot. Cold as it was, the sun was already shining down into the pleasant birch and pine-woods, through which our road wound, and gilding the mountain peaks ; a torrent was dashing and leaping over huge rocks in the gorge below us ; the birds were singing, and all was fresh and joyous. The most remarkable feature of the scene, however, was the people. From the rustic inn at the foot of the mountain, to the inn at the top, where is a celebrated pilgrimage church, and all along the road, thence to Ammergau, as far as the eye could reach, was one dense stream of people ! The crowd of peasants ascending the mountain was to me an affecting sight ; my eyes and my heart involuntarily filled with tears. Their earnest, grave, yet cheerful countenances, told me that it was a deep religious object which they had in view : it was not curiosity and the love of pleasure which urged them up that steep ascent ; it was with faith and pious hope that they pressed

onward. Men, women, old and middle-aged, youths, maidens, children, family groups, neighbours and friends, all banded together to witness this outward rendering of the spirit of their creed. The variety of costume showed that the whole district for many miles round had sent out its votaries. There were groups of pure Tyroleans, with their green sugar-loaf hats adorned with golden cord and tassels, tufts of feathers or artificial flowers; there were many semi-Tyrolean dresses, and vast numbers of women wearing the queer, heavy, Tartar-looking cap of badger-skin, peculiar, I believe, to the Ober-Ammergau district; there were bodices and petticoats and head-dresses of every colour of the rainbow,—red, green, and blue, being however predominant; there was a considerable sprinkling also of the swallow-tailed gold and silver Munich cap, and no lack of red umbrellas. How gay this winding multitude made the mountain, you can well imagine! Slowly and painfully behind each group ascended the poor tired horses, dragging the skeleton-like peasant's cart, *Stellwagen* or *Einspänner*, as it might be.

Ever and anon some frightfully deformed or diseased wretch would solicit alms, which were as freely given by the poor peasants as they were eagerly demanded by the miserable beggars. These fungi of Catholicism were a strange comment on the scene. My companion and I, in our Regent Street dresses, and with our Protestant hearts, seemed singularly out of place in a crowd of simple peasants on their way to a miracle-play; we felt out of keeping with them and their child-like faith; we drew inferences and made comments; they went on in that earnest simplicity, and with all that primitive piety, which is one's idea of peasant-life as it exists in the poems of Uhland and the tales of Auerbach.

After having refreshed their souls at the church on the

summit of the mountain, and their bodies at the inn, our pilgrims mounted their various vehicles and pursued their way ; the road to Ober-Ammergau becoming more animated the nearer we approached it.

The first view of Ober-Ammergau somewhat disappointed us. It lies in a smiling green valley surrounded by hills rather than mountains, and, excepting for the architecture of the cottages and certain rugged lines of peaks and cliffs, telling of Alpine origin, might have passed for a retired Derbyshire dale.

We had brought from our friend Dr. F—— a letter to the peasant, Tobias Flunger, who performed the character of the Christus ; and this circumstance won for us great respect among our fellow-travellers. The *Stellwagen* drove up to his house, which is the second in the village, and surrounded by a gay little garden. Tobias Flunger came out to receive us ; and you may imagine our surprise, when, instead of a peasant, as we had imagined, we beheld a gentleman to all appearance in a grey sort of undress coat, and with a scarlet fez on his head. He was certainly handsome, and welcomed us with a calm yet warm-hearted courtesy. As he removed his fez, we saw his dark, glossy hair parted above the centre of his brow, and falling in rich waves on his shoulders, and that his melancholy dark eyes, his pale brow, his emaciated features, his short black beard, all bore the most strange and startling resemblance to the heads of the Saviour as represented by the early Italian painters.

There was something to my mind almost fearful in this resemblance, and Tobias Flunger seemed to act and speak like one filled with a mysterious awe. If this be an act of worship in him, this personation of our Lord, what will be its effect upon him in after-life ? There was a something so strange, so unspeakably melancholy in his emaciated

countenance, that I found my imagination soon busily speculating upon the true reading of its expression.

At the door we were also met by his wife and little daughter, themselves peasants in appearance, but cheerful and kind in their welcome, as if we had been old friends. The whole cottage was in harmony with its inhabitants, bright, cheerful, and filled with traces of a simple, pious, beautiful existence. We were taken into a little room, half chamber, half study; upon the walls were several well-chosen engravings after Hess and Overbeck. An old-fashioned cabinet fronted with glass contained several quaint drinking-glasses and exquisite specimens of carvings in wood, an art greatly practised in the village. On one side of the cabinet hung a violin, and above it and another cabinet were arranged casts of hands and feet. On noticing these things to the wife, she said that her husband was a carver in wood by profession, and he had brought them with him from Munich to assist him in his art.

"He is a great carver of crucifixes and Madonnas," she continued: "you must see his works."

He was an artist, then, this Tobias Flunger, with his grave, sad countenance, his air of superiority; yes, much was now explained. And, no doubt, his artist feeling had been brought into operation for the benefit of the miracle-play, in the same manner that the schoolmaster of Ober-Ammergau had taxed his musical skill for the production of the music.

It was now seven o'clock, and as it yet wanted an hour till the commencement of the play, our kind, artistic host, with that strange, awe-inspiring countenance insisted upon accompanying us through the village, and showing us specimens of the wood-carving. There was plenty of time, he said, for him to prepare for the play.

The village street was thronged with people and carriages

of every description ; all was gay and bustling, as in preparation for some great festival ; the bells rang joyously from the church tower ; fantastically-arrayed figures, as if stepped forth from some old sacred picture, were ever and anon seen flitting through the not less gaily-attired, but more work-a-day looking groups ; and as Tobias Flunger passed on with his sad, dreamy air, a low whisper followed him, of "there goes the Christus."

At the sound of a small cannon, the motley crowd hastened towards the theatre, which was a large, unsightly wooden enclosure, erected on a broad green meadow, within a stone's throw of the village. A few poplars growing on either side of the enclosure, no doubt mark, from one ten years to another, the precise spot. The brightly painted pediment of the proscenium rose above the rude wooden fence ; crowds of people already thronged the hastily erected flights of steps leading to the different entrances. A few moments more, and we were seated in one of the boxes precisely opposite the front of the stage. A sea of heads was below us in the pit, a sea whose waves were Tyrolean hats, glittering *Riegelhauben*, ponderous badger skins, and now and then a dash of foam-like white handkerchiefs. This foam greatly increased with the heat of the sun ; the women throwing over their other head-gear snowy handkerchiefs to protect them from his rays. In the boxes, on either hand sat the gentlefolks ; and very grand folk some of them were, I am sure. Could we have only known their names, we should have found a considerable sprinkling of *Grafen* and *Gräfinnen*, of *Fürsten* and *Fürstinnen*, not to speak of common *vons* and *Geheimräthe*, and *Hofräthe*, and *Professoren*.

With the first feeble notes from the orchestra, and very feeble at first they were, a dead silence sank down upon the assembled multitude ; as people say, you might have heard

a pin drop. All was breathless expectation. And soon, beneath the blue dome of heaven, and with God's sunlight showering down upon them, a fantastic vision passed across the stage; their white tunics glanced in the light, their crimson, violet, and azure mantles swept the ground, their plumed head-dresses waved in the breeze; they looked like some strange flight of fabulous birds. This was the chorus, attired to represent angels. Like the antique chorus, they sang the argument of the play. With waving hands and solemn music, their united voices pealed forth words of blessing,—“Peace on earth and good will toward men;” they sang of God's infinite love in sending among men His Blessed Son, and their voices rose towards heaven and echoed among the hills. And whilst they thus sang, your hearts were strangely touched, and your eyes wandered away from those singular peasant-angels, and their peasant audience, up to the deep, cloudless sky above their heads; you heard the rustle of green trees around you, and caught glimpses of mountains, and all seemed a strange, fantastical, poetical dream.

But now the chorus retired, and the curtain slowly rose. There is a tread of feet, a hum of voices; a crowd approaches, children shout, wave palm-branches, and scatter flowers. In the centre of the multitude on the stage, riding upon an ass, sits a majestic figure clothed in a long violet-coloured robe, the heavy folds of a crimson mantle falling around him. His hands are laid across his breast; his face is meekly raised towards heaven with an adoring love. Behind, solemnly follows a group of grave men with staves in their hands and ample drapery sweeping the ground. You recognise the disciple John in a handsome, almost feminine youth, clothed in green and scarlet robes, and with flowing locks; and there is Peter, with his eager countenance; and that man with a brooding look, and wrapt in a

flame-coloured mantle,—that must be Judas! The children shout and wave their palm-branches, and the procession moves on, and the fatal triumphal entry is made into Jerusalem.

Again appears that tall majestic figure in his violet robe: his features are lit up with a holy indignation; a scourge is in his hand; he overturns the tables of the money-changers, and drives before him a craven, avaricious crowd. An excited assembly of aged men, with long and venerable beards falling on their breasts, their features inflamed with rage, with gestures of vengeance, horror, and contempt, plot and decide upon his death! He, meantime, sits calmly at Bethany among his friends, and a woman, with beautiful long hair falling around her, kisses his feet and anoints them with precious ointment from her alabaster vase. And now he sits at a long table, his friends on either side; John leans upon his breast; he breaks the bread; Judas, seized by his evil thought, rises from the table, wraps himself closely in his mantle, bows his head, and passes out. Again the scene changes. It is a garden. That sad, grave man gazes with disappointed love upon his sleeping friend; he turns away and prays, bowed in agony. There is a tumult! That figure wrapped in its flame-coloured robe again appears! There is an encounter, a flash of swords! and the majestic, melancholy, violet-robed figure, with meekly bowed head, is borne away! And thus ends the first act of this saddest of all tragedies.

We had come, expecting to feel our souls revolt at so material a representation of Christ, as any representation of Him, we naturally imagined, must be in a peasant's miracle-play. Yet, so far, strange to confess, neither horror, disgust, nor contempt, was excited in our minds. Such an earnest solemnity and simplicity breathed throughout the whole of the performance, that to me, at least, anything

like displeasure, or a perception of the ludicrous, would have seemed more irreverent on my part than was this simple, child-like rendering of the sublime Christian tragedy. We felt at times as though the figures of Cimabue's, Giotto's, and Perugino's pictures had become animated, and were moving before us; there were the same simple arrangement and brilliant colour of drapery,—the same earnest, quiet dignity about the heads, whilst the entire absence of all theatrical effect wonderfully increased the illusion. There were scenes and groups so extraordinarily like the early Italian pictures, that you could have declared they were the works of Giotto and Perugino, and not living men and women, had not the figures moved and spoken, and the breeze stirred their richly-coloured drapery, and the sun cast long, moving shadows behind them on the stage. These effects of sunshine and shadow, and of drapery fluttered by the wind, were very striking and beautiful; one could imagine how the Greeks must have availed themselves of such effects in their theatres open to the sky.

Between each scene, taken from the life of Christ, was a *tableau vivant* chosen from the old Testament, and typical of the passage which should succeed it from the New Testament. Each *tableau* was explained by the chorus, which duly swept across the stage in all their grandeur. Those pictures from the Old Testament were singularly inferior to the rest of the spectacle, impressing you most unpleasantly with a sense of tinsel and trumpery, and so stiff and hard in their outlines that I cannot even now divest my mind of the idea that the figures were carved in wood, and were not living people. Not a limb moved, not a fold was stirred; there was nothing of the soft melting outlines of nature, none of the grace of life; they were precisely like the tawdry, hideous carved saints that one sees here in the churches. Spite of repeated assurances to the contrary, I

cannot help still feeling as though these figures were an offering to the play from the wood-carvers of the village.

The performance had commenced at eight o'clock, now it was one, and a pause therefore ensued;—the first pause of any kind during those five long hours—for *tableau*, and chorus, and acting, had succeeded each other in the most rapid, unwearied, yet wearying routine! One felt perfectly giddy and exhausted by such a ceaseless stream of music, colour, and motion. Yet the actors, as if made of iron, appeared untouched by fatigue, and up to the very end of the second part, which lasted from two to five, played with the same earnest energy, and the chorus sang with the same powerful voice.

Again the little village was astir. The bells rang; the peasants refreshed themselves beneath the trees in gay groups, or crowded into the one public-house. And what a bustle there was in that one little inn! In the lower rooms, a devouring of food and a swallowing of beer, and a cloud of smoke and a noise of tongues, and a stench indescribable and inconceivable to any who do not know what a German village inn is. Upstairs, things were scarcely less unattractive, although there sat the guests of higher rank. The noise, and crowd, and close air of that inn, however, was so appalling to our English nerves, that we escaped as quickly as we could to the garden, where, amidst groups of picturesque peasants, most touchingly courteous in their behaviour to us foreigners, we found a comparatively quiet nook at a table. The scene was peculiar: rows of gaily-attired peasants seated at long tables, laughing and drinking beer out of quaintly-shaped glasses with pewter lids; trees waving above their heads, roses and lilies blooming around them; a background of Tyrolean roofs, covered with their large round stones, and sharp jagged Alpine peaks rising closely behind the cottages

into the sunny sky. Peasant girls brought bouquets of the Alpine rose to offer the strangers. Yes, we were among the Alps,—there was no doubt about that, even my dear incredulous companion was now willing to admit.

But there was no time to linger over picturesque effects or sentimental meditation, any more than over *Braten* and salad.

The cannon again sounded; the people again streamed towards the theatre. We were again in our places, and again commenced that long monotonous exhibition. But the peasant portion of the audience was as unwearied as the actors themselves; to them, indeed, the second part was the most intensely interesting of all, *eine herzzührende, angreifende Geschichte*,—whilst to us it became truly revolting and painful. There was no sparing of agony, and blood, and horror; it was our Lord's passion stripped of all its spiritual suffering,—it was alone the anguish of the flesh,—it was the material side of Catholicism. It was a painful, heart-rending, hurrying to and fro amid brutal soldiery and an enraged mob, of that pale, emaciated, violet-robed, figure; then there was his fainting under the cross; the crowning him with thorns; the scourging, the buffeting, the spitting upon him: and the soldiers laughed and scoffed, and derided with fierce brutality, and the people and the high priest jeered and shouted, and ever he was meek and gentle. Then came the crucifixion; and as the chorus sang of the great agony, you heard from behind the curtain the strokes of the hammer as the huge nails were driven into the cross, and, as your imagination believed, through his poor pale hands and feet; and then, as the curtain slowly rose to the dying tones of the chorus, you beheld him hanging on the cross between the two crucified thieves.

Both myself and my companion turned away from this spectacle sick with horror. They divided his garment at the

foot of the cross; they pierced his side, and blood flowed apparently from the wound and from his martyred hands and feet. The Virgin and Mary Magdalene, and the disciples, lamented round the foot of the cross, in groups and attitudes such as we see in the old pictures. Then came Joseph of Arimathea; the body was taken down and laid upon white linen, and quietly, solemnly, and mournfully followed by the weeping women, was borne to the grave. Next came the visit of the women to the sepulchre; the vision of the angels; the surprise and joy of the women and lastly, as the grand *finale*, the Resurrection.

The miracle-play was at an end; and now the peasants began once more to breathe and to return to common life; and we most heartily rejoiced that this long, long martyrdom was over,—a martyrdom in two senses, for a more fatiguing summer's-day's work than the witnessing of this performance, which, with but one hour's pause, had lasted from eight in the morning till five in the evening, cannot be conceived. How the poor peasants managed to endure the burning rays of a July sun striking upon their heads for eight long hours, to say nothing of the heat and fatigue necessarily caused by the close pressure in the pit, I cannot imagine. In the boxes, where people were screened from the sun by awnings, many a face had for hours before began to assume a pale and jaded look, and many an attitude to betray intense fatigue.

But now fatigue must be forgotten in the bustle of departure. There was no time allowed for a moment's refreshment; the theatre was left in ghastly emptiness in an incredibly short time. Horses were being harnessed to carts, *Stellwagen*, and all imaginable kind of vehicles drawn up before the inn and crowding the village street. There was a cracking of whips, a jingling of horses' bells, a rushing to and fro of travellers; people were once more in

their old seats in carts and carriages; there was a hum of voices, a waving of hands to departing acquaintance, mostly of that day's growth; many an anxious, hurried search after some missing umbrella or bag; and now all fairly started!

In our moment of hurried departure, however, behold the sad, pale face of Tobias Flunger bidding us adieu! He had again assumed his fez and his grey coat, but the face was yet more gentle and dreamy, as though the shadow of the cross still lay upon it; and your eyes sought with a kind of morbid horror for the trace of the stigmata in those thin white hands, as they waved a parting signal. It was a relief to see at his side the pleasant, bright, kind faces of his wife and little daughter. There was a wholesome look of happiness and common life about them.

That we should have spoken with the personator of *Christus*; that he should have received us into his house; should, even after the play, have hastened to take leave of us at our departure, created the greatest interest among our fellow travellers, and inspired them with the profoundest respect for us. I was overwhelmed with questions regarding him,—questions which probably his most intimate friends could not have answered satisfactorily. But no wonder that he should have inspired so profound an interest, for throughout his conception and attempt at the embodiment of the awful, unapproachable character of Christ, there had flowed a subdued current of the deepest feeling, a sentiment of true poetry, a piety, an appreciation of the highest heroism—that heroism which is shown in self-annihilation for the salvation of suffering humanity. We had been greatly struck by this, and by the different spirit evinced in the personation of the Virgin. The young peasant-girl who acted this character had studied her part under a well-known Munich actress, but unfortunately had brought away with

her theatrical affectation and a most miserable air of conceit. This was the sole departure from that simple, earnest, unaffected dignity and truthfulness which had both astonished and delighted us in this poor peasants' play. But the play was their offering to God! what wonder, then, that it should bear the stamp of truth and fervour? for it came forth, I sincerely believe, from their very heart's core. Let us not, therefore, call it irreverent or irreligious: depend upon it, that murmur of peasants' voices rose to heaven like the smoke of an accepted sacrifice.

There was a certain regret in the thought that though now turning our faces homewards, towards our beloved art-city, we were, nevertheless, travelling away from those equally beloved mountains which had so long called us, as it were, with their spirit-voices, and which now glowed in the sunlight with ever-changing rainbow hues. Still, as we caught sight of the two familiar towers of the *Frauen Kirche*, we were bound to acknowledge that a city for poor civilized human beings was, after all, a fitter abode than an Alpine peak. More especially did we feel this truth when seated at our tea-table on the evening of the following day, devouring our English papers and English letters, which we found so pleasantly awaiting us.

What further? We had not a drop of rain during the whole time, and our *one* purse *did* turn out the purse of Fortunatus. Without sparing, and without borrowing, we reached Munich with yet twelve *Kreuzers* left. The forgotten purse, with its full contents of large florin pieces, lay quietly with our letters and papers to greet us on our return.

CHAPTER V.

BITS OF MUNICH LIFE.

August 8th.—This evening, Fräulein Steinhausen came to beg us to go down stairs to see something very beautiful in their room. We of course went; and, in their odd curiosity shop of a room, among painted saints, and gilt cabinets, and picture-frames, stood a little table, upon which was placed a very gaily-painted transparency, with queer pink angels fluttering about, and scrolls, and various extraordinary arabesques encircling a verse wishing health and happiness to the father: this being his name-day. Candles burned behind the transparency; pots of ivy and flowers were placed on either side, making a pleasant greenness; and in front lay a drawing in a gilt frame, a very grand chalk head of a boy, with a falcon on his wrist, and in a very smart frame indeed! The transparency, the drawing, and the frame were all the work of little Wilhelm. And there he stood, as proud as could be! his black, sharp eyes sparkling with delight; and there was his father, a tall and singularly handsome man, to-night with a smile of fatherly pride on his face, which made him look still more handsome; and there was Mrs. Steinhausen dressed all in her best, and all the little brothers and sisters, and the old grandmother with the baby in her arms, and several neighbours besides. It certainly was one of the prettiest household festivals I ever saw.

Sometimes we send for Wilhelm to play the "zither" to us. He is about twelve, has a very brown, red face, black

eyes, and ear-rings in his ears. He plays very prettily. His fat little hands call forth such sweet low music from that small instrument—music, like fairy voices, sounding in solitary green spots among the mountains. There is a peculiar spirit in the zither, and it is charmingly adapted for Alpine melodies; for those tender, simple, peasant airs, through which ever runs such a plaintive sentiment.

These August nights are so hot and close, that after our tea, spite of its being twilight, we sometimes feel bound to take a walk. The other evening, for example, we betook ourselves along one of the ancient streets of Munich, a street very long and very ill-paved, the house-fronts handsome with old carving and stucco-work; a street where in the evening all the inhabitants gossip at their open windows and doors; a street much occupied by bakers' shops; and where, through quaint old window-panes, you catch glimpses of queer witch-like women, or young girls, like Faust's Margaret, sitting spinning; a street so full of detail that it would be quite a luxury to describe it graphically.

Just about the middle of this quaint street we met a crowd, heard a hum of voices, saw banners waving, and crucifixes borne aloft. It was the return of a pilgrimage. Hot, weary, dusty, foot-sore, on they came. First walked priests with their dusty banners and crucifixes; white-robed children followed, carrying faded wreaths and garlands, their poor little heads drooping with fatigue; now a band of men, a *Büriderschaft*, dressed in their pilgrim-garb, large blue cloaks with heavy capes, on which the cockle-shell showed conspicuously; then a group of young girls, many carrying bulrushes in their hands, instead of palm-branches, and relics from the holy spot to which they had gone on pilgrimage; next trooped on men—men—men, their shoes covered with

white dust, their heads bare, their hands folded—old men, middle-aged men, lads; here and there a picturesque, fanatical-looking head with lank locks, and hollow cheeks, and sunken eyes, or brooding and morose-looking, with wild, bushy hair and huge growth of beard;—a strange assembly! Nevertheless, the greater number were of the quiet, respectable citizen class; one felt how strange it was to see such jolly-looking, every-day sort of good shop-keepers joining in a pilgrimage; they seemed so wholly opposed to everything like sentiment and enthusiasm. And all the men muttered prayers,—every now and then their hoarse voices rising into a monotonous chant of the word "*Heilige! Heilige! Heilige!*" And on they came and on! like a stream of phantoms in a bewildering dream. They rushed past in the twilight, walking fast with their dusty feet, and muttering their monotonous words, till one felt almost delirious. Now in the distance the voices of young girls and children swelled into a solemn strain, and on came women, and women, and women—old and young, and middle-aged, and dusty also, and praying and muttering also! All, with the exception of one lady in a bonnet, a singularly gaunt and fanatical-looking woman, who walked in the middle of the procession; all, with this exception, appeared to be of the humbler class,—worn, hard-featured, suffering women: on they streamed, till one felt breathless. It was a striking and, somehow, to me an unusually thrilling sight!

Now we were out on the quiet plain, which stretched away into an horizon of deep-blue mountain-like cloud, a pale amber sunset-streak fading away by the most delicate gradations into a lovely azure, athwart which stretched a fantastic mass of dark indigo clouds, the moon trembling above the sunset light, and here and there a dainty star twinkling in the azure and amber, whilst behind the dark

mass of the Bavaria-tower flashed, ever and anon, rose-tinted summer lightning, turning the mass of blue clouds into a range of lilac mountains, and the Bavaria-building into an enchanted castle.

We were so charmed with our walk, that we resolved to repeat it whenever we could to witness these sunsets, and then to note them down on our return home.

The next evening, therefore, we took our walk through the Triumphal Arch at the end of the Ludwig Strasse. The Ludwig Strasse looks inexpressibly beautiful in the evening: the uniformity of the Byzantine architecture, broken but not destroyed by the pale and harmonious tints employed in the various masses of building; delicate reds, and stone-colours, and greys, with here and there a mass of pure dazzling white, all brought into the most delicious harmony by the glow of evening; the two white slender towers of the Ludwig church rising solemnly into the blue heavens, and surmounted each with a golden cross, which ever seems to catch the rays of the sun, and to gleam and sparkle when all else is sombre and dark. Then, in the evening and twilight, how cool and refreshing, and soothing, is the splash of the two fountains which play in the open space before the University and the Jesuits' school! I should love, were I a youth, to study in the University. That pure, solemn, calm, beautiful building, white as of the purest marble, with its long rows of round arched windows; its long band of medallions also, a medallion between each centre window, and enclosing the head of a legislator, a philosopher, or a poet. And as the western sky is lit up by the setting sun, its light streams through painted windows, and the contrast between the cool building, seen in the shadow, and those gemmed, glowing windows, is magical. There is a monastic calm about the building, which, to a studious and poetical nature, must be delicious.

The Jesuits' School is of a pale, warm, stone-colour, of the same style, but by no means so beautiful. The whole effect of this square is, however, poetical and striking, and when the Triumphal Arch at the end of it is completed, will be something quite unique. The gateway is to be surmounted by a figure of Bavaria, drawn by lions, in a triumphal car: on the front and sides of the gate are beautiful basso-relievos and statues of white marble.

The road beyond the Triumphal Arch is lined by poplars, and the entrance to Munich by this road is impressive. For about half-a-mile on one side the road are scattered villas and cafés. The Queen has a lovely villa there, simple and elegant, built in the style of domestic architecture peculiar to Munich, and which strikes me as being beautiful and appropriate.

One evening we had tickets sent us for a concert; they came late, and we had but short time for preparation. We dressed in a desperate hurry, putting off at the same time our working-dresses and our character of art-students; and attired as proper young ladies, with our tickets in our hands and our two keys (the latch-key of the house and the key of the passage leading to our rooms) in our pockets, set off across the Residenz Platz and the Odean Platz. It was a rehearsal concert of the students of the Conservatorium, and the large hall was crowded to overflowing already.

The performers were all young, and many of them very young. There was one violinist, not more than twelve certainly, who played splendidly, with beautiful earnestness and composure, as well as with much feeling. The applause was immense, and you felt how proud his mother and his friends must be; but he was like a small unmoved statue, his white face shaded by his dark brown hair. It was all a matter of course to him.

The friends and relatives of the pupils were a marked feature of the scene; many of them quite poor people. And such numbers of lads! We had a host of them just before us; and very amusing it was. One little fellow leaned, with all the air of a used-up man of fashion, against the balustrade of the orchestra, in the face of the whole assembly, yawning with the greatest disdain of all present, while he crossed his little legs and played with his little gloved hands.

There is nothing strange in our venturing to concerts and theatres by ourselves,—nothing can be easier or more comfortable. We walk quietly to the Opera in the pleasant sunshine: the theatre looking beautiful with its fresco-painted pediment, and all the square alive with a gay crowd streaming also theatre-wards. We take our places quietly in the reserved seats; and having thoroughly enjoyed ourselves at the cost of twenty pence, walk home again equally quietly and comfortably. There is no crushing of carriages and cabs, no shouting of watermen and cab-drivers. Two or three carriages may be there, their lamps shining out like huge glow-worms at the bottom of the flight of steps; but people who have carriages get quietly into them, and there is no stir or bustle; and those who have none wend their way home singly or in groups, and the moon lights up that beautiful little square, with its palace-front, its theatre, its Pompeian-like post-office, its quaint side of old shops; or the stars look down out of a deep blue calm sky, and all is silence and poetry.

On our return yesterday from dinner at the *Meyerischen Garten*, I was informed that the lady of the — Ambassador had called and left an invitation for me for that evening. I was not in a visiting humour, and the idea of going quite alone to these grand people daunted me. I

have courage enough for most things; I am sure I could travel to China—very easily all over America—by myself; but going alone to a ball, or even to a small party, among strangers, is my idea of desolation; and this evening I believed there was a grand party at the Ambassador's. I was in despair: it was a wet day, and I felt ill, and even if I *did* screw up my courage to the pitch of heroism, how was I to get there? how, in all this rain? Where was my carriage?—where even a cab? A cab! yes, that reminded me that I might go and return in a *fiacre*.

When, therefore, on returning home, I found that I could improvise a toilette, and when, after a cup of tea, I felt really better, and discovered that, with some trouble and bargaining, a driver of a *fiacre* would *condescend* (for such really was the case) to take me at the late hour of eight o'clock, (they leave their stand at seven, and go home for the night,) and then bring me back again at ten, and all for the enormous sum of two florins, not a kreuzer less, I felt less disinclined to make the venture. I dressed and set out, having, of course, been inspected by the whole family of the house from doors and windows,—father, mother, daughter, children, Wilhelm, and two apprentices, with white rolled-up shirt sleeves. What amusement the idle people could find in seeing one of the English *Fräulein* walk down stairs in a simple white dress, and without her bonnet, and get into a lumbering old coach, I cannot conceive.

After a short wet drive across the Residenz and Odean Platz, and past the old *Wittelbacher Palais*, the palace where now lives the ex-King Ludwig, and which strange, red Gothic pile is guarded by two enormous stone lions, seated on either side of the gateway, into the Belgravia of Munich, we stopped at the house of the Baron von —, a beautiful house. A tall, melancholy-looking footman ushered me in, and to my delight there was no party. My spirits

rose at once. I like Frau von —, and I felt that it would be a charming evening.

Having been received by another tall, melancholy footman at the bottom of the stairs, and conducted through a number of pretty ante-rooms and boudoirs, I found the lady of the mansion, and a tall, aristocratic-looking man, with a very good-tempered German face, a very interesting, elegant young lady, and a lively, pretty little girl, sitting in a comfortable drawing-room,—comfortable though splendid. The walls were hung with pictures and rich velvet draperies; the sofas and chairs were covered with crimson velvet; there was gold everywhere; mirrors and tall vases of Bohemian glass and rich china. All was very costly, but the prints, and books, and pictures, and the pleasant lamp-light, and the kind, beaming faces of the group at the table, made me feel instantly at home and happy. The lovely young lady, with the calm brow, like one of Eastlake's women, and those delicate, taper fingers, loaded with rings, was a relation of the Baroness, and the gentleman was her brother. They had travelled in England and Scotland, and were well versed in English literature, which they greatly admired. We had pleasant talk, not only about old England, but about beautiful and interesting parts of Germany, with which fortunately I was acquainted; about books and pictures, and Kaulbach, whose genius we all agreed in ranking so highly.

Then came in the tea on a rich silver tray, both elegant and attractive, and the little cakes so delicate, and the tea quite strong and fragrant, like English tea. And after our rude, though most poetical life, the calmness and propriety and elegance of this aristocratic existence had an unusual charm for me. I loved to look at the glossy hair of the aristocratic little girl,—at her round arms,—at the delicate hands of the young lady so imprisoned in her rings; they were to my fancy a sort of fairy creatures who must

ever live among gold and rich satin, and perfume; and the idea of her walking in dust or mud, or in wet or darkness, was like the idea of an angel's wing being splashed with the mud of a London cab-wheel! No, there was an unusual piquancy in coming from our free, unconventional life, thus suddenly into a court-circle.

One day lately the streets were gay with people, and the sun shone down in my very heart. I longed to be among trees and fields. And was there not to be a *Kirchweihe* (wakes) in the Au—the church festival of the beautiful church there? Thither would I go.

Through the gay streets accordingly I went; crowds of holiday people moving towards the Isar-gate, and over the bridge, and past the Volk's Theatre.

The Au suburb was all alive with dance-music, sounding from the public-houses and gardens. The little balconies were unusually gay with flowers; all the Madonnas had clean cambric pocket-handkerchiefs put into their hands: how comic they looked holding their hankerchiefs like fine ladies at a ball! And, by the by, in this suburb there are not a few *black* virgins, who are here regarded as peculiarly sacred. Numbers of little stalls were set out covered with *Kirchweihe Nudel*, a very good sort of cold pudding. The open space in which the lovely Au church stands was very gay, and under the acacia-trees, which form an avenue along one side of the square, hundreds of people were congregated.

Two streams of people, principally peasants, were ascending the church-steps: so great indeed was the crowd that I think I must have stood twenty minutes before I could gain admittance, and when I did it was along with peasant women in their Tartar fur caps, and rosary and prayer-book in hand, and with men in red or

broad-striped waistcoats and long-skirted blue coats. And then how impressive was the sight! The air was heavy with incense; the graceful, slender, white columns rose up like the clustered stems of a palm-grove! The sun shone and glowed through the gloriously painted windows. They represent the Virgin, Christ, and the Apostles moving among groves, or quiet, solemn temples and halls, or calmly rising forth against brilliant or pearly skies. In one compartment, the Virgin, a child of twelve or thirteen, is taken by her parents to the high priest. She kneels before him, and Joseph places the ring upon her finger. In another, she sits with the Infant Christ in her lap on the ass, journeying towards Egypt. And in another division she is seen ascending to heaven. I knew that these windows were very beautiful, but it was only to-day that their full beauty burst upon me. The exquisite groups painted upon them, with their correct drawing, and rich draperies, are inclosed, as it were, in jewelled shrines; the upper portions of the window being filled with Gothic work of every brilliant colour, like missal pages. Pity only that too much yellow is used.

But if the windows excited my first attention, the people attracted my attention in the second place. All the seats were filled with devout peasants, and numbers stood. As the church, however, was large, there was no unpleasant crush. All was silent as death, except when, from the far end of the church, came the voices of children chanting, or you caught the murmured words of the priest, as he raised the Host before the high altar; and then the crowd responded with one deep, sonorous voice, which could alone be compared to the hoarse, monotonous, wild sound of billows, rolling inward to the shore—not when there is a rough sea, but when all is solemn and calm.

After a time I left the church, and not being inclined to

return home, and finding that all the music from the public-houses, and all the eating, and the dancing, were very inharmonious to my then state of mind, I wandered on towards the plain, and feasted my eyes on a view of the Alps, which to-day appeared fairly to have stalked towards Munich, so near did they seem,—of a tender, quiet, blue-grey, but their forms gigantic, stern, alpine!

Another evening, after a day of industrious work, when we were in a particularly cheerful mood, I suggested to Clare that as it was so sunny and delicious we should drink our coffee in a picturesque old orchard which I had discovered in one of my exploratory expeditions through the suburb of St. Anna. It is a pretty walk this, through the suburb to the coffee-house orchard, which joins the English Garden. You cross first the corner of a very large field, acres of which are covered with huge heaps of timber—enormous pines, which have been floated down from the Alps. The tall trees of the English Garden form a background to the field; and then, passing orchards and cottages, and country houses, you arrive at the coffee-house, a bright white house, with much pale sea-green paint about it, standing high, approached by a flight of steps, and having a certain Russian look. The orchard in which it stands is a grand old orchard, full of aged apple-trees, under which are some hundreds of seats. On the former occasions when I passed it there must have been many hundreds of people drinking coffee there. On this evening, however, all was deserted; so much so, in fact, that there was no coffee to be had. After resting, therefore, a few minutes under an apple-tree, we proceeded on our way, when, turning into the English Garden, behold! another coffee-house, a very small one, peeping out from under the trees. Coffee and Wine-house of the Kingdom of Heaven, "*Zum Himmelreich*," was painted on an arched sign over the gate. So

extraordinary an appellation could not be disregarded, however contrary to our English notions.

"Let us try how coffee tastes in the Kingdom of Heaven," said I; and in we went.

The Kingdom of Heaven, however, was also apparently deserted, except by a pair of lovers, a young girl in a white dress, and a student in a scarlet cap and black velvet coat, and by a picturesque group of old peasants, men and women, who sat on a bench before the door, and drank beer; the student also drank beer—the girl took nothing. She sat with her back turned towards him, and evidently was very unhappy. I think they must have had a quarrel: what a shame to quarrel in the Kingdom of Heaven! I went into the house, and ordered coffee from a woman whom I met with a huge coffee-mill in her hand. She said it should be ready in a minute,—fresh, capital coffee!

We seated ourselves at the end of a long verandah, which was covered with vines, at the end opposite to where the lovers were, and noticed all around us, to occupy the time till the coffee appeared. Coffee at length made its appearance—vile coffee and peppery bread; and leaving the lovers still unreconciled, we bade adieu to the "Kingdom of Heaven," and betook ourselves home in the delicious twilight.

There is always something very picturesque in a German landscape. To-day I walked to a village which I had often passed, but never till now penetrated into. There is a picturesque little church, with a tall roof and quaint white tower, crowned with an oriental-looking red-brick dome; a row of poplars, just bordered here and there with streaks of yellow, waved quietly in front of the church, and over the low churchyard wall hung the branches of a lime which was already quite gorgeous in its autumnal livery, the richest

gold and the deepest olive. I sat down upon the delicious dry grass and among dry fallen leaves beneath another row of poplars. How pleasant it was! The air was filled with an aromatic scent of leaves,—not a smell of decay, but of dried sap; and all was so calm. There was a certain sadness, but a peace in every thing; there was not a sound, scarcely a living creature to be seen, only an old peasant woman leading a goat by a cord as it fed along the grass.

I went onward into the pleasant village, past small cottages, and farms, and quiet undulating orchards, with here and there a seat placed under some fine old apple or plum-tree, passed gardens gay with huge sunflowers, and stopped to admire a lovely bit of colour at the entrance of a gentleman's villa. Imagine the doorway festooned with crimson Virginia creeper, and opposite the open door a Madonna standing in a niche of the wall! The Madonna seemed wreathed round with crimson leaves, and shrubs turning gold and russet, and varied with every tint of green from olive to apple, were growing on either side and in front of the door. The effect was very lovely.

A desire now possessed me to walk on still further to the second church of this same village, the tall, strange-looking, *pea-green* spire of which had long attracted my curiosity. I had seen it from the road, seen it from the English Garden. On all sides it was a conspicuous object. At last I reached it; the roof was very slanting and steep, and covered with red tiles,—such a strange, quiet, little church! The churchyard was crowded with graves thickly overgrown with flowers; so that what with the flowers planted on the graves and with the number of garlands hung upon the crosses, the whole churchyard resembled a flower-garden. Some of the graves were very lovely; and either suspended to the cross, which of course stands at the head of each

grave, or sunk into the flower-border of the grave itself, was a cup containing holy water, often with a small branch or a flower in it, to sprinkle the grave with. I noticed that upon some of the graves the peasants had laid the red berries of the mountain ash, or had stuck them into the soil in the form of crosses and stars. In one corner of the churchyard was a quaint little shrine, also with a steep red-tiled roof; and above the low white church-wall rose the distant woods of the English Garden, so rich in their autumnal colouring.

CHAPTER VI.

THE STUDENT'S LIGHTS AND SHADOWS.

IT is a pity that P——, the frame-maker, does not know what happened to me this morning; it would give him a higher opinion of himself than ever. We wanted a couple of "mounts" made for our groups of flowers from the studio-field, and were advised to get them made at a shop just opposite to where we live. To this little shop I carried our drawings this morning, together with one of P.'s capital mounts, which I had with me, as a pattern. I had to wait an immense time in the shop. Mr. Appleshoe—I anglicize his name—was making his toilet. At length, when my patience was completely exhausted, Appleshoe made his appearance in a tremendous hurry and bustle, as though the fate of Europe depended upon his advent in a distant quarter of the globe, and he had forgotten his appointment till the very last moment. Unlucky Appleshoe! I saw that my visit was inopportune; nevertheless, as I had waited so long, I was determined I would order the mounts,—it would not detain him long. I had seen certain individuals in Germany, and elsewhere also, who are in a mighty bustle about trifles, and as slow as snails when a matter of importance requires haste. Appleshoe struck me decidedly as belonging to this class; therefore I had less compunction in stopping the unlucky man as he was rushing out of the shop.

With a deeply-drawn sigh, and the most piteous expression of countenance, he laid down the roll of paper he had

in his hand, and condescended graciously to listen to my order.

I showed him, on the drawing, the shape of the mount we required—a rather peculiar geometric shape; but one, had he understood his business, as easy to make as an oval or circular mount. He looked greatly perplexed.

"Perhaps," said I, "it is not your business to do these things?"

"Oh yes, yes!" with a deep, bewildered sigh; "it was his business, but he was going out; perhaps I would call again, or leave the drawings?"

"No! I could do neither one nor the other," was my reply: "Could he not take the dimensions? that was but a matter of a couple of moments."

"Well! he supposed he must *trace* the mount."

Good heavens! only imagine P. *tracing* a mount. Would he not fly into a passion if one suggested such an insult! Well, the mount was traced at length by Mr. Appleshoe, in a clumsy blind-beetle sort of fashion, but it *was* traced; and then I proceeded to explain that the lines of the mounts must be slightly curved.

"Curved? curved?" murmured Mr. Appleshoe, musingly.

"Yes, curved!" exclaimed I, growing quite impatient and exasperated: "don't you indeed know how to curve a line?—well, I never heard such an absurd thing in my life! but if you can't do it, do what you can without the curve;" and went on to explain about a gold line and two pencil lines that he must rule, between which we should wash in pale tint of colour.

"No, that indeed I cannot do: I cannot use a pencil—that belongs to drawing! I am a bookbinder; draw I cannot; I am a bookbinder!" said he.

I fairly laughed outright; it was too absurd.

Up towards me, at this moment, from a further part of

the shop, came a great stout man, with a big, red face, and a big, white beard, and a very solemn mien; he had been listening to my discourse, and probably his national pride had been wounded by my triumphant exhibition of P.'s English "mount" as a *chef-d'œuvre*. Up he slowly came, and slowly looking down at the drawings, whilst Mr. Appleshoe gazed at his large countenance with a feeble appealing expression, pronounced these oracular words—

"No! Mr. Appleshoe cannot use a pencil; he cannot curve the lines; much easier draw the flowers!"

"Oh yes," sang Appleshoe's weak voice as a chorus; "much easier draw the flowers; I cannot curve the lines!"

"Well, then, good morning to you, Mr. Appleshoe!" exclaimed I; and presently was standing before Clare, with a face, she declares, perfectly white with contempt, and a torrent of contemptuous epithets bursting from my lips.

Munich, as an art-city, is a glorious abode; but for small common-place matters it is somewhat less attractive. The apathy and dreaminess of the tradespeople often fairly astound one.

I only hope their dreaminess is not contagious! Clare persists that it is, and that Anna has caught the infection. Anna certainly, the other day, in a fit of abstraction, nearly walked into a branch of the Isar: it would have been very romantic, would it not, to have been drowned in "the Isar rolling rapidly?" Anna, too, the other day, was in a wild state of alarm about her purse, which was missing, but which, after a search of extreme anguish of mind, she discovered, most carefully wrapt up by her own hands, in a paper, and laid beside her on the tea-tray, and where Clare, with a burst of merriment, informed her she had seen her place it some half-hour before, whilst, with grave face, she

was discoursing upon some transcendentalism. "I know also, very well, that Anna this morning boiled a tea-spoon, instead of an egg, for her breakfast! Yes, it is very alarming, this infection of dreaminess and abstraction of mind. For myself, I make an excuse for poor Anna, knowing how she supports upon her head "*the Worry-pole*." I dare say people do not generally know what this infliction is, although they themselves probably bear one always about with them, sprouting out of their brains.

Clare last night made a sketch of Anna's "Worry-pole." It is not a "May-pole," such as we see in the villages about here,—a tall pole, upon which, on either side, and running down from the tip-top till within a certain distance of the earth, are suspended little figures and ornaments, the insignia of the various village trades, and a pole that is wreathed with flowers upon a May-day,—no, it is not a merry, joyous, light-hearted May-pole, but a "Worry-pole!"—It is a pole planted on the head of many an unlucky mortal, and, though invisible to the people about him or her, he or she wanders through the world with this tremendous weight always pressing upon them; and upon this pole, from the bottom upwards, swing insignia. When I look at Clare's sketch, I don't blame Anna for boiling the tea-spoon or wrapping up her purse. At the top of the pole, behold the stern face of a great painter; he has a lowering brow, an upraised finger, and the mystic words "*Arbeit! Arbeit! Composition! Composition!*" proceed out of his lips: beneath him come casts of arms, legs, bodies, studies of draperies, the Anatomist's "*Vade-Mecum*," models, compositions; then commence the domestic worries—a voluminous correspondence, typified by letters of all forms and sizes,—home-sickness in the form of certain English faces,—Munich acquaintance who have not yet found out Clare and Anna's peculiarity of never returning calls,—bills, undarned

stockings, dinners, candles, "Spiritus," a gigantic flea,—and Clare seated, quietly drawing, in the midst of all, because, forsooth, she cannot speak or understand the delightful German tongue! And all hung upon the tall pole which sprouts out of poor little Anna's skull, whilst she wanders along painfully, with care-worn face, under her arm a portfolio, in one hand a big key, in the other a big umbrella. She is wading through a desert of dust: on one hand the Munich sun is scorching her with his rays, on the other the Munich rain is falling in torrents, and before her arise the bad stench of Munich in the shape of venomous imps. In the far distance are seen the shores of "Albion's Isle;" from which, in long trains, proceed many men, women, and children,—English acquaintance, who are just commencing to hook themselves on to the "worry-pole!" Unlucky Anna! who wonders now that she boiled the tea-spoon?

But if from "Albion's shore" proceeds the stream of acquaintance, Justina is also proceeding! Beloved Justina! before whom no "worry-pole" ever could exist for an hour as a "worry-pole:" her strong, fresh spirit, like a joyous sea-breeze, always driving away the worries before it, and converting the pole into a "May-pole;" her genial hands wreathing it with the freshest, the most aromatic of flowers!

Yes, indeed, Justina will soon be here: Clare has never seen her, but they will meet as friends: Justina's name is one of our watch-words. Now we are constantly arranging what is to be done "when Justina is here," and wondering "how certain things will strike Justina."

August 30th.—Clare this week has been designing at home, and I have been alone at the studio. You know my old *penchant* for being solitary; but our days together have been so beautiful, that I began to fancy that, after all,

solitude was not such an attractive thing. Still at times it is for the soul's health to be entirely alone. These long, quiet summer days have been filled with a peculiar charm and blessedness. There was a soothing, beneficial influence in the deep peacefulness of the room, unbroken except by the chiming of distant bells, or by the familiar sounds of the little suburb, breaking at intervals upon the ear, and only rendering the calmness deeper. There was the regular practising of a musician on the horn and violin, and the sound of a woman's voice calling "Julius! Julius!" We have often wondered, Clare and I, who this Julius could be. Certainly some idle little lad, everlastingly playing in the street; the son, perhaps, of the musician, and wanted at home to practise his scales, or to fetch water, or chop wood! And as afternoon glided on, and the sunlight glided with it into the studio, flecking the red wall with quivering lights and shadows, flung from the bowery vine without, through the warm air and thick leaves have swelled the strains of music from the band playing to gay groups of idlers in the Hof Garten, Meyerischen Garten, or Englischen Garten. How calmly, how poetically unreal, has all our life risen up before me; and as my hand has mechanically and monotonously kept drawing, the hours have rolled away so beautifully, so sweetly, yet alas! so rapidly. And then, too, how pleasant has it been, after hours of quiet industry, when the mind has absorbed itself in the contemplation of bones and muscles, working problems as to their insertion, origin, and actions, and the universe seemed alone to consist of *communis digitorum*, *extensor carpi radialis longior*, and such charming individuals and abstractions, and cobwebs spun themselves over your brain, to fling open the old grey heavy door, and stand confronting the freshness and splendour of the outer world. What a flash of sunshine! what a singing of birds! what a nodding of

flowers! what a rejoicing and carolling of the whole creation! God forgive me, for having for so many hours, in the darkness of the inner world, forgotten Thy glorious external world!

I cannot conceive how numbers of our English painters can paint in their dull London studios, where chimney-pots and lead-coloured streets, and lead-coloured glimpses of sky are all with which they can externally refresh their spirits; and where, instead of the song of birds and the murmur of waters, there is the nerve-exciting and brain-deadening roar of wheels. However, much depends upon custom and temperament. But the inhabitant of a town studio would indeed rejoice with an exceeding joy could he only wander forth as I—happy, privileged mortal!—did this afternoon into the sunny field, leaving care and industry behind in the studio, and with the sunshine bathing my unbonneted head, sat down upon a flowery bank behind the coppice, where I could be seen of no one; and forgetting the "*vade-mecum*" I carried in my hand, sank into the most lovely and happy of summer day-dreams.

September 1st.—I heard just now, rising from the street, a murmur as of many feet and voices. I looked out, and beheld a procession. Crimson and blue, orange and green banners were waving beneath me; crucifixes were wreathed with fresh leaves and flowers; there were trains of white-robed children and young girls, some bearing baskets of fruit and flowers, others, small sheaves of corn and barley. It was the Festival of Autumn. It was very poetical. There was a train of friars in their brown frocks, and of priests in their robes of gold and scarlet and white linen; there were long lines of aged men and women. Behind came on a dense murmuring muttering crowd of all ages and of both sexes. The people in the street, as the procession passed, paused, raising their hats and caps, and joined

in the muttered prayer. I watched the long procession winding through the quaint street, till it was hidden from my sight by a picturesque mass of buildings. The gay banners fluttered in the breeze, the sun glittered upon the crucifixes, and the murmur came dreamily from the distance, fraught with a strange tenderness.

CHAPTER VII.

JUSTINA'S VISIT.—A GROUP OF ART-SISTERS.

September 2nd.—How delicious was my meeting with Justina yesterday! At the moment when I was sitting at a solitary breakfast—for Clare was yet asleep—with my mind full of Justina, and after having arranged and dusted everything in our rooms, to be ready for her, I heard the outer door open. I said to myself, "Justina!" The room door opened, and she entered.

Of course the first thing we did was to cry for joy, and then to gaze at each other, to see whether really she were Justina and I were Anna. It seemed strange, dream-like, impossible, that we two could be in Munich together.

* * * * *

Before long we set off to Kaulbach's studio—Justina, Clare, and I; but we could not resist going a little out of the way to walk down the beautiful Ludwig Strasse into the Ludwig Kirche. Many things struck her much: the rich colouring introduced into the architecture, the pervading presence of one great artistic thought throughout the city. She was more impressed than I expected her to be. I had always imagined the German school of art would not find a response in her soul; but she declared that an entirely new class of beauty, a fresh field of delight and thought, had been opened to her.

When we entered the Ludwig Kirche, I saw her form dilate with emotion. She seemed to grow taller and

grander; a rich flush came over her face; and her eyes filled with tears.

"I do not feel this," said she, "to be the work of man, but of nature. The arched roof produces upon me the same thrill as the sky itself!"

Then we walked through the light and shadow of the English Garden—and I pointed out to her those particular spots that had always reminded me of her landscapes; and across the timber-field and the bridge over the mill-stream, and along the side of the rushing water, till we came to the grey, wooden door opening into the studio-field, and so along the narrow path between the thick grass and flowers, in the pleasant sunshine across the field. But I was obliged to hold Justina's hand in mine, else nothing could have persuaded me that this was not one of my many dreams. We passed through the bushes; we stood under the vine; we opened the heavy grey door: we were in the little room. The clock ticked as loudly as usual; there stood the two sister easels, and a sister painting-blouse hung on each; the casts, the books, the green jug with flowers, all looked so familiar, that to set to work at once and to fancy that I had only dreamed of Justina, seemed the most natural thing. But there she really stood in the body!

And having now seen what we were beginning, and having taken into her memory all the features of the beloved little room, so that she could picture our lives when she should have again vanished, we went into the other studio.

Thoroughly did she enter into the spirit of Kaulbach's works; she is worthy to understand them. She thinks, with me, that for intellect, and dramatic power and poetry, he is superior to any living artist.

We three, as it happened, had the studio all to ourselves; and we stood and sat before those grand works, in the most

perfect repose and silence, and drank in the whole spirit of the place.

Justina looked grandly beautiful, with that golden hair of hers crowning her as with a halo of glory, and her whole soul looking through her eyes and quivering on her lips as she gazed at the pictures. I longed for Kaulbach to quietly enter, and see her standing before them like a creature worthy to be immortalized by him,—an exception to the puny prosaic race of modern days, who are unworthy to live in art,—who only deserve to pass away and be forgotten.

But the sublimest intellectual emotion can, after all, last only for a time, seeing that we all, the most spiritual even, are possessed of a double nature,—body and soul. It was now half-past eleven o'clock, and we were grown very hungry, for our joy at meeting had prevented our eating much breakfast; we betook ourselves to the Meyerischen Garten, paying the *Hausmeisterin* a visit by the way,—so that Justina might have an idea of a German kitchen with all its picturesque characteristics; might have a glimpse of her poetical little sitting-room and bed-room, made beautiful by Kaulbach's prints and sketches; that she might see the *Hausmeisterin*; that I might have the joy of saying to the good woman, "Here is my beloved friend out of England, the sister of my heart!"

What a pleasant dinner was ours at the Meyerischen Garten! What joy we had in all three going into the kitchen and ordering *three* portions! What a delight to see Justina's amusement at the odd look of every thing! What merriment in our bower over our dinner when it arrived! The flock of turkeys came round us as usual; all the external was the same, but the spirit was very unusual which reigned at our little dinner-table. No more "grinding." *Flexors* and *extensors* were forgotten; such

things as anatomy, or work, or fatigue, or home-sickness, no longer existed. All was the joyous, blessed present!

Justina entered thoroughly into the spirit of our life, laughing at the want of salt-spoons and such luxuries; wiping the forks for our second course, our *Mehlspeise*, on the table-cloth, and drinking the coffee with an indescribable relish.

After this dinner, which Justina enjoyed with all the keener relish, from the contrast it made to the life she was leading,—a life of the highest respectability, a life of first-class travelling, of couriers, of the grandest hotels, of English solemnity, and aristocratic propriety. She declared again and again that there never was such a delicious, free, poetical life as ours; and she was perfectly right. I fully believe that she will in a while spend a month with us; perhaps join us in our Tyrolean trip.

Justina is gone! I am alone this evening, as Clare is out with some English friends.

Thank God that she has been here! We all agree that three such gay delightful days never before were spent by three such accordant spirits; days which we shall never forget, and out of which Justina declares that something great and good must come. She, the very embodiment of health, soul, and body, without a morbid or mean emotion ever having sullied her spirit—with freshness as of the morning, and strength as of a young oak—has had the most beneficial influence on both of us through her intense love of nature and art, through the same aims in life, yet we all three so different from each other. Clare, a thorough creature of genius, born to success whether she had devoted herself to music, the drama, or painting,—an artist in the true sense of the word, with a dramatic power of expression in everything she attempts, and of a self-absorbed character by nature. I, possessing an intense devotion and love of

art, of a sensitive, poetical temperament, which at times becomes somewhat morbid, yet earnest, persevering, with a constant aspiration after the spiritual, and a firmer, much firmer faith in the Unseen than either of the others. Cannot you see how great must be our usefulness to each other,—our influence upon each other? We have been all three struck by this; we have felt our peculiar individualities come out in strongest contrast.

What schemes of life have not been worked out whilst we have been together! as though this, our meeting here, were to be the germ of a beautiful sisterhood in Art, of which we have all dreamed long, and by which association we might be enabled to do noble things.

Justina, with her expansive views, and her strong feelings in favour of associated homes, talked now of an Associated Home, at some future day, for such "sisters" as had no home of their own. She had a large scheme of what she calls the Outer and Inner Sisterhood. The Inner, to consist of the Art-sisters bound together by their one object, and which she fears may never number many in their band; the Outer Sisterhood to consist of women, all workers, and all striving after a pure moral life, but belonging to any profession, any pursuit. All should be bound to help each other in such ways as were most accordant with their natures and characters. Among these would be needle-women, good Elizabeth —s, whose real pleasure is needle-work, whose genius lies in shaping and sewing, and whose sewing never comes undone,—the good Elizabeth! how unspeakably useful would such an one as thou be to the poor Art-sisters, whose stockings must be mended! Perhaps, too, there would be some one sister whose turn was preserving, and pickling, and cooking; she, too, would be a treasure every day, and very ornamental and agreeable would be her preparation of cakes and good things for the

evening meetings once or twice a month. And what beautiful meetings those were to be, as we pictured them in the different studios! In fact, all has been present so clearly to my imagination, that I can hardly believe them mere castles in the air.

Justina entered our rooms on the second day of her visit, —after coming, of course, through the pestilent passage, and exclaimed—

"You poor silly creatures! do you not know that you are killing yourselves as fast as you can by living in these close rooms and breathing this bad air?"

"Yes, we know it," we replied.

"As for Anna," continued the energetic Justina, "I am angry with her; she who ought to know better, she who so thoroughly understands sanitary laws. What would the 'Pater' say if he found you here? he would soon have you away. You will grow as pale as ghosts if you stay; and you can't help either of you growing morbid; you'll paint morbid pictures if you breathe this air! Don't think that I have only just perceived it; I felt it the moment I came near your door, and I've been thinking of it ever since; and I know that it is my duty to drag you out of this place. If I saw a child with its head in a gutter or a drain I should drag it out,—and much more you."

"Yes; but Justina, ——" we began.

"If it is the money," continued Justina, not listening to what we had to say, "I'll pay your month's rent myself, and you shall move to-morrow. We will set out and hunt for rooms this very day; it will be capital fun. We'll move all your things to-morrow; pack them up here, and unpack them in the new rooms: I have a surfeit of churches, and pictures, and statues upon me. It will be a delightful change; I shall not be happy else; I can't think of your living here, I can't! I shall smell that smell in Milan—

Venice—everywhere. I must see you in new rooms, and know how you will be in the winter; and I shall be connected with them in your thoughts if we move in this prompt, unique sort of way."

"But, Justina," we now argued, "there are now no rooms to be had: all Munich moves four times a year; we can get nothing till the end of the quarter; we have tried already, but in vain."

Justina, however, was resolute, and we set off on our expedition.

Having confided to Justina our desire for the winter to have rooms near the studio, we commenced our search in the St. Anna suburb. I think what we saw that day both astonished and amused Justina. First we went to Mrs. —'s friend, the miller's wife, which was at the nearest of the mills; Mrs. — accompanied us. After passing through a timber-yard, and then through a picturesque and really extensive garden, gay with sunflowers, we came to a long, low, white-washed house, covered with a vine. The miller's wife, instead of taking us into her house, pointed from the outside to two windows, which she said belonged to the rooms she had to let,—two southern windows, cheerful-looking from being draped with very clean white muslin curtains, and from being embowered with vine-leaves. Yes; very pleasant they looked outside; but,—Could we see the inside?

After a good deal of hesitation and mysterious consultation in a low voice with another woman, and something being said about her father who was sick, we were told that we might see the rooms if we would excuse, etc., etc.!

We were accordingly taken up a narrow staircase, and along a narrow and apparently interminable passage; a door was opened, and behold a crowd of people busied in various occupations,—sewing, eating, and heaven knows what beside; but all in a crowd and bustle, and breathing

an atmosphere that took away our breath; and, seated on a bed—Oh, heavens! a sight which neither Justina, Clare, nor I, shall forget for many a day: we saw it but for an instant, but it was photographed for ever. An old man, nearly dead! They had propped him up, and were giving him some soup: the poor skeleton legs, bare from the knees, hung down the bedside, lank and horrible, and discoloured; whilst a wretched shirt barely covered his meagre shrunk chest and arms, and a wisp of a blue handkerchief was tied round his throat. One instant we saw the vision; then turned away quite sick. Poor, unhappy, neglected old man! And this was one of the rooms which was to be let! The room in itself was not amiss, if it had been cleaned and had fresh furniture, and the second opening out of it was really pretty: but could we ever get over that horrible vision, or should we like to live with people who allowed life, much more death, to be so miserable and squalid?

We saw in the garden, as we passed out, a group of respectable-looking people taking supper at a little table under some trees.

"That is the Baroness and her family," said the miller's wife,—*"the Baroness who lives at that house:"* and she pointed to a handsome, quaint, old gabled house, which also stood in the garden. We ourselves should have enjoyed the garden very much; and when we got out among the sun-flowers, and smelt the fresh evening scents, and heard the leaves rustle over our heads, we began to think whether we might not after all manage with the rooms. But no! we had seen that which we could not forget, and we went on to search further.

Next we stopped at the house of a well-to-do carpenter,—but there was nothing; then to a very nice clean house, a *Wasser-Anstalt* (a Hydropathic Establishment). Such a pretty place! with a sweet, fresh garden. But the people

of the place,—a stately elderly man, like a character in one of Kotzebue's plays, and his wife, who was dressed as gaily as a tulip,—would, however, have nothing to do with us. It was in vain that we mentioned the most respectable of our acquaintance, male and female; they knew nothing of them. But we were well known to the Baroness von —: naming the most aristocratic of our acquaintance. Were we indeed! It might be so; but they had no rooms to let,—that is to say, they had none to let unless we came recommended by the physician of the establishment. But, in short, they had not any rooms which would suit us!

First the man looked at us, and then the woman, and then they looked at one another; and between them both the above decision was come to. No; they had no rooms which would suit us!

Mrs. — and I laughed heartily as we turned from the door; and Justina and Clare, neither of them understanding German, thought, good souls! that this most respectable couple had been very polite to us.

I should think we went after this to a dozen other places; and what places we saw! places to make one hang oneself, or throw oneself into the mill-stream. Lastly, when standing in the twilight on the bridge, just opposite to the shop of our fat baker-woman, out she came, waddling towards us, to ask us if we wanted anything; and on our relating to her our bootless quest, she exclaimed, her whole face lighting up at once, that she had just what would suit us. Of course we went in to see the rooms through the hot little shop, through a still hotter little room,—a very oven,—and then *the one* room presented itself which she had to offer: "a beautiful room, a friendly room as ever was!" she declared, good fat soul! in a coarse rough voice,—“a pretty, friendly room, which would just suit the dear young ladies!”

What a room it was! small almost as a coffin, underground almost, damp and hot at the same time, long and narrow; we should have died of the Munich fever in it before a month was out! But it would not have done to affront the old lady by telling her so; therefore we had a good excuse in requiring two rooms at least, and away we went.

Such was our expedition after lodgings. And when we returned home to our formerly despised abode, Justina was obliged to confess that it was, at all events, clean and wholesome, and a very palace, after what we had seen.

CHAPTER VIII.

A BARBARIC TEMPLE BUILT IN THE IMAGINATION—A
GENRE PICTURE IN THE NEW HOME.

THE day that Justina left, we all paid the Bavaria a visit. I do not know how it had happened that we had never before been close to the Bavaria, but such is the case. The Bavaria stands upon a meadow outside the town, a broad, green expanse, commanding a view of the distant Alps. You see a tall wooden tower flanked by two wooden wings. This tower and the wings enclose the colossal statue, and the temple which is erecting behind the statue. We had seen the sun frequently set beyond this building, and the lightning flashing behind the Bavaria among the evening clouds; and yet, until this sunny morning, we had never paid her a visit.

As we drew near, above the scaffolding, towering up into the blue morning sky, we saw a beautiful, gigantic, round arm, upholding a heavy garland of oak-leaves. We stood at the foot of the statue—pigmies!

Wooden stairs ran up around her; huge scaffolding rose into the sunny, dewy air; enormous heavy folds of bronze drapery rolled to her colossal feet, which appeared formed to trample feeble human beings into dust. Ladders were placed against her large limbs; workmen in caps and aprons were busied about her; they looked human insects! And then,—her countenance! Those stern, placid, gloriously

beautiful features expressed a soul large, awful, poetical, and as infinitely removed from all the pettinesses of humanity as was her form from all conventionality.

There is a power in this revelation which made me stand aghast! my spirit felt swayed involuntarily before it as though it had been a thing of life, an existence possessed of mighty power in the world,—not a mere statue of bronze: she seemed akin to the Sphynx; an awful being, a mystery, an embodiment of a spirit as yet but partially revealed to humanity.

Justina stood transfixed before the colossus. "Of all the marvels of this marvellous Munich, truly this is the greatest!" she exclaimed.

Behind the statue, as I observed before, a temple is being erected. The walls are already raised, and so are the columns and the frieze. Workmen were busy fluting the columns. The base alone of many of the columns was fluted,—the shaft rising with a bold Egyptian kind of character, and then unfolding into the Doric capital. I heard some workmen saying:—

"This is to be painted in fresco!" My imagination instantly suggested that these pillars, according to Egyptian and Indian taste, were to glow with the most brilliant and barbaric colours,—scarlet, green, azure, gold! I saw in fancy the long line of them supporting the marble frieze, stretching on either hand of the mighty Bavaria: the brick wall had disappeared—the vast green plain stretched away to the sunset! The heavens were flooded with light, and glowed with hues more brilliant than the tints upon the columns, and the sinking sun cast long shadows upon the green sward from pillars and statues.

Justina and I had the same vision of a barbaric temple,—a temple belonging to the spirit of ancient India rather than to Greece. How grand, we exclaimed, is this union

of apparently opposite styles of architecture! it is alone the blending of classic grandeur with a sterner, with a more barbarous age, which could harmonize with a Bavaria!

Ours was, however, but a deception of imagination. A little further on, and these shafts were fluted the entire length—their strange character had vanished. "How is this?" I asked of the workmen: "I thought I heard you say the columns were to be painted in fresco?"

"It is the *wall* behind the columns that is to be in fresco," he replied.

I saw instantly what was the intention, and doubtless the Doric temple will be beautiful, as are all King Ludwig's creations; still I must regret the destruction of our ideal barbaric temple, with its vast extent of plain gleaming out beyond the gorgeously-tinted columns! As yet, my imagination feels it to be infinitely grander than the correct Doric temple, with its rows of busts of great men placed within it. What have human beings to do, however great, in the presence of a Bavaria!

It is a strange ascent up into the Bavaria's head, where you sit within it upon bronze sofas; and through a loop-hole in the rich mass of her hair can gaze out over the distant city and across the plain towards the dreamy Alpine chain. It is a strange ascent, and yet a stranger descent, by that slender iron staircase, which in the gloom at times seems lost in the rough dark chasm into which you are entering; you feel held up by an iron network in the centre of a wild cavern of volcanic rock.

Next month is to be the great Bavaria Festival.

September 22nd.—It is a pity Justina cannot see our new abode! Even she would be satisfied. We had a fresh hunt for lodgings, Clare and I: not after romantic lodgings in mills or at carpenters',—we had had enough of that with

Justina,—but in the neighbourhood of the aristocratic Ludwig Strasse, where, now that Michaelmas is nearly arrived, and everybody flitting, lodgings may be had.

The instant we entered our present rooms, we exclaimed with one voice, "Here is our home!" The rooms have elegant walnut furniture in them, are beautifully clean, and the situation is deliciously quiet: there is no more dirt, no more slovenliness, and there are no more bad stenchcs! You enter the house by a clean, airy, square passage through the regular heavy *Porte-cochère* of a German house, and ascend to the different *étages* by a beautifully clean oak staircase. On the first floor I see a Professor lives; on the second lives a Major; and on the third live we! But we do not occupy the whole floor, of course. We have the rooms fronting the street; and the Frau *Rentbeamtinn* Thekla Victoria Carolina Werff,—*Anglicè*, Mrs. Tax-gatheress Thekla Victoria, &c.—and her Fräulein sister Sänchen, live at the back. The apartment belongs to Madame Thekla, and her Fräulein sister is the servant. She was very busy scouring the day we came to look at the rooms, and she has been scouring every day since, I fancy. She has one of the most peculiar faces I ever saw,—a droll face,—ugly, yet agreeable: she is a character, I am certain. These two old souls have the prettiest, cleanest, little *pink*-, not *white*-washed kitchen that ever was seen, crammed full of quaint pots and pans, and tubs, of every shape and description of material,—copper, brass, tin, earthenware, delft, china, and wood. They have also a room opening out of the kitchen. This second room is bed-room and parlour. It is also full of possessions: there are, first of all, the sister-beds, with a huge crucifix hanging upon the wall between them; there are heavy chests of drawers, too, and quantities of Bohemian glass, and a portrait of the departed Mr. Tax-gatherer Werff, very smiling and wooden, in a striped buff

waistcoat and blue coat, with one hand in his waistcoat pocket; and the portrait also of the Mr. Tax-gatherer's widow when she was his young wife, some twenty years ago,—a lady with eyes as black as sloes, her hair dressed in tall loops upon the very top of her head, and adorned with a brilliant tiara; she is radiant also in a green satin dress and crimson scarf. The young wife is represented, of course, slimmer than the widow now appears. Yet, as the good Madame Thekla sits knitting beside her window among her birds, perched up there, almost like a bird herself, upon that high step in the window, I can perceive a resemblance between the lady with black eyes and brilliant tiara and the elderly lady in the dark blue-and-white striped morning gown, and with the thin black hair streaked with grey elaborately plaited low down in the neck.

Birds and clocks, one would say, were Madame Thekla's passion—at least birds are: clocks, I am assured, were the passion of the "blessed Tax-gatherer." Here are larks, buntings, blackbirds,—sparrows even, if I am to believe my ears and eyes; and the chirping, whistling, pecking, fluttering, in Madame Thekla's window is something inconceivable! I wonder she does not go crazy, sitting there hour after hour.

The first night we slept here I feared that I myself should have gone crazy,—not from the birds but from the clocks! In the Werffs' kitchen, and in the Werffs' bedroom, there are clocks, all of which may be heard striking in our apartment; one of them is a cuckoo-clock with chimes, and in each of our rooms there is a time-piece: in Clare's chamber, hanging just over her sofa, is a picture of a gloomy cathedral,—it has a clock which booms forth the hours and the quarters with chimes, also! What an astonishment it was to us when the cathedral first boomed forth the time! Clare sprang up from the sofa, where she had been resting

herself after the fatigue of flitting, as though she had been shot. Opposite to my bed stands a French time-piece like a small temple. Madame Thekla seems maliciously to place her clocks precisely where they may most unpleasantly remind one of the flight of time. All through that first night how those clocks did chime—hours and quarters, quarters and hours, like mad things! And as the clocks were not particularly accurate, they struck one after another till the whole hour was a mass of chimes—booming, tinkling, striking high and low, slow and fast, till one grew frantic. I was certainly only restrained by my good angel from starting up and dashing the temple to pieces.

"Oh, Madame Thekla!" cried I, the next morning, "we must have these clocks stopped, they drive us mad; they will kill us!"

"Don't the gracious young ladies, then, like to know how the time passes?" remarked the astonished Madame Thekla: "but I remember, you English don't like clocks: the English gentleman who once lodged here also disliked to know how the time passed; he ran into my room, as you have done, gracious young lady, the first morning he was here, like a mad gentleman, and asked me why there was all this 'Devil's music,'"—[*Teufelsmusik*]"—"yes, 'Devil's music,' he called it! and said if it went on, he should set off!"

"And so shall we, Madame Thekla!" cried I, much amused; "neither can we stand the Devil's music!"

Thank heaven, the "Devil's music" has ended in our rooms, but in Madame Thekla's it still chimes on; and this, together with the carolling of the larks, awakes me every morning betimes.

Yes; we imagine that we shall be very comfortable with these good Werffs. We only fear they may be too *fussy*: they are so very good to us, so motherly, so over kind!

How much they would delight in our being ill ! Their highest enjoyment would be wrapping us up in bed and making us drink gruel ! I see their delighted, yet anxious, old faces administering the gruel ! Pray heaven they may be disappointed of this pleasure. We are a regular God-send to them, I'm sure ; for we are their great occupation. When they have said their prayers, and cooked their dinner, and gossiped with a neighbour, they have now the delight of caring for the two English *Fräulein*. Their astonishment at our being here "all alone, so very, very, very far from our homes" too, as they persist in our being, is unbounded ; and they persist, also, in our being "so very young ;" and this astonishment is only equalled by their surprise over our extraordinary, inconceivable industry ! and as it happens, since we have been here, we have been anything but industrious ! Of course, if we are not arranging our goods and chattels, we are reading or writing, or sketching, or Clare is singing at the piano. Girls, whether English or foreign, do not usually, I imagine sit with their hands folded quietly before them all day long. But over the reading, writing, sketching, and singing, what extraordinary exclamations there have been from the good old souls !

"*Immer so fleissig ! Immer so fleissig !*"—"Always so industrious ! always so industrious !" they cry, when they enter our rooms, till we grow quite nervously to dread the advent of the sisters ;—and they always enter together, the one to direct, the other to execute ; the one pretends to dust, the other scours.

In my eyes, *Fräulein Sänchen* is a much more interesting person than the widow of the Tax-gatherer : she, poor *Fräulein*, is always either scouring, fetching water or wood, or cooking, or waiting upon us, or brushing our shoes and dresses, or running out on errands ; she is never at rest,

except when she prays and sleeps for a few hours—and that is indeed only for a very few, for she is up ever so early, as soon as the lark begins his song, in order to make a cup of coffee for her "*Frau Schwester*," as she always calls her, and then "to make her lady sister's hair," as she expresses it,—to dress her sister's hair in its elaborate plaits, before she attends to us. In her face I read a touching history and a touching look of humility—a look as though her inferiority to her sister in station, in riches, and in good looks, was always present to her: the same consciousness I also read in the folding of her large bony hands, which have grown coarser, and bonier, and harder, than nature made them, by all this scouring and cleaning. Poor old Fräulein! I foresee that thy lank figure, thy strange hard face, surmounted with thin black locks, and adorned with brilliant garnet ear-rings, and thy scraggy yellow neck surrounded with its garnet necklace, will become beloved objects to me. I feel, in fact, that I shall place thee in a warm corner of my heart, poor old Fräulein! Thou art one whose days have been always passed on the north side of life. I doubt whether ever a ray of sunshine fell upon thy spirit, thou good, faithful, and trusty servant!

All the sunshine has fallen upon the southern days of Madame Thekla! She is magnificent indeed, with her portly figure, her wealth in furniture, clocks, birds, gold watch, big as a turnip, lying among lavendered piles of linen and stockings, and in memory of the departed loving and beloved Tax-gatherer! But it is to the despised old servant-sister that my heart turns. Had you seen, though, how Madame Thekla took the poor English Fräulein under her maternal sway, and conveyed them to their new home, you could not have failed to like her.

She came in gorgeous attire to the Steinhausers', accom-

panied by a man, a boy, and a truck to convey our trunks, baskets, cases, easels, and nondescript possessions, to our new abode. What joy beamed in her round face as she superintended the securing of boxes upon the truck : our big washing pans filled with stray over-shoes, a coffee-pot, and "tea-machine," especially interested the good lady. How she scolded the Steinhausers, the man, the boy, and the truck ! how she arranged, bargained, chattered ! Clare and I, carrying various household-gods, far too precious to be consigned to the mercies of truck, man, boy, or the good widow, were, though much encumbered with our precious loads, soon far ahead of the train. Looking back, the blue bows of the big bonnet and the crimson scarf were always seen in violent gesticulation over the pausing truck.

Flittings in Germany are much more amusing than in England—and in England they are often comic enough. About the quarter-days in Munich you see the drollest groups ; many things are carried by hand ; soldiers are much employed, also, as porters—and this gives a peculiar character to the scene of a flitting.

The other day I saw a soldier carrying under his arm a large mirror, with a gay bonnet tied round his neck and hanging behind his back ! You meet servant-girls staggering beneath huge "ivy-tods," the ornaments for the windows, and the children of the house carrying their toys and their mother's work-boxes, and their father's pipes. You know in Germany your neighbours' dresses by meeting the laundresses bearing them home through the streets upon tall poles, like gay pennons ; and at quarter-days you become acquainted with your neighbours' furniture as it progresses along the streets also.

Our moving was, of course, very interesting to our opposite neighbours. The Appleshoes were all alive to it ! So

were the students, and their big white dog, who live on the other side of the Appleshoes ; the young man with the fiery red beard, and the youth with the flaxen locks ;—they will have lost a great amusement, I fear, now we are gone ; for our goings out and comings in were apparently very interesting to them. As to the Steinhausers, they were all on the *qui vive* !

Clare and I vastly enjoyed the fun.

CHAPTER IX.

THE STUDIO AND HOUSE OF SCHWANTHALER THE
SCULPTOR.

Sept. 29th.—We have just returned from Schwanthaler's studio; which is situated in a street leading out of the city towards the great Theresa Meadow, where stands the colossal Bavaria. The street was formerly called the *Lerchen Strasse*, but now it is the *Schwanthaler Strasse*, in memory of the great sculptor. Ludwig von Schwanthaler was born in Munich—was educated in Munich—worked and immortalized his name in Munich—and in Munich he died. His dwelling-house is in the same street as, and opposite to, the studio, which is a white and rather low building, standing back, and forming three sides of a small court. The fourth side would be formed by the dwelling-house—a long building of one story—were it not that the studio and the house are divided by the street.

The Schwanthaler Strasse, like most of the streets in the newer quarters of Munich, spite of its gaily-painted houses, with their tints of pale greens, pinks, greys, and salmon colours, their long rows of bright windows, and often their clustering vines and creepers, through which peeps forth here and there the white statue of the Madonna and Child, or a fresco of the Madonna or some saint, has a strange air of quietness, almost of desertion, about it. No one is seen passing to and fro,—all is silent, as if sunk in a calm dream.

The little court-yard of Schwanthaler's studio is especially quiet, and the gravel is thickly sprinkled with small weeds.

The folding doors of the studio open, and, as we step into the long gallery, before us rise, relieving themselves against a dull red wall, the colossal figures of the *Hermann-Schlacht*, or "Battle of Arminius"—the frieze for the northern pediment of the Walhalla at Ratisbon. Hermann, in his winged helmet, grasps his terrific sword, pausing for a moment in his slaughter; his strong feet press the reeds and mosses of the morass, like the feet of a destroying angel,—his matted locks are blown back from his relentless brows, and he gazes down on the fallen and struggling foes around him. On the one hand are the Roman combatants; on the other, a bard, a female seer, with loosened hair wreathed with oak-leaves, and face raised with a wild visionary look about it, and Hermann's old dying father,—Hermann's wife, an Amazonian woman, bending over him. We stand in the very heart of the old German world,—are transported to those mighty forests inhabited by a Titanic race and by fabulous dragons. We are among beings of an older world, large of limb, and of perfect proportions. They have had space and time to develop themselves in those primeval forests. They are not savages; it is not mere physical strength and beauty that they possess. They are endowed with a strange intellectual beauty and power that make the gazer breathless. With the grandeur and simplicity and power of the antique, the sculptor has united a fresh element—the wild mysterious poetry belonging to the mythology of the North. His gods are not the Zeus, or the Apollo, but Thors and Odins. They have a mystery and a grand spirit of primeval nature about them which kindle the soul as does the rude, jagged peak of an Alp, or the sound of thunder, or like the sight of the sea or of a vast plain.

This wonderful group of the *Hermann-Schlacht* stretches along one side of the gallery. At one end stand casts from

three figures in the Bohemian Walhalla; one of which—Wenzel—is particularly beautiful, and, from the almost feminine character of the countenance turned towards heaven in an inspiration of intense love, and from the rich mediæval costume in which the figure is clothed, might readily be mistaken for Joan of Arc. The entrance to the gallery is guarded by two stern old fellows,—Huss and Ziska,—also from the Walhalla.

It would be too long a business to attempt to particularize one-tenth of the statues which enrich this wonderful studio. The gallery of which I have spoken, a corresponding gallery on the opposite side of the court-yard, and a lesser one connecting the two, and where towers the astounding head of the awful Bavaria, are crowded with works more or less successful, from the brain of this great sculptor, who died in his forty-sixth year, and the last ten years of whose life were an almost incessant martyrdom.

Schwanthaler's works may be divided into three classes: Firstly, those belonging to the old Scandinavian world, and the age of Saga, of which the Bavaria, the Hermann, and the Libussa may be taken as the types; secondly, the mediæval; and thirdly—alas, that Schwanthaler should have succumbed to the dire necessity!—portraits. There are various colossal and illustrious dukes, electors, kings, and emperors, to whom he has certainly succeeded in giving an air of stern dignity; and there are various monuments to men illustrious in other ways,—as Goethe, Jean Paul, &c.: but all these statues are very mediocre in the presence of the Hermann, the Libussa, or the four statues of the Rivers which adorn a fountain in Vienna.

Schwanthaler revelled in the old legendary world; his subjects are bards and seers as well as warriors and amazons. The Libussa is as unique as the old Bohemian legend itself. Once having seen that gloriously beautiful

damsel, with her indescribable countenance,—in which is a strange mingling of the amazon, the enchantress, and the loving woman,—who can forget her? Yet who can describe her, as she stands there in her power and dignity,—the massive waves of hair flowing down from her shoulders,—the rich folds of her somewhat quaint drapery falling in ample abundance round her noble form,—one strong yet exquisitely moulded hand resting on her hip, whilst the other holds an unfolded scroll? Yes, precisely thus must she have stood, as she said to her lover, “Wait till the evening, when, having consulted my books, I will tell thee!” And again when evening came, and she said, “Wait till the dawn, when I shall have consulted my dream!”

There is the “Beautiful Melusina” also,—which, however, is inferior to the Libussa; and there are a number of nymphs and river-gods all belonging to this class, full of a spirit as grand as that of the antique, but totally different.

Having hastily passed through Schwanthaler's studio,—which, with his collection of casts from his principal works, he has bequeathed to the Munich Academy,—let us enter his house on the other side of the street,—that house where he led his dreamy, solitary, strange, fantastic life.

We first enter a kind of private studio. Several casts from his works stand there; a beautiful drawing of the *Hermann-Schlacht* hangs above a long writing-table. The house appears to consist of but one suite of rooms on the ground floor. You ascend two or three steps and find yourself in a simply furnished but elegant sitting-room,—of course with an uncarpeted floor. Various pictures hang about the walls,—none, however, of remarkable excellence; a variety of sun-pictures of his friends, and views of the Bavaria. The walls, if I remember correctly, are of a self-coloured green; and the most striking feature of the room is a few statuettes placed on brackets. Above the sofa hang

the sculptor's first and last sketches. The first sketch, or rather carving, is a rude, little bas-relief, in a black wooden frame; two quaint old figures drinking, and round it hangs a withered wreath of bay. The last sketch is the figure of a warrior drawn in charcoal.

A lesser room opens from this one; its character, however, is the same. Nevertheless, a few things struck me in it. Fronting the door is a shrine of mediæval character, although of modern workmanship—one of those shrines with folding-doors. The figure within it seemed to be neither a Madonna nor yet a common-place saint, but an angel with outstretched wings. Just within the shrine stood two little swans, each with a piece of money suspended by a blue ribbon from its neck—a play upon the name *Schwanthaler*. The other thing which caught my attention was a singular drinking-cup, formed from a tree-root; its stem, curling and twisting in a strange grotesque manner, swelled out to form the cup, which was lined with gold. The lid or cover was a mass of small roots and strange knobs and deformed growths. As you looked more attentively at it, behold! you saw the figure of a knight fighting his way through those roots as through the stems of an enchanted forest: now he rested and slept, now he was hospitably entertained by a hermit in his cell. It is a strange, grotesque fancy. Schwanthaler had carved this cup at his leisure, and was very fond of it; he and his friends used to drink out of it on his birth- and name-days.

We next entered his bed-chamber, which opened from this room, and was also on the ground-floor, a quiet, holy-looking little room. Some pictures were hung on the walls, and on the porcelain stove stood a statuette of Thorwaldsen's Christ. The window looks into a garden; and the branches of a vine are twined across it, so as in summer to form a lovely green blind of leaves,—which is by no means

uncommon here, and the effect of which is very pretty and poetical. Here stood the bed on which the sculptor had died,—where his eyes had closed upon this world. Strange, wild tales are told of his last illness, as he lay on this bed. Wild visions even then haunted his brain, which he realized around him. Sometimes he would have men brought from the studio and arrayed in quaint old armour, and whilst they fought and wrestled before him he would lie and dream of combats and tournaments. I have heard, also, that, a short-time before his death, on the “name-day” of a relative and right good friend of his, he moulded in clay, as he lay on his bed, a figure of his friend, and had it laid out, I believe, as though it were dead, whilst two of his workmen from the studio, disguised as good and evil spirits, contended for the body, the evil one,—much to the poor friend’s consternation,—bearing off the prize! Shortly after, in this very chamber, still stranger visions—visions more awful than even his imagination could conjure up—burst on him; and he himself had to pass through a more mysterious struggle than any combat in romance—the struggle of death!

The cousin of Schwanthaler, who was with us, brought out from a cabinet in his chamber two plaster masks; one, taken when the sculptor was sixteen, showed a refined delicate face, with a sensitive expression about the youthful lips; the other taken after death,—the same face, but now matured by thought, labour, pain,—beautiful, emaciated, and stamped with the seal of death,—the face of one who had suffered intensely, but had attained to peace. I know how he looked in life, too, from a drawing made of him by Kaulbach. It is a face which from its delicacy might have been a woman’s, except for a long moustache that conceals the beautiful upper lip, and for the strength of the strong man’s and poet’s soul which gazes out of his eyes.

These are very large, and have an astonished look, as though they were ever seeing visions which were not of this world.

We now paid a visit to the *sanctum sanctorum*. We descended a narrow flight of some five or six steps from the bedroom into a little apartment half under ground. The walls were stone; two small windows lighted it,—one of stained glass; the other, quite a little loop-hole, was covered on the outside by its vine, the leaves of which in summer would look more green and tender than ever, from their coming in such sharp contrast with the hard gloomy stone walls. In this little cellar there was just room for a small stove, a bench on which about three people might sit,—certainly no more,—and a table. A shelf or two ran along the walls; and on these stood a vast variety of the quaintest old goblets and drinking-cups. Old armour and strange old swords hung upon the walls. Here Schwanthaler, his cousin said, used to sit for hours; here, too, no doubt, he saw strange visions; and here, too, he and his beloved friends—worthy and noble friends!—used to sit, and drink wine out of the old drinking-cup with its knight and hermit, and out of many another strange old goblet.

Such is the house of the great sculptor, and such some of the old memories that haunt it.

CHAPTER X.

THE OCTOBER "VOLKSFEST."

NEXT Sunday, Oct. 6th, commences the great People's Festival, and, in celebration of this, the *Enthüllung*—the uncovering, the unveiling, or whatever it is called, of the great Bavaria statue takes place. Thursday, the 3rd, was announced as the day of the Bavaria festival; but, strange to say, it seems next to impossible, although to-morrow is Thursday, to ascertain what really will take place. The newspapers and announcements on the walls have been contradicting one another, day after day, this week past. Neither can you discover where tickets are to be obtained for the seats erected on the meadow.

Thursday evening.—Rain! rain! and it has rained all day. There has been no festival, and people are uncertain whether there will be any to-morrow.

Saturday evening.—It rained, rained, rained all yesterday, and there was no festival. Crowds of strangers are here to witness the ceremony, and there is nothing but rain.

The King and Queen of Saxony, the King and Queen of Greece, the Duchess of Modena, King Ludwig and his Queen, King Max and the Queen, are all here for the grand day; and all is put an end to by the rain! The town is full of peasants, drawn hither several days before the commencement of their festival, in expectation of witnessing the greatest festival of all,—the revealing of that august presence before whom their games and festivities henceforth are to take place.

And it rains to-day more incessantly and violently even than yesterday! It is precisely like the commencement of a second deluge; as though the idol-worshipping Bavarians were to be swept away from the face of the earth. Spite of the rains all kinds of rumours are flying about. But the gloom of evening is come down, and the colossus is still awaiting her grand inauguration. There is something very fine to my imagination in the idea of that sublime, completed figure, night and day awaiting, amid the solitude of the plain and the desolation of the stormy autumn, the grand day of her honour; she so awfully calm and unmoved by all the anxiety—royal anxiety, people's anxiety—surging around her; as calm and unmoved by earthly care, by earthly glory, as the spirit of her creator—as Schwanthaler's spirit now is! One might almost fancy that nature mourned in these clouds and rain over the absence of Schwanthaler and his friend Lazarini—his "right hand," as he called him—who, like him, sleeps the long sleep of death.

Sunday.—Whatever may be done about the Bavaria festival, the people's festival began, as it has done for many a long year, spite of weather or anything else, on this first Sunday in October. At twelve o'clock, therefore, all Munich was in motion,—citizens and peasants all armed with umbrellas of various hues, from scarlet to the colour of the most faded and decayed of autumnal leaves, from olive-green and ultramarine-blue to buff and indigo; while the streets and roads were thronged with peasants' carts and vehicles of every description.

When we reached the outskirts of the town, we beheld a large wagon decked out with flags and vegetables! The sides a mosaic of cabbages, turnips, beet-roots, carrots—a market-gardener's triumphal car. Tall, tapering, crimson beet-roots, formed elegant pinnacles at each corner, while cabbage-leaves, artichokes, and cauliflowers, were converted

into the quaintest ornaments. It was like something in a pantomime, or, more properly, a carnival show. Every street, every lane leading towards the meadow, swarmed with people.

The meadow itself formed, as it were, an immense theatre; temporary seats being erected, and artificial terraces formed for the convenience of the spectators; on one hand was the elevation for the orchestra, on another covered seats for people of quality; and everywhere standing-places for the immense crowds. At the foot of this natural amphitheatre runs the race-course, containing within its circumference various erections for the festival. Precisely opposite the place appointed for the orchestra and decorated seats, and separated from them by the race-course—which, amid the many-coloured crowd, told like a broad green ribbon—stood the royal tent on a wooden platform, a conspicuous object, striped white and blue,—the Bavarian colours, and in form not unlike a monster umbrella. The raised wooden seats were all tastefully adorned with festoons and wreaths of spruce-fir, intermixed with draperies of blue and white. Whole woods of spruce-fir must have been plundered for the occasion; for, not content with garlands and green walls, rows and rows of trees, smart, stiff, healthy fir-trees—the genuine *Tannenbäume* of German poetry and romance, were planted about the meadow, and shaded every little wine and beer-shop. From the royal tent to the people's pump, every erection had its green spruce-fir wreaths and its waving banners.

We seated ourselves on one of the raised seats nearest the city; consequently farthest from the Bavaria. Behind us were stalled a number of prize horses; and behind other seats, answering to ours, but beyond the royal tent, were stalled the prize cattle. We had an excellent view of the royal tent, and the arrival and reception of the various

royalties. Lines of soldiers in their blue uniform were drawn up along the race-course on either hand of the tent; the orchestra was already filled with six military bands, amongst whom were ninety drummers! A stationary human mass met the eye everywhere, and ever and anon a gay carriage, with brilliant outriders and servants, rolled along the race-course; and, halting before the pavilion, you saw ladies in delicate-coloured bonnets, and gentlemen in rich uniforms, alight, ascend the steps, and pass beneath the awning of white and blue. There was an undulating movement in the gay crowd as though a wind had passed over a brilliant flower-bed,—a courtly dumb-show, as seen from our station, of mutual recognition; one scarlet uniform ever conspicuous as a tall red poppy; and a lady's emerald-green satin mantle giving contrast to it like a large green leaf.

Already the tent was filled with a brilliant throng, when the cannon from the walls of the *Ruhmeshalle* thundered forth that King Max was on his way; and as the smoke rolled off in white volumes, above rose that majestic hand of the Bavaria, with its wreath of oak leaves! Again and again the cannon sounded, and King Max, accompanied by his brother King Otto, splendidly attired in his Albanian costume, and attended by a train of cavalry, dashed up to the tent. The people shouted; two kings had arrived, but a third was yet expected—the King of Saxony, who soon, accompanied by two ladies, in a dark, open carriage, with outriders and servants in green, made his appearance. All the expected royalties were now there, and the six military bands, with their ninety drummers, struck up *our* National Anthem—their *Volks hymne*, or People's-hymn,—as the Germans call it.

The first event of the festival was the arrival of our friend, the gay vegetable wagon, with blue and white flags flying from its beet-root pinnacles, and preceded by a pro-

cession of gardeners' daughters in broad straw hats trimmed with green ribbons, lilac bodices and full white sleeves, bearing in their hands offerings of fruit and flowers for the King and Queen, from the good gardeners of Bamberg. After the daughters came the gardeners themselves, one of them bearing with much pomp a silver cup. Wagon and procession took their stand behind the royal pavilion.

The horses, mettlesome, high-bred creatures, were now led forth, one by one, before the royal tent by what we should in England call farming-men rather than grooms,—countrified-looking fellows in short jackets of coarse blue cloth, with their legs cased in long boots of black leather, and wearing broad-brimmed beaver hats glorying in a remarkable length of nap. Behind each curvetting horse walked his owner and rearer, the peasant who had gained the prizes, which he bore in his hand, a gay little flag, a small book bound in blue, with a long blue roll, containing his diploma, to which was often attached a little silver cross, hanging by a red ribbon. There was something singularly stolid and sullen in the countenances of these men, which not even their prizes, nor the small sum of money which often accompanied them, could remove. There was a long array of these prize steeds, bumpkin grooms, and surly-looking proprietors; the monotony of the whole scene only occasionally broken by an old woman or two being kicked down,—and by a sudden shower, which led to the unfurling of some thousands of umbrellas, and which made the whole crowd resemble a garden with full-blown dome-like flowers of every hue, above which rose the white and blue monarch flower of the entire garden.

After the horses came the cattle. Monster bulls, evil-browed, with stooping heads and fettered hoofs, dun-coloured and tawny, cream-coloured and brown, garlanded

as if for sacrifice, were led along, followed by their masters with their prizes, banners, and other gifts. Now came a young bull, less hideous and evil-looking, led by a stalwart peasant-woman; or, conducted by a Tyrolean girl,—a gentle cow and calf, also with garlanded brows and necks, and with tinkling bells, telling of Alpine pastures. And the cattle show was over.

Next, with much parade, and the marching about of blue and white-clad heralds, and the fluttering of prize banners, and riding about in much agitation of the Festival Committee, the race-horses were brought out before the King. A different race, truly, was this to that of Epsom or Newmarket. And primitive and innocent indeed must these races seem to the knowing men of the turf, when it is recollected that the owners of the racers, the grooms and jockeys,—all the racing cortège, in fact,—are obliged to attend a mass especially celebrated for them at eight o'clock in the morning; that the race-horses mostly belonged to farmers, and that the jockeys were not permitted to ride unless they brought certificates of good conduct and industry from the schoolmasters of their respective villages. Betting, in a small way, no doubt there was; and the excitement was considerable, as the poor little village lads, with their flying sashes, rushed again and again round the course; but a more harmless race could hardly be imagined. It was soon over. Money and banners were again distributed to the sound of music. The monarchs, and their court, returned with the sound of cannon, in a long train of gay carriages; the people shouted, and gradually dispersed themselves over the meadow for social drinking, smoking, love-making, and gossip, beneath the garlanded and fir-tree-shadowed drinking booths and sheds.

Monday.—This morning Clare and I started for the meadow early in the forenoon. The day was cold, grey,

and damp; the ground wet, trampled, and muddy. Thousands and thousands of dead bodies covered the field—the dead bodies of little mice, which abound in most German land, and which live by myriads in the Theresien-Wiese, darting away ever and anon from before your feet into their holes. It had been a great slaughter-field for them. Another feature in the scene was the passing along of drays heavily laden with Munich beer. As yet, however, the meadow looked desolate, damp, deserted, and particularly uncomfortable. We began our explorations by visiting a long shed behind the royal tent, where the Bamberg Triumphant Vegetable Car had taken its stand. Only imagine the disappointment of these poor Bamberg gardeners! They were to have been presented to the King; but he forgot all about them, and drove away without their grandeur having received its reward. This shed, in the centre of which glowed a crown made of gay flowers, contained the agricultural prize vegetables. A beautiful assemblage of rich foliage, ruddy roots and graceful sheaves of corn,—a very cornucopia,—the shed of Ceres, Vertumnus, and Pomona. There was a tropical character in those towering spikes of Indian corn, in those large sprays of fan-like artichoke leaves, in those gigantic beet-root leaves, in their intense rich green, springing from juicy crimson stems. The Munich decorative artists might have studied them with profit. Close to this cornucopia was exhibited a mass of golden and white silk,—immense quantities of it,—the produce of silkworms kept by a variety of Bavarian women, at the head of whom are the two Queens, and a host of Princesses and Duchesses. There is an endeavour here to introduce the silkworm into Bavaria, and, in proof of what had already been done, beautiful specimens of silks and satins were exhibited, which had been manufactured from home-grown silk. At the back of these sheds, a lottery, of

prizes of six and twelve kreuzers each (2*d.* and 3*d.*), was to take place for the benefit of the fair; and this spot, later in the day, was a place of great resort for the country people. The remainder of the erections outside the race-course, and arranged in a semicircle, were drinking and refreshment booths, furnished with benches and tables, and all more or less prettily decorated with festoons of spruce-fir, bound together with the everlasting drapery of white and blue, with fluttering banners and spruce-firs, planted, as I have already said, to give shade and beauty to the space around them. One, quite a superior booth, had a regular garden fenced in with spruce-fir. This we entered, and were supplied with delicious hot sausages, and excellent coffee and chocolate. The interior was very pretty with scarlet-and-white festooned drapery. Guests, as yet, were few, for the morning was damp and cheerless.

We saw on the meadow but one solitary "roundabout," such as are so common at English places of popular amusement, and among the Viennese people, and only one solitary hand-organ was to be heard. There was, however, a raised circular platform for musicians, with a heavy banner of red, black, and gold floating over it.

The whole area, including this settlement of good cheer, the refreshment booths, was marked out by spruce-firs planted at regular distances; each tree with its gay banner, and connected with its neighbour by long festoons of green wreaths; and here you caught sight of many a Teniers and Ostade group. Beyond this area, and between it and the Bavaria, a portion of the meadow was laid out in shooting grounds, with targets and marks of various descriptions. There was a wooden stag to be shot at, as he is pulled backwards and forwards between two clumps of fir-trees, and a bird fixed upon a high pole, looking very like a sign of the spread-eagle, holding in its beak and claws the marks

at which the shooter is to aim. On the ground stand little wooden booths, from which the marksmen were to fire; with plenty of long sheds, where they might assemble, charge their pieces, and refresh themselves.

While we stood on their ground, the valiant shooters, with sound of music and much pageantry, advanced across the plain, their blue and white banners, of course, "fluttering in the breeze,"—one grows quite weary of these banners!—the blue and white heralds of yesterday, and the scarlet trumpeters, and the grotesque fellows in parti-coloured slashed jerkins of black and yellow preceding them. Then came these "Friends of Shooting," as they call themselves—each bearing his rifle in his hand, and wearing a sort of uniform,—green Tyrolean peaked hats, as elegantly decorated with feathers, flowers, and ribbons as a fashionable bonnet, or sometimes graced with a tuft of chamois-fur, or a staring owl's or eagle's head. Their coats were grey and loose, with green cuffs and collars. But their heads and faces were far more striking than their costume. Hard, weather-beaten men were they, with grizzled beards and snowy eyebrows; or youths, agile and active as the chamois of their native Alps, with clear, large eyes, and ruddy, healthy cheeks; others, middle-aged, black and red-bearded, men whose lives had been passed among deep woods, and by sedgy lakes, looking for game—the roe and the boar. There was, as it were, a fresh mountain air blowing about them, a sylvan mountain strength, as they marched along, each shouldering his piece. Arrived at the shooting ground, they indefatigably shot and shot, out of their little booths, all the livelong day. Crowds were soon collected, and the intensest interest prevailed: but we were soon weary.

We wandered off, therefore, along the higher plain, with long, solemn stretches of pine-wood in the distance, to a

picturesque and singularly interesting little church, at the feet of whose walls we found that a bloody skirmish with the Austrians had taken place. There was the mound-like grave, beneath which slept the eight hundred who had fallen. A stone chronicled their bravery, and how they fell, on Christmas Day, 1703. Autumnal shrubs and flowers shed their brilliant leaves upon the green luxuriant grass. It was a quiet, holy little grave-yard, full of crosses, and garlands, and flowers. Upon the church wall was painted in fresco a representation of the engagement in which an old mountaineer and his two sons are being struck down by the Austrians; and above the tumult of the strife is their apotheosis,—Christ receives the three, who rise with garlanded brows into the pure light of heaven. As a work of art it is very feeble, but, nevertheless, the *feeling* is beautiful and poetical. A group of peasants from the Festival came into the churchyard whilst we were there; muttered a prayer for the dead, and sprinkled holy water upon the green mound. When, on our return, we reached the meadow, we were again greeted by the unceasing rifle-shots, and found the booths all alive with feasting, singing, and drinking. Such was the second day of the *Volksfest*.

Tuesday.—This afternoon the sun shone gloriously; the Alps clearly showing their snowy peaks, as though scarcely twenty miles distant, and the whole scene was really gay for the first time. The terrace-mound and seats, as well as the royal tent, now abandoned to the public, were crowded with spectators, all eager to witness the "Olympic Games." Ever and anon resounded the shots of those indefatigable shooters, still shooting away at their wooden butts; they, however, were no longer the objects of attraction. Tan was scattered over that part of the race-course opposite to what until to-day had been called the Royal tent, and this was the arena round which pressed an impatient crowd, kept

back by the green-clad gendarmes seated on prancing horses. Already a very mosaic of heads and faces lined the amphitheatre.

There was a cry "They come ! they come !" and across the plain, proceeding from the city, came a throng. Sounds of music floated on the air, banners fluttered, and now marched through the crowd, first, scarlet and gold-clad musicians, then a band of youthful heralds, bearing the blue and white prize banners ; then little girls, with their fair hair falling in ringlets on their shoulders, carrying garlands. Thus marched in six-and-twenty stalwart youths, wearing tightly-fitting canary-coloured jerkins, confined round the waist by a black leathern belt ; their arms, their heads, their necks bare ; their legs clothed in tight-fitting hose, and with sandals on their feet. These were all bakers' apprentices, great adepts in the art of wrestling, even from the old times, when certain valiant Munich bakers won great renown at the Battle of Mühldorf, in 1322, where Ludwig the Bavarian vanquished his rival, Philip the Handsome of Austria, and assumed the imperial crown. It is this Ludwig's triumphal entry into Munich, after this victory, which forms the subject of the fresco on the Isar Gate.

Next after the six-and-twenty young bakers came ten sturdy young wheelwrights, in the midst of whom was borne an old-fashioned wheel, garlanded with wreaths of moss. Each of the ten rolled, as he came along, a gaily-painted wheel ; and with their black velvet caps, their snowy-shirts, gay with blue-and-white braces crossed over breast and back, and black velvet breeches and white stockings, they made a very goodly show. The quaint old wheel which was borne aloft, and around which ran a black-letter legend, is a precious heir-loom of the wheelwrights' guild. It was made in one day, some centuries ago, by a young wheelwright, and then, by him, in one day also, rolled from Augsburg to Munich, a distance of forty-one English miles.

The musicians took their place above the arena ; the heralds withdrew with their banners to either side. The bakers arranged themselves in a half-circle, and the wheelwrights stood each with a hand on his wheel, and then, attended by the festival directors, all wearing blue and white rosettes, slowly proceeded along the race-course to the point whence they were to commence their race. Anon, with rapid pace, they shot past, man and wheel vying with each other. The race-course was a mile round ; but it was not very long before you caught sight, in the distance, of the flying men and wheels coming on to the goal. On, on they came, three or four near together, the rest scattered at various intervals ; one far behind. On, on they came ! The first is here ! But what a countenance !—Pale—deadly pale ! livid almost ! Oh, it was a fearful sight ! And each panting wretch, as he neared the goal, had the same ghastly look. The first idea was that they would faint, or drop down dead. The trumpets bray forth the victor's triumph ; they pause, pant, lean upon their wheels, and the wrestling commences.

I myself was quite uneasy about these poor wheelwrights, and wanted to see cloaks thrown over them. But no ; there they leant upon their wheels, and remained so leaning till the end of the day, as if that had been a part of their duty.

Spite of the horror with which the wrestling inspired me, I was conscious of a strange fascination in it. There was a savage grandeur about the whole thing. That band of tawny men, girt with their black belts, glaring defiance on each other, then rushing madly together, winding together their arms, bearing each other together to the earth in a wild frenzy, looked like human tigers. You grew sick, breathless ! yet look you must. And as each champion triumphed, the trumpets announced his victory !

The assembled multitude, breathless, silent thousands, added a wonderful impressiveness to the scene. And as you turned your eyes away from the fierce combatants and the eager multitude, there, along the horizon, lay that glorious, calm Alpine chain, raising its jagged peaks into the pure, tender, pale *green* sky, along which reposed vast, solemn stretches of cloud. It was a striking contrast.

But again the human struggle claimed our attention. It was now a trial of strength with huge stones. How fine were many of the attitudes! full of a savage poetry, which I know not well how to convey in words. It was, in fact, the *sublimity* of brute force. Then there were various war-dances, in which the repetition of the same action and sentiment by these six-and-twenty savage figures produced a singular feeling, from its very monotony. They cast javelins at a hideous giant of wood, and performed various difficult and curious athletic feats,—such as standing upon each other's arms, and shoulders, and heads, turning themselves into a human pyramid, and finally ended by a foot-race. Then to the sound of music came the distribution of prizes, which consisted of gay banners and money. Shone upon by the setting sun, the train—now worn, jaded, and soiled with dirt and blood—returned towards the city. The multitude dispersed itself across the plain; some sober souls returning home; the greater number remaining to feast in the numerous booths. We left hundreds enjoying their seventh heaven—beer, sausages, and cheese.

CHAPTER XI.

THE BAVARIA FESTIVAL.

October 10th.—At length the Bavaria stands revealed in all her dignity to kings and people!

But, before chronicling yesterday's proceedings, I must add a few more words regarding the statue and its history. Of its situation I have already spoken; I have mentioned how this work of art, stupendous in its Titanic proportions, and awful in its calm majestic beauty, the result of ten years' incessant anxiety, stands on a broad meadow to the west of Munich—a portion of the great plain that stretches away to the Alps. It rests on the edge of what at first appears to be an artificial terrace, but is in fact a large step, where the plain suddenly descends into that lower plain on which stands the city of Munich. The figure of this colossal Virgin of the old German world, with her majestic lion by her side, is fifty-four feet high, and is placed upon a granite pedestal of thirty feet in height, so that the beautiful temple of the *Ruhmeshalle*, or Hall of Fame, erecting behind, seems dwarfed into strange human insignificance.

This figure, typifying the spirit of recognition and reward of all excellence and achievement whatsoever, stands with upraised wreath, as if ready to crown any Bavarian who may be worthy to enter her temple of fame. It was a grand idea of King Ludwig's, this, of placing the Genius of Reward on the spot consecrated to the people and their annual

meeting. It is in this meadow, as we have seen,—the Theresa meadow, as it is called—that the October *Volksfest* is held; and that the King distributes prizes to the Peasants. Henceforward, all successful accomplishment will be crowned in the presence of the impersonated Bavaria, the more popular achievements alluded to as well as those of the poet, painter, musician, and philosopher. Each is to receive in the presence of his country, from the hands of the monarch, the acknowledgment of merit. Such, at least, is the intention of King Ludwig.

The *Ruhmeshalle* is unfinished,—and will require for its completion at least two or three years more. It is a beautiful Doric building, of white marble from the Untersberg,—adorned with emblematical friezes by Schwanthaler. It was designed by Leo von Klenze; and the busts of all the great men of Bavaria, without regard to difference of religious belief or to origin, are to be arranged along the walls.

As I have already said, through the interior of the bronze tower-like figure of Bavaria ascends a winding staircase leading to a chamber in the head. This chamber is large enough to contain twenty-eight persons. But beyond the poetry of mere size,—beyond that which arises from its connecting our thoughts at once with the sublime works of antiquity, and with history and romance of modern date from the fact of its being cast out of Turkish cannon sunk in the battle of Navarino, and brought up by Greek divers—there is a yet deeper poetry in the work. This arises from reflecting on the ten years of toil—stupendous toil—mental and bodily, of its creators,—the difficulties overcome by patient industry,—the dangers endured with unflinching courage—and the melancholy truth that the final accomplishment of the mighty work is unwitnessed by the two men whose very lives seemed bound up in its success,—Schwanthaler the

sculptor, and his friend Lazzarini, his "right hand," as he called him, who modelled the colossal figure under his direction.

Though Schwanthaler was already attacked by his fatal malady at the time when he designed the Bavaria at the king's suggestion, he not only modelled a variety of designs for the Colossus, but also completed a smaller figure of the Bavaria as we now see her, thirteen feet high. When the huge wooden tower was built in the Royal Bronze Foundry, and after what may be called a gigantic wooden skeleton had been erected by a crowd of carpenters,—after tons and tons of clay had been piled together over this, so as to form a mass of material on which to work,—there, day after day, might be seen the unwearied, energetic, though physically suffering sculptor, guiding with watchfulness and love the accomplishment of his idea, which ever grew beneath the hand of his friend Lazarini and his troop of workmen.

Stiglmayer, the originator and director of the Bronze Foundry, died in 1844, just before the casting of the Bavaria began. His nephew, Ferdinand Müller, full of youth, energy, patience, and experience, was ready to succeed him. The castings took place at five different times,—commencing with the head. This was cast in 1844. In casting the bust of the figure—the largest portion—the greatest difficulty had to be encountered. It was necessary to melt for the purpose twenty tons of bronze,—five tons more than had ever before been melted in the furnace. As this immense mass of metal slowly began to fuse, it began also to cake,—thus threatening to destroy not only the casting, but the whole furnace, with untold danger to life and limb. Six men had, in spite of the oppressive heat and the ever-increasing glow of the furnace, to take it by turns night and day incessantly to stir, with long iron bars, the molten mass, lest it should adhere to the

furnace walls, and so bring annihilation upon all. On the evening of the fifth day of anxiety, when Ferdinand Müller for the first time sought a short repose in his chair, he was suddenly aroused by his faithful and anxious fellow-watcher, his wife, with the cry of "Ferdinand, awake! the foundry is on fire!" It was so. The ever-increasing heat of those five days and four nights had caused fire to burst forth among the rafters. To have attempted to extinguish the flames by water, with this molten mass below, would have caused the immediate destruction of the place. All that could be done was, by means of wetted cloths, to keep down the fire. This was tried, and the melting went on as before. Amid such danger did the casting of the bust take place. About midnight on the 11th of October, 1845. "Success!" was shouted forth; a load of anxiety of many kinds fell from every breast;—and all then hastened to the complete extinguishing of the smouldering fire.

Various have been the ceremonies connected with the casting of the Bavaria. When the head was first raised out of the pit in which it had been cast, King Ludwig, and a number of distinguished persons being present, a festival was held, in which garlands, music, and illuminations, played a conspicuous part. On August 7th, 1848, when the figure was complete,—all the separate portions, except the head, having already been removed to the Theresa Meadow on a carriage constructed expressly for the purpose,—the head was conveyed thither with every mark of festal rejoicing. On the following day the bell of the little church of Neuhausen tolled,—and Ferdinand Müller, the noble and courageous "master," accompanied by the workmen of the foundry, went to return thanks to God for the accomplishment of their arduous work. They had commenced their labour with prayer four years before in that same little church,—and now they offered up thanksgiving,

that their task was not only achieved, but achieved without loss of life or limb to a single member of their band.—But Schwanthaler and Lazzarini,—where were they?

And now, impressed with a sense of the poetry attaching to the statue, accompany us in the cheerful morning sunshine, and beneath a cloudless heaven, through the streets of Munich to the Dultplatz, the square where the Munich fairs are held; for there the Bavaria procession is to assemble!

A sound of singing reaches us from various points as we walk along; all the *Singvereins* are vigorously practising. We pass the red Gothic palace of King Ludwig. The clumps of trees in the palace garden, and upon the Dultplatz, shine out brilliantly with their autumnal tints beneath the deep azure heaven.

It is scarcely nine o'clock! yet the square is all alive with an expectant crowd. All are dressed in their best. The rows of white, palely-tinted houses round the square are gay with clustered heads at every window. The garden of the English Coffee-house, and the Café itself, is all astir. From beneath the archway of the Carlsthor streams an increasing crowd. Citizens, peasants, officers, soldiers, artists,—a motley multitude. Above the roofs of the near houses rise church steeples into the sunny air.

But, behold! what strange thing is this approaching! Higher it seems to tower than the distant church spires. It is the Bavaria's spinning-wheel; and that is the distaff! On it moves, amid the wonder and merriment of the crowd. Gendarmes ride before to clear the way. The spinning-wheel is placed upon a low car drawn by six horses. The horses and car, as well as the spinning-wheel, are wreathed with moss and flowers.

Scarcely has your astonishment over the spinning-wheel subsided, when lo! a merry mass of leaves and flowers

approaches. This is the festal car of the innkeepers. Beneath the odorous bower formed of oak and fir-branches, sits a jovial company. Above their heads sway game of all descriptions, birds and beasts, suspended from the centre of the leafy tent. The tables are spread with the most tempting viands,—delicious pies and pasties, a boar's head, roasted fowls, pheasants and partridges! And glasses and tankards are heaped up in artistic array among leaves and flowers; and the prettiest of Munich's *Kellnerinnen*, in their gold and silver swallow-tailed head-dresses, and with their gay-coloured bodices laced up in front with silver chains, wait upon the jolly guests, and smile upon the assembled crowd, and joke and laugh. And garlanded horses, plump and sleek, slowly draw along the little inn! And now, you look around, and feel as though witnessing some poetical, yet withal most solemn, pantomime! Here stands an imposing model of the beautiful little Vorstadt Church! It has been drawn along upon a beautifully painted,—or *illuminated* car, one might rather say. Its sides are covered with graceful Gothic tracery, amid which, here and there, upon a shield of azure, shines forth a lovely white lily; and entwining with the tracery round the car runs a scroll, on which in quaint black letters you read the words,—“The grateful Vorstadt to the illustrious founder of her Church, beloved King Ludwig I.” The horses are richly caparisoned, their trappings bearing a white lily embroidered on a deep blue ground.

And now another apparition startles you. A colossal sword, as if from the Castle of Otranto, is grasped and upheld by a colossal gauntlet of steel. A wreath of simple, peaceful moss winds round the cross-like hilt and blade. The car is a mossy bank. An anvil and hammer, with various other tools belonging to a forge, show among the fresh green. Swords of every size and form, daggers and

knives, from the bayonet to the minutest, are symmetrically arranged in a fan-like form, on a mossy ground, on either side of the car. This is the sword-makers' and cutlers' festal car.

Close follows a monstrous gilt lion, holding in his mouth a colossal key. He comes from the locksmiths. The carpenters have sent an idealised carpenter's shop: the masons a car bearing a garlanded church tower: the decorators and gilders a luxurious pavilion glittering with gold. Beneath that golden canopy, and shaded by those heavy curtains of Tyrian purple, you expect a vision of an enchanted sleeping beauty awaking at the kiss of the brave, handsome Fairy Prince,—that Prince so long awaited by the sleeper. But the curtains shade no prince or beauty: it is a marble bust of King Ludwig which gleams forth from their crimson gloom.

The very butchers have idealised their trade. Their car is drawn along by four stout oxen—two black, two tawny-brown; their sturdy foreheads decked with flowers. A very pyramid of goodly brown tongues, hams, and sausages, tastefully arranged and decorated with gay ribbons and flowers, and foliage, rises in the centre. The entire car is a bed of flowers and moss, amidst which, at each corner, nestles a child fantastically arrayed in scarlet and white, and holding by a cord an innocent white lamb, which gazes around with large, gentle, dark eyes. The spokes of the wheels are covered with brilliant flowers. A troop follows of gay young butchers, attired in white jackets and trowsers, with jaunty blue caps on their heads, and bearing hatchets upon their shoulders.

Each car is attended by its band of apprentices, masters, and journeymen, attired in the idealised costume of their trade. The weavers following their car, brilliant with its drapery, are attired in an Albert Dürer costume.

One of the loveliest cars is that sent from the Porcelain Works. The most graceful vases and ewers,—many of *terra-cotta*,—are grouped with exquisite feeling; flowers garland them in thick and brilliant festoons, hanging over their round, smooth sides, passing gracefully through their handles, linking them all together in one flowery chain. Bright China-asters make brilliant necklaces round slender necks of tall ewers, or crown majestic vases as with a diadem of rainbow-tinted stars. Amidst all sits a little brown Italian child, of some seven years old, gazing out at you with large, melancholy, dark eyes, from beneath his scarlet fez, brilliant as a gorgeous cactus-flower.

And here is the car of the Munich Artists! Beneath a canopy of delicate foliage and flowers, upborne at the four corners of the car by plaster lions, stands the statue of King Ludwig, brought from the studio of Schwanthaler. The sun casts an especial glory upon the marble brow, as the majestic figure, in its regal robes, moves slowly through the multitude. Below the statue of the king, seated at his feet, are two female figures,—one typical of Sculpture, and bearing a model of the Bavaria in her hand; the other of Painting, with her emblematic palette and brushes. These figures on nearer inspection we find, though themselves of plaster, are draped with canvas stiffened as sculptors are in the habit of arranging draperies for study. The effect is excellent! The attendants of the car, workmen from the Bronze Foundry, form an artistic escort, being dressed in short, loose, and very full, blue velvet paletots, falling over tightly-fitting white hose. Their heads are crowned with blue velvet caps of mediæval cut, and they carry in their hands gay pennons, which display armorial bearings of scarlet and silver, orange and black, or crimson and gold.

And then the gardeners! Their cars indeed must not be forgotten or remain unchronicled. Whoever, before

this day, was willing to believe that cabbages, turnips, carrots, and beetroots, might be so arranged as to form a pyramid lovely as if built of delicately-tinted shells! The florists and fruiterers' cars are perfect dreams of flowers and fruits. Regiments of gardeners and gardenereesses attend them, attired in the conventional stage costume of gardeners, holding in their hands rakes and hoes. Children and young girls carry fruit and flowers in picturesque baskets upon their shoulders; and in the very centre of the gardeners' train come on two stout young fellows, bearing between them, supported on a pole, an enormous bunch of grapes, as if returning from the "promised land."

But I will not attempt further to particularize the wonders assembled in the Dultplatz. Suffice it to know that three-and-twenty cars appeared, each preceded and followed by its picturesque attendants; to say nothing of quaintly attired bands of musicians mounted on horseback; each one connected with the procession wearing a spray, or garland of oak.

On our way to the Theresienwiese we encountered another marvel travelling towards the place of rendezvous: it was the brewers' car, bearing aloft its huge *Pokal* or drinking-cup. In size the drinking-cup resembled a steam-engine chimney: it was of that quaint, beautiful, half-gothic, half-rustic character, familiar to us in Neureuther's designs. In gothic niches, around the rim, stood emblematic figures,—the graceful hop, with its clusters of fruit, employed as ornament; little beer-barrels encircled the stem of the cup, forming a quaint moulding; and the lid was surmounted by an emblematic figure, gilt: such a jovial crew, too, as attended this *Pokal*! Six sleek, heavy brewers' horses slowly drew along the car, which was wreathed with sprays of hop. Men in mediæval costume of black and yellow were mounted on every second horse, trumpeting vigorously.

Men in scarlet waistcoats tightly buckled round their waists, and with brilliantly white shirt-sleeves, and green velvet caps of the Glengarry form, marched along two or three abreast, carrying their various implements of brewing, garlanded with hop; two men bore aloft a huge malt-measure filled with nodding oats and barley. But their countenances were the most jovial and bacchanalian part of the show; their eyes were full of merry laughter, their faces glowed again with glee;—it was a procession to drive a tea-totaller fairly distracted.

And thus gradually all Munich proceeded, with banners, music, and a vast rejoicing, towards the Theresa Meadow. The streets and suburban lanes were swarming with the multitudes awaiting the strange procession. As we emerged on the plain, we saw that already the earthen steps and terraces were black with an assembled multitude, whilst streams of pedestrians and streams of carriages poured across the meadow. All previous points of attraction were now centered in the spot fronting the Bavaria; where a second royal tent had been erected,—different entirely from the white and blue umbrella of my former description, and more like a canopy supported on four light pillars. Long ropes, stretching down from the wooden screen which concealed the Bavaria, were firmly fastened into the green turf.

About twelve o'clock, after King Ludwig, accompanied by his Queen and King Otho, had arrived, and when the whole plain, from the neighbourhood of the Bavaria to the very city itself, was gay with carriages and an untold moving multitude on foot,—the fantastic procession, consisting of all the trades' offerings, gradually approached to the sound of music and amid the shoutings of the people, passed before the King, presenting their gifts. Having witnessed the arrival of the first portion of the procession

in front of the royal canopy, we took our station on the sloping bank a little to the right of the Bavaria, and nearly opposite the royal party, to gaze upon the wondrous crowd of human faces turned towards the pavilion, and towards the quaint forms slowly advancing through the multitude like grotesque ships steering their course amid a human ocean—fluttering banners on long staves telling as sails and masts. Beyond this rolling sea lay a broad stretch of green plain; then the city, with its towers and pinnacles rising into the clear blue sky; and, far off, the solemn mountain chain.

When the whole procession had passed, the horses were unharnessed and the strange cars were grouped upon the meadow. A troop of singers ascended the mound, and passed behind the wooden screen, or rather screens, which concealed as yet the motive spirit of this living scene. The important event of the day was at hand! A hush fell on the expectant multitude,—the hush of intense expectation. Suddenly swelled forth the notes of the overture composed expressly for the occasion. Then came another pause. An arm was raised in signal; and through the great silence was heard the distant sound of the saw and hammer at work severing the timbers of the condemned screen. The thrill of expectation grew more intense. A rope was loosened by a small human figure, far up aloft,—the screen fell with a huge sound which the roar of the cannon repeated, and the shout of the multitude prolonged,—and the mighty Bavaria stood revealed:—awful and beautiful—of a pale, tawny-gold colour—the sunlight catching on her sublime brow, on her rounded shoulder, on her strong large arm, which pressed to her side a laurel-wreathed sword. It caught on the sword-hilt, and burned and glittered like a star,—a beacon far away. Then fell the lower screens; and bands of singers, with banners displayed,

swarmed on either side the pedestal, and broke forth into a song of triumph. . In presence of that marvellous colossal Virgin their voices sounded strangely small and human.

After the song came an oration by the painter Teichlein. He looked a mere black dot standing at the foot of the statue, and his voice was as the voice of some booming insect. Three cheers for King Ludwig succeeded : and in a few minutes the long gay train of royal carriages was seen, amid the shouts of the crowd, rapidly returning towards Munich.

CHAPTER XII.

THE OPENING OF THE SIEGESTHOR.

THE great festivities were terminated to-day with the opening of the *Siegesthor*, or Triumphal Arch, at the end of the beautiful Ludwigsstrasse. This Triumphal Arch, dedicated to the Bavarian Army, is built in imitation of the triumphal arch of Constantine in Rome, and was designed by the architect, Gärtner, in 1844. It was constructed of stone brought from the neighbourhood of Regensburg, and is embellished with medallions and basso-relievos—principally from designs by Professor Wagner—executed in white marble from Carrara and Tyrol. The masonry is said to surpass in solidity and beauty anything modern in Europe.

The subjects of the six medallions represent the various provinces subject to the Bavarian sway:—

1. *Upper and Lower Bavaria*—Agriculture, Cattle, and Alpine Scenery.
2. *The Palatinate*—Culture of the Vine and Fishing.
3. *Upper Palatinate*—Forging of Iron.
4. *Upper and Central Franconia*—Forging of Iron, Breeding of Cattle, and Manufactures.
5. *Lower Franconia*—Cultivation of Corn and of the Vine, and Navigation.
6. *Swabia*—Weaving.

The basso-relievos are—1. Combat between Infantry; 2. Combat between Infantry and Cavalry; 3. Combat between Cavalry; 4. Siege of a Fortress; 5. Attack of a

Fortress with Battering-ram; 6. Passage of a River. Of course all these medallions and basso-relievos are of a classical character.

Eight winged Victories, four on either side of the gate, rise before the pediment. They are of noble form and proportion, and are sculptured in Carrara marble. To my mind these Victories are by far the most beautiful feature of the Triumphal Arch. Often, at sunset, the red evening light catches on their tall wings and majestic forms, tinting them on one side with rose-colour, while the shadow side shows a pale, cold azure. They then seem like genii keeping watch over the city. Two flying Victories, with wreaths and palms, appear over the central arch. The four pilasters which support the pediment are of the Corinthian order. The whole is to be surmounted by a figure of Bavaria, seated in a triumphal car drawn by four lions. The statue, car, and lions, to be cast in bronze, are now in progress at the foundry.

This Triumphal Arch, as may be imagined, forms a striking termination to the Ludwigsstrasse, and an impressive entrance to Munich. Many an evening this summer have I stopped in admiration of this noble gateway. The long, broad Ludwigsstrasse, so unique from its harmonious Byzantine architecture, widens out into a kind of square, where play two abundant fountains. On one hand stretches the solemn white mass of the University,—on the other the pale stone-coloured, severe-looking Jesuits' College,—behind me rise into the calm evening sky the white towers of the Ludwigskirche, each surmounted by a gilt cross, which, catching the last rays of the evening sun, glitter like two stars. Scarcely a footstep is heard in the silent square:—the only sounds being the constant fresh splash of the fountains, and the distant murmur and rustle of trees as the evening breeze

passes through them. Before me rises the gateway; and, as if gazing towards earth, stand the grand, calm Victories, their dazzling marble whiteness catching tints of rose and azure, like snowy Alpine peaks,—whilst through the three round arches of the gate I catch a long perspective of green, solemn poplars, skirting the road across the wide plain.

The effect of the *Siegesthor*, however, was not quite so poetical on the day of its opening, for it was bitterly cold. About twelve o'clock people began to collect along the Ludwigsstrasse, mounted the towers of the Ludwigskirche, and crowded windows and door-steps,—assembling in denser masses about the gate itself. The magistrates of the city were here in their best array to receive the King and Army when they should make their triumphal entry. Crowds lined the poplar-shaded road; soldiers were drawn up,—gendarmes pranced about on their horses;—all, for a full hour, pierced to the bone by a searching wind which careered across the plain from the cold Alps, and blew the leaves in myriads from the tall, noisy, shivering poplars. At length, with sounds of music, and with much pomp and brilliancy of costume, King Maximilian and his brother King Otho, followed by other princes, and escorted by several regiments, approached the gate. The ladies of the court, and two, if not three Queens, graced the procession in gay open carriages and bright summer dresses, which looked very cold and uncomfortable. Then, there was a halt of some quarter of an hour before the gateway,—and a reception of the municipal authorities,—and much ceremony,—and a “*Lebehoch!*” for King Ludwig, who was not present,—and firing of cannon; and the royalties passed through the gate,—and the *Siegesthor* was opened.

CHAPTER XIII.

SOMETHING ABOUT MUNICH DECORATION,—PUBLIC AND DOMESTIC.

October 20th.—E——has been writing to me about these new “Tile-cottages,” of which you are talking so much in England. I imagine the effect of these tile-walls might be something like the marble stuccoing much in vogue here. The impression when you stand for the first time in the Glyptothek and Hofkapelle, is that the walls are built of the most splendid marbles. It is only when you reflect upon the enormous expense of such works that your reason convinces you that the walls are not marble, but stucco. The idea of stucco, I grant, is unpleasant—all my Ruskin prejudices revolted at the idea of this “hypocrisy,” when we made this discovery; but I have reasoned with myself after this fashion: is it not better, in one sense more beautiful, for a state possessed of but small pecuniary resources, to have expended its money upon the *art*, the creative spirit, than upon the material? And if the idea conveyed to the soul be noble and true, what matter whether the wall be of precious stones or of plaster! The regret is that these materials are so perishable; and this painful thought presses constantly upon me,—in a couple of hundred years or so, where will be these creations? But this art,—the creative soul,—although fading away, will doubtless have effected its object in the world by kindling the fire of love and of aspiration in fresh labourers who will carry on the work here begun with undying energy.

In speaking of the Hofkapelle, I have already referred to the harmonious manner in which the brilliant hues of the frescos and the golden backgrounds are toned down by the dull reds, dull greens, pale stone-colours, chocolate browns, and tender yellows and greys. In the new Basilica the arrangement of colour is in the same exquisite harmony; but there all is *real*—in looking around this beautiful new church you can rejoice in the consciousness that each column, each slab, is marble—genuine, truthful marble!—and there is a delight in this consciousness.

The Glyptothek, the little sculpture gallery, is in itself one of the most ideal and harmonious of the works of art in Munich. The collection of sculpture, though small, contains some statues of priceless value and world-wide fame; but it is especially their beautiful arrangement and the harmonious whole which impresses you. The walls are of this beautiful marble stucco, but here not graduated in colour, each room being of some one rich tint. The sculpture is arranged chronologically. Thus, entering, the history of sculpture rises before you as you pass along, from the Egyptian Sphynx to the works of Thorwaldsen. The impression produced by this judicious arrangement is profound.

But it was about stucco walls I was writing, and in the Glyptothek their effect is very beautiful. The impression is that they are built of the richest marble or porphyry; each room is of a separate colour, but contrasted or harmonised so as agreeably to affect the imagination. You stand in a room of pale-green marble; the adjoining one, seen through the broad doorway, is tender lilac, and the one beyond dull red; and the solemn statues gleam out white and pure against these self-coloured yet richly-tinted walls, with a wonderfully beautiful and impressive breadth of effect.

The ceilings of this lovely little gallery are enriched with

frescos by Cornelius, and with medallions by Schwanthaler. One of these frescos, the Destruction of Troy, has greatly impressed us. As yet it is the only work of Cornelius's in Munich which has come up to my preconceived ideas of Cornelius's genius—there is less of the overstrained and *academic* in the figures and attitudes than in the altarpiece in the Ludwigskirche, and in the earlier of these Glyptothek frescos—more simplicity and beauty; the sternness is grand, very grand. This Destruction of Troy gives me a feeling of what those compositions from the Campo Santo at Berlin must be, of which every one speaks with admiration.

Beautiful and highly poetical as is this Munich School of Decoration, one sees here only too frequently the danger of its being made common and over-done. I am often on the verge of being utterly weary of ornament—often am utterly weary. In fact, there are certain so-called decorations here which I avoid looking at—for instance, the Arcade of the Hofgarten; and yet one has a lingering regard for it as the commencement of the Munich revival, and at certain points seen from among the green foliage of the garden the effect of the frescoed walls is agreeable; but I always, with my strong predilection in favour of German art, feel jealous of strangers dwelling upon the Arcade as one of the *marvels* of Munich. The arabesqued ceiling seen in its long perspective always reminds me most disagreeably of a vast length of painted oil-cloth! The detail certainly is graceful when you take the trouble to study it; but the effect is tawdry,—a petty flicker of lilac, green, and pink.

And in the Royal Library the other day, I was annoyed by the same thing; the ceilings of the staircase and reading-room are like embossed paper-boxes—very elegant decorations. they would have been for plum-boxes, or even good

patterns for a lady's shawl,—but certainly most inappropriate as a *decoration* for a place of study.

And you see the contagion of this sort of thing in every ceiling of every house above the very poorest of Munich. Now and then you see a beautiful design on a ceiling, but that will be the exception: one grows weary to death of arabesque, and this rage for over-ornament I should dread in these tile-houses.

The saloon of the Von ——'s house is a beautiful specimen of domestic decoration: Kaulbach and Neureuther have united their genius to adorn this room for their friends. Lovely sprays of vine, and flowers, and flowering shrubs, display themselves upon the white walls of the room—rising in thick and symmetrical luxuriance above the crimson silk divan which runs around it. It is as though the divan rested against a low garden-wall, above which was seen the foliage of the vineyard, or the tangle of the shrubbery; and from among the leaves look forth the sweet faces of the family: here is a pensive girl meditating over a book; there a fair-haired, blue-eyed, younger sister, weaving a flowery garland, or a little round-faced, flaxen-haired lad eagerly catching butterflies in his net: the portraits are by Kaulbach—the exquisite foliage by Neureuther. Neureuther's festoons of flowers link together the series of Kaulbach's frescoes from the history of Cupid and Psyche which glow upon the walls—designs similar to those from the same legend in Duke Max's palace, but smaller in size. The effect of the whole is very lovely.

The exterior of several private houses here also strikes me as extremely agreeable, and makes me wish earnestly I could transform some of our square uncouth masses of English brick-work into forms and colouring as agreeable to the eye and imagination. I have spoken elsewhere of

the general impression of the Ludwigsstrasse; it is to certain detached houses I now refer. There is a house close to the Dultplatz especially agreeable, and now, in autumn, the crimson tints of the Virginian creeper, and the varied greens, browns, and oranges of other climbing plants trained over them, harmonize and contrast most beautifully with the pale buff tints of the brick of which they are built, with the white sculptured stone-work of the round arched windows, and with the brilliantly-tinted medallions not infrequently introduced between windows or on either side of a portico. On the front of Kaulbach's house are two medallions, the ground an intensely brilliant ultramarine, and each containing, in relief of pale buff, a beautiful figure of a youth holding by the mane a prancing and snorting horse. Above each youth is a star.

These houses are generally built of brick of two colours—our common yellow brick, and brick of a deeper brown; with these two tints the most beautiful effects and patterns are obtained. The form of the bricks also often varies, and thus much beautiful detail is gained: there is one mass of red-brick building in the Ludwigsstrasse, which, simply from the manner in which the bricks are laid and the character of the bricks themselves, is very beautiful. But there are, again, houses here in Munich where the Byzantine and Moresco taste has gone so very crazy, that one grows utterly weary of ornament.

CHAPTER XIV.

AUTUMNAL RAMBLES.

October 27th.—To-day we commenced our winter campaign of work at the studio. The whole day has been one of pleasantness and beauty from beginning to end. The first beautiful thing was our walk through the English Garden to the studio. A considerable quantity of snow had fallen during the night, and lay thick and pure upon the branches of firs and pines, and upon the boughs of various trees which have not yet shed their autumnal leaves; so that heavy masses of snow lay upon the scarlet and gold and olive-green branches, in strangest contrast. It was a singular and poetic blending of autumn and winter, full of lovely suggestions for decorative art. Upon the wall, which on one side shuts in the garden, grow tufts of grass, which formed, this morning, the most fairy-like crests of beauty; each bent and blade covered with rime, which glittered in the sunshine. Lovely, brilliant sprays dipped into the clear green waves of the mill-stream which rushes along behind the studio-field. The field was white with snow; we had our first winter's glimpse of the studio. And when we entered through the heavy grey door into our little sanctum, the air was warm with a pleasant warmth from the stove, and behold! in one corner stood a beautiful palm-tree in a green tub. It was the emblem of peace to us. Kaulbach has painted sprays from it in the hands of the Christians leaving Jerusalem.

It had been placed in our little studio for warmth: we welcomed it with love.

People usually call the neighbourhood of Munich stupid, flat, and utterly devoid of natural beauty; they speak of the singular contrast between the grace of the city and the barrenness and want of interest in the neighbourhood. Strange to say, I shall bring away with me memories of the beauties of nature, which, in looking back to my sojourn, I almost think will outshine the memory of the beauties of art. I recall a dozen sunset skies, that, for gorgeousness and glory, put to shame all the gold and rainbow hues of the churches. This vast plain, with its dreamy horizon of Alps, the desolate banks of the Isar, the lovely English Garden, and all the many pleasant, quiet strolls to quaint old villages,—what delicious memories of them shall I not carry away with me.

Besides this, the ground, in summer, is one mosaic of lovely flowers; and the sky is a never-ceasing delight,—so blue and translucent. I often wonder whether it is owing to the atmosphere being clearer here than in England, and also to the greater beauty and freshness of colouring of the public buildings, that not a single day passes without its presenting you with some architectural picture.

Every evening, as I cross the Ludwigsstrasse, I look down it to see some new effect upon the Siegesthor. Last night the ground was sparkling with snow, the horizon the palest tint of peach-colour, deepening into a warm rose, and against the sky stood forth the Siegesthor as if carved in ivory. Sometimes it glows as if carved in ruddy gold. I had no conception, till I came here, of the wonderful beauty of *colour* in architecture, and how nature seems to pronounce her blessing upon it, by heightening the beauty of man's work, through her showers of sunshine

and her clouds of shadow, and her glow of reflected lights. Oh, if man would only strive *with* instead of *against* nature, what a world this would be!—and will be in time. Still more so is this the case with the soul,—of which all these outward things are but types.

How lovely are our walks, to and fro, through the English Garden! The ground is covered with pure, crisp snow; the trees often sparkling with hoar-frost, till all is like a forest of enchantment; and the sun strikes and glitters upon their branches as though they were covered with diamonds. Or, perhaps, there is no hoar-frost, only the trunks and branches are powdered with snow, and the delicate, wondrous tracery of branches relieves itself against the purest, deepest, most glowing azure sky, like a warm summer's sky,—so blue and cloudless. I have no words to describe the delight which these walks are to me: the air is pure, keen, and bracing; the ground hard and crisp, and morning and evening I find some lovely, fresh picture painted for me by that most wonderful of all artists—Nature. Now it is a sky all creamy and pale amber, with early morning light, the more distant groups of trees lost in delicate haze; mist hanging about mysteriously among the glades and hollows of the garden, dropping from branches and veiling grotesque giant stems, and yet sunshine is struggling through the haze, casting long blue shadows over the snow. Now, the effect is different; ruddy sunset-light falls across the snow, turning it to rose-colour, and burns upon boles and branches with a glory almost unearthly. The trees stand as of molten copper, with an azure sky behind them, and the green ice of the mill-stream, powdered with snow, looks yet more vivid in colour.

Last night, as I returned, a large, calm moon was rising out of a rose-tinted horizon, above a lawny opening in the garden. The ground was a sheet of snow, with

lovely groups of trees rising here and there into the quiet, warm sky. I stopped for a moment to drink in its beauty. It was close to Prince Carl's palace, where two unlucky sentinels are always standing, often pacing to and fro this cold weather, with faces of intense misery.

I have spoken of our rambles in the neighbourhood. One such I will describe ; it was in the autumn.

As we were at work in the studio, we all at once bethought ourselves of the beautiful sunshine out of doors, and away we went for a walk, the sun shining brilliantly, and the fresh free wind roaring through the trees.

Crossing first the great Royal Wood-yard, we came to the banks of the Isar, which are very beautiful. The Isar is a broad stream, which, when swollen with rain, rushes on white and muddy ; at other times it flows on smoothly among long stretches of gravelly, shoal-like portions of a shingly beach : the banks are at times very high, rising cliff-like above the river. Our side of the bank, however, was not particularly elevated, but beautified by avenues planted along it. Imagine a sort of terrace, skirted on either hand by lofty trees, sometimes poplars, sometimes elms, while sloping down to the shingly river's margin are copses of willow and undergrowth, and on the other side of the avenue, pleasant meadows, lying calmly between you and the skirts of the English Garden. Swiftly-flowing branches of the Isar rush merrily through the meadows, and turn mills, and give life and activity to this otherwise solitary and quiet scene.

The trees had almost lost their leaves ; but the broad sunshine brought out all the lovely details of their stems and branches, and made us think that these avenues were now more beautiful than in summer. Long quivering shadows fell across the path, the wind rushed joyously through their branches, and the sunlight fell sparkling

upon some figure approaching up the narrow avenue : now a peasant-girl, wheeling before her an old-fashioned barrow, piled up with branches or dead leaves, her white sleeves and red bodice telling as a bright focus of colour in the grey landscape ; or perhaps it was some grave old professor in a long dark-blue cloak, which gave him a still more solemn air.

On, and still on, we walked, until the avenue became wilder, the meadows more solitary, and the thickets between us and the river a closer tangle of underwood and creepers. Clematis hung in rich festoons from the trees of the avenue, and here and there was a barberry bush, with its yellow leaves yet unshed ; or the slender branches of the wild cherry, covered with brilliant scarlet leaves. All at once the most lovely landscape lay before us. The grey avenue lessened and lessened in a beautiful perspective, till the light at the farther end shone out like an azure star. This avenue was on the left hand of the picture ; the rest of the composition was a broad stretch of river, blue as the bluest heaven, with long, white, desolate shoals, in tongues and promontories running into it ; in the middle distance a group of rafts, and men busily at work on the shoals, giving life and a most picturesque animation to the scene : the further river-bank curved round in a bold sweep, overhung with a dense mass of grey trees, on which the sun shone till they looked quite hoary in the blaze of light ; and a still more distant sweep of river-bank crowned with a white-washed church,—the red-tiled roof and tower of which told brightly against a warm grey sky,—united the two portions of the picture, the river and the avenue, by the most harmonious line of composition imaginable. And, as if to complete the picturesque effect, behold a long, long flight of birds stretching across the sky !

We stood in perfect admiration and astonishment at the artistic power of nature.

Arrived at the end of the avenue, we found that the river-bed widened out, and assumed almost a sea-shore character with its shingly shoals. On one hand was a wild sort of mainland with low brushwood, and numbers of young birch-trees rising up here and there, their delicate leaves yellow as gold, and trembling like the leaves of aspens. On a mound above the river-bank we noticed a queer little straw-hut, and beyond it a long array of what at first appeared black coffins, mounted on cars. What could they possibly be? we questioned from ourselves. And there, in that desolate solitude, stood a soldier as sentinel. Could they be cannon? No. We walked up to them, and then came to the conclusion that they were boats intended to form a bridge of boats.

We now crossed this moorland, at times up to the knees in long grass, of a coarse jungle-like character, and very soon found ourselves close to a busy manufactory of some kind. A wooden bridge, shut in by heavy gates, led over a rushing branch of the Isar: long, low ranges of workshops, black and noisy, and busy-looking as if in England, we beheld, and tall chimneys vomiting black smoke; and there was a roar and a rattle very much out of character with the quiet moor and this primitive Germany. Smutty artisans were passing rapidly to and fro. We looked into a black, busy workshop, where blazed numbers of furnaces; there was a roar of bellows, a clank of hammers, a blaze of myriads of sparks struck from glowing masses of iron, and a crowd of black, hard-working mechanics worthy of England. Everything was black; there were heaps of iron everywhere, and the stream rushed and tumbled and boiled with an unwonted energy. This was the steam-engine manufactory.

In the court-yard, behind the row of workshops, stood the house of the overlooker, with its luxuriant vine overhanging its white-washed walls, and its green shutters, as

quiet and primitive as any German heart would desire. What a busy little world this seemed in the midst of that moorland solitude !

When, on our return, we reached the edge of the English Garden, the sight of a picturesque coffee-house, with its wooden galleries running round the exterior in Tyrolean fashion, over which, as it had been such a bright sunny day, quantities of bedding were hung to air, tempted us to indulge in a cup of coffee after our ramble. All in the orchard looked beautiful, but deserted. A lanky girl, in a very short green petticoat and purple stockings, was sweeping away the heaps of fallen leaves from tables and benches. What a length of time we had to wait for coffee ! We should have grown quite impatient had it not been for the glorious sky which glowed before us, and reflected itself in the rushing stream at the bottom of the orchard. Behind us rose the dark trees of the English Garden, and before us separated by a rapid stream, and approached by a wooden bridge, stretched the quiet expanse of green meadows ; whilst around us lay the brilliant masses of fallen autumn leaves. Believing that this was probably the last time we might take coffee in the open air, as we had so often done throughout the lovely summer, we were patient.

At length the coffee arrived ; but it was quite dark before we reached home.

Another day, taking with us our sketching materials, we visited Schwalbing, a village with two churches, near the city ; to the first of these we directed our steps. Unlike most continental churches, it appeared to be closed, as were the gates of the church-yard. After peering about for a long time, I discovered a door leading into the church-yard. A ruinous old white building, an old hospital, with the rudest of faded frescoes upon its front, was united to the church by a covered gallery, sup-

ported upon arches. This gallery, with its tiled roof, had quite an Italian character; just the kind of architectural bit which Overbeck introduces into his pictures—good in colour and peculiar in composition, yet most simple. We regretted that it was not summer, that we might have made a careful study of it in oils.

Through these arches we passed to see another capital bit, though of another character—a covered way leading up to the porch, supported on low, grey marble pillars, very quaint! It was fit for a background in some illustrations of one of Uhland's ballads. We were enchanted with our church-yard; there was no need to go farther; but first we would see the inside of the little church.

A fat, merry-looking woman, with a handkerchief, in Munich fashion, tied tightly across her forehead, and hanging down her back in long ends, had seen us, as she looked out of a house on one side of the court-yard; and she now came forth with a key, and asked if we wished to enter the church. This, we replied, was just what we desired; and in we went through the low doorway. It was, like most village churches, very white from white-wash, and very tawdry with gilding and dressed-up Virgins and unlovely saints, but very clean.

I inquired why the church was locked up? Was there no mass there on Sundays?—and could not people go in on week-days to pray whenever they liked?

There was no mass, she said, on Sundays, but on all saints' days; and when people wanted to pray, she was always ready to open the door for them. But had not the Holy Virgin had one of her best pocket-handkerchiefs stolen? and had not a golden heart been carried away from the altar? Ah! there were very bad people in Munich, and it was necessary to lock up the church.

She seemed an honest, good simple soul herself; for when

I offered her some kreuzers for her trouble, she would not take them, saying that she was only too proud and too happy to enter the church and shew it to strangers. From her we borrowed chairs, and were soon comfortably sketching our Overbeck gallery. At twelve o'clock the woman and a little lad crossed the court-yard to ring the bell, and soon after that, our usual dinner-hour arriving, we felt very hungry, and were directed by the guardianship of the place to the village inn close by. A queer, dirty place it was ; but we were far too hungry to be particular. We sat waiting for our two portions of goose—everybody seems to live on goose at this season, it appears quite to have taken the place of veal—in a long, dirty billiard-room. All was desolate and silent, saving that now and then a dirty, slovenly girl, or hulking ostler, came in for beer, which was brought to them from an inner room. To amuse myself I read the newspaper, which was just then full of rumours of war.

At length we had our dinner, and then went to the good woman's in whose charge we had left our sketching materials. What a desolation was her house ! It was one of those places which astonish by their total want of every thing which one is accustomed to consider a necessary of life : yet it would have done anybody's heart good to have seen the cheerful soul in her miserable room. She was so merry, and her face bespoke such habitual contentment ! I think I never before saw such a pair of happy, bright blue eyes in any human countenance.

To my astonishment I found the room filled with children—small children, a regular swarm—between the ages of six months and twelve years. Was it a school, or how was it ? I asked.

“Oh ! they are all my own,” she replied.

I looked round to see if she were not the very little old woman who lived in the shoe, and who did not know what to

do with her many children. But the house was not a shoe, as far as I could make out ; and most certainly she seemed to know what to do with hers. Children appeared to be the only furniture of the place. I could see, besides them, only a wooden cradle, a couple of stools, a little old chest of drawers, and a long row of pegs, on which hung a whole array of tattered cloaks and coats and caps.

All the afternoon the troop of blue-eyed, light-haired children was playing about the old church, now hiding among the old arches, now rushing out with flying locks into the bright sunshine. We heard their voices sounding merrily among the graves, and echoing back from the crumbling old walls ; the place was like a pleasant poem. Throughout the afternoon, too, various peasants came to pray in the church, and the mother was constantly going backwards and forwards with her huge key in her hand ; and she had ever a kind cheerful word to say to us as she passed. But we could not persuade her to accept anything from us when we left.

As we returned home, the setting sun was flooding the whole plain with orange light, and turning the avenue of poplars into an avenue of dark-red gold, relieved against an indigo sky.

CHAPTER XV.

ALL SAINTS' DAY, AND A ROYAL CHRISTENING.

Munich, Nov. 1st.—This is All Saints' Day. The principal cemetery is illuminated and decorated with flowers, garlands, and various devices,—and all Munich goes out to see it. We had heard of this grand day for weeks, and therefore were rather curious concerning it. We set forth at two o'clock, and on our way through the *Türken Strasse* met King Ludwig walking alone. Spite of all the old king's failings, my heart warms to him as the generous and sympathetic patron of Art; and as such I made him a low reverence as he passed, and received in return a gracious smile and bow. A little further on, driving across the *Maximiliansplatz*, we met the other king and his brother King Otho. They were in a gay carriage with outriders in blue, and their two queens were with them. They had been to the cemetery.

The cemetery lies outside the *Sendlinger Thor*,—the old and new *Gottesacker* lying close together. Tribes of people were streaming in the direction of the cemeteries, and all wore a holiday look. The whole day had been a holiday; mass had been performed in the churches, and the shops were closed. On the open space before the ruinous old *Sendlinger* gate were a number of stalls, on which were displayed wreaths of moss and ivy, and crosses covered with moss and ivy, and initial letters also formed of the same materials. As we approached the burial-ground these stalls increased in number,—on which also crucifixes were offered for sale,—and the crowd of people became

quite dense ; almost every peasant and burgher of the lower class carrying a rosary. There was a regular crush to enter the burial-ground. A melancholy row of diseased beggars—the halt, the blind, and the lame—men, women, and children—stood before the little church craving alms.

A little further on, we had space to observe that every grave in this densely filled church-yard was decked out in festal array. What a singular impression is produced by seeing these gay-looking graves and the gay crowd of living people, and then to picture the equally dense crowd of the calm dead lying beneath these flowers and these busy feet ! To me there was a frightful contrast between this life and this death.

There was no expression of sorrow or of reverence in the faces of the living—mere curiosity. Numbers of blue glass lamps were suspended from the crosses and monuments. There were wreaths, garlands, and festoons of moss, ivy, and everlasting ; some of tawdry pink and blue artificial flowers, which were frightful. But, on the whole, the decorations were very tasteful,—some of them lovely. For instance, a grey marble basin for holy water, placed at the foot of a grave, would be wreathed round with myrtle and rose-buds—*real*, not artificial ; while the grave would be covered with greenhouse plants in full bloom,—or the soil perhaps raked smoothly till it resembled fine black sand, so that on this black ground a mosaic of scarlet mountain-ash berries, the white waxen berries of the snow-berry, and leaves and flowers in the form of crosses, initials, and various devices, would be worked ; and the tall, elegantly-formed stone or iron cross at its head would be festooned with moss and ivy wreaths. On some of the graves a kind of movable garden was placed :—a large wooden tray covered with mould, into which were stuck

leaves and flowers in patterns. Cress, or some little seedling of that kind, had also frequently been sown and sprung up in patterns, in letters, or in words, variegated also with coloured sands—blue, red, and white. It can scarcely be imagined how very ingenious these little gardens were; curious, though, rather than pretty,—somewhat like very neat children's gardens. Every grave had its lamps or candles, and each its attendant—an old man or woman, who sat beside the cross muttering prayers with rosary in hand. These attendants all seemed to be old. I noticed one or two very aged people,—one man with a white beard, who trembled all over with age and cold.

The older cemetery is of considerable extent, and is quite filled with graves. A sort of cloister runs round it, beneath which were also monuments; and of course, therefore, more flowers, and garlands, and lamps, and attendants. We now passed with the crowd into the New Cemetery. It also is enclosed by a cloister;—not, however, like the other, whitewashed, but built of rich warm brick, a yellow brown, with red bricks introduced so as to produce a fine effect. This beautiful cloister, with its numberless round arches, is very striking:—quite grand, indeed, in its simplicity. As yet there are but few graves within the inclosure. On one side, as the cloister is entered, is the monument of Gärtner, the architect of the *Siegesthor*;—and a little further on is that of Professor von Walter. On the other side of the entrance, close by the door-way, is a grey marble monument, with a bust in white marble placed on it,—an ungraceful monument. A tall American cedar was planted on either side:—a number of garlands of myrtle and bay lay at its feet. It was Schwanthaler's! Had we only known that he slept there, I would have taken the loveliest garland I could have found in Munich, as a little tribute of respect to his genius. I was

pleased to see the interest and respect evinced by the crowd collected round this monument. "Yes, Schwanthaler! the great Schwanthaler!" I heard people say. I cannot conceive why King Ludwig, who erected this monument, could permit anything so common-place—nay, unsightly—to be connected with Schwanthaler's name and memory.

On our way home we noticed a crowd of people in the Maximiliansplatz,—a crowd of eager people, who, with breathless interest, were watching a man mounted on a heavy ladder, or rather flight of wooden steps. He was lighting a lamp: for to-night Munich was to be illuminated with gas for the first time,—the lamp illumination having been deferred from the opening of the *Siegesthor*. At the foot of the lamp-post stood a grave man, in a buff-coloured quilted coat, trimmed with black bearskin, holding in one hand a long pole, at the end of which burned a feeble flame inclosed in a perforated tin, and in his other a little box containing a red mixture, which he stirred up from time to time with a piece of stick,—his demeanor being that of a person engaged on a solemn and important mystic rite. When, suddenly, three little flames darted up from the gas-burner, there was a perfect scream of delight from the gazing crowd below. Gas was to burn that night in the streets of Munich. There was indeed a jubilation! I smile as I contrast in my mind that huge flight of steps, and those two solemn officers, with a brisk London lamplighter. In Munich the phrase ought to be as *slow*, not as *brisk*, as a lamplighter. When the lamp was lighted, the heavy ladder and the heavy men moved off,—he of the buff coat and bearskin growling "*Platz! platz!*" to the wondering crowd. At the corner of the Amalien Strasse we met other lamplighters, two of whom carried the ladder, and a third the light. It was, indeed, an important

and formidable business this gas-lamp illumination. Looking out of my window as I write, I behold a feeble brilliancy in the streets,—and all the world out enjoying it.

Nov. 16th.—Fräulein Sänchen came down to the studio yesterday, to inform us of a grand christening which was going to take place. It was the christening of "Her Serene Highness Theresa Charlotta Marianna Augusta, daughter of his Royal Highness Prince Leutpold of Bavaria," as the long programme expressed it, which the good old creature brought in her hand. The ceremony, said Fräulein Sänchen, was to take place in the beautiful throne-room, with its white marble walls and columns, and rows of gigantic gilded statues. We thought, how imposing the ceremony would be in this hall. The christening was to be performed at two o'clock; therefore by one we returned home, and found Madame Thekla and her friend and neighbour the "Frau Majorin" ready to accompany us.

This "Frau Majorin"—there are three "Frau Majorins" in our house!—is a fat little lady, as broad as she is long: she is a widow, and has a son, who, like her late husband, is a soldier. We have the felicity of seeing his uniform brushed just opposite our door each morning. The Frau Majorin is possessed of a remarkably high-pitched voice, in which she gossips for hours each day with good Madame Thekla. I hear the murmur and buzz of their voices through the door at this very moment; they are voices to drive one distracted!

Well, the two gossips were ready to accompany us; and off, therefore, we immediately set. We found tribes of people entering at one of the side entrances in the old portion of the palace. We followed the stream up long flights of steps and through long galleries, some hung with grim old portraits, others ornamented with armorial

bearings and various heraldic devices emblazoned on the walls, which were whitewashed, and, as well as the arched ceiling, covered with stucco ornaments of the Louis Quatorze age. People had arranged themselves against the walls, to watch the procession pass to the throne-room. But we, hoping to gain admittance to the christening itself, hurried on, until we were ignominiously turned back by a gendarme stationed to prevent the admission of the vulgar herd—who were without tickets.

Tall men, in a costume not unlike that of our "Beef-eaters," except that their livery was blue, and holding long pikes in their hands, took up their station in a long row up either side of the gallery; and behind them crushed eager spectators, looking anxiously—especially the short ones—from behind the great blue and black-striped backs and slashed sleeves, catching snatches of the procession in considerable discomfort.

First came a number of strange-looking personages, in splendid uniforms and court dresses. It was a curious assemblage of heads: old, withered faces, seared with worldliness till they were scarcely human—features pinched and distorted with diplomacy; they were men bowed with age, and covered with decorations,—but it was age without dignity.

Then came the Grand Master of the Ceremonies, with his rod; and now a stout lady, in full court dress, her train borne by attendants. Upon a cushion this lady carried Her most Serene Highness the newly-born Princess Theresa Charlotta Marianna Augusta, who was covered with a pink gauze veil. The little princess certainly deserved at this moment her title of "serene," for she was so quiet that you never would have guessed that an infant princess was lying upon the cushion concealed by the veil.

Next followed two pretty little boys, her brothers; they

were about six and seven years old, dressed in purple velvet tunics ; they carried burning tapers : they were lovely enough to have been little angels as well as princes.

And now every body bent low,—for the King and Queen passed by ; the King wearing a uniform, and looking very gracious and spruce. He led the Queen by the hand. The Queen, I perceived, was rather short than tall, as I had imagined from seeing her at the theatre ; she looked very handsome with her large, proud eyes, and in her dress of white satin, with her long crimson velvet train borne by pages. There was also the King of Greece, in his Albanian costume of white-and-gold ; he led by the hand one of his sisters, the Grand Duchess of something ; they were followed by Prince Leutpold, the father of the little serene infant, leading along another great lady. In fact, excepting the Ex-King and Queen, all the royal family were present. There was the Duchess of Leuchtenberg, the widow of Eugene Beauharnais, who was to stand deputy-godmother to the little princess, and represent the two real godmothers, the Empress Dowager of Austria and the Ex-Queen Theresa of Bavaria. There was the Archbishop in his lilac robes and skull-cap, and his attendant priests bearing tapers and crucifixes ; and there was a long train of the diplomatic corps with their ladies, and the burgomaster and corporation of the city ; and, bringing up the rear, a great number of officers.

When all had passed, nothing was left for us to do but to imagine the scene in the beautiful throne-room, where, opposite the crimson velvet canopy, beneath which the King and Queen would be seated, an altar had been erected. Yes, being endowed with a tolerably vivid imagination, the whole scene was speedily conjured up,—the rows of court ladies on either side the throne,—the altar, with its gold and fine linen, burning tapers, and

officiating priests,—the groups of gentlemen in uniform, and the *Te Deum* sung by choristers stationed above in a gallery,—the whole gorgeous array visible through a perspective of marble columns and gigantic golden statues, the ancestors of the little princess now being received into the Christian Church !

CHAPTER XVI.

CONSECRATION OF THE BASILICA.

Nov. 24th.—The first stone of the Basilica of St. Bonifazius was laid by King Ludwig in 1835, in celebration of his *Silberne Hochzeit*,—or the twenty-fifth anniversary of his marriage. It has taken fifteen years to complete and enrich it with sculptures, arabesques, frescos, and carving in wood. Last week the rich gold and silver vessels, the gold and silver crucifixes, the altar-cloths and splendid robes for the priests, the embroidered banners and canopies, the velvet cushions, the gorgeous carpets, thrones, and seats required by the pomp of Catholic worship, were exhibited for three days in the church to the public, who streamed thither in crowds. To-day, was the consecration.

This church may be considered unique ; being a revival of the Basilica of the fifth and sixth centuries—a Roman hall of justice converted into a Christian temple. It is built entirely of beautiful dark-red brick. Adjoining it is the monastery of the Benedictine Monks, built also of brick, and with the same round-arched windows as the church,—of which, indeed, it seems a portion. A portico, supported by eight noble limestone columns, runs along the front of the Basilica ; and three lofty doors, rich with emblematical carvings in wood and stone, lead into the church. The interior is divided into a nave and four aisles by sixty-four pillars of grey marble, with exquisitely-sculptured white marble capitals and bases. Entering by the

middle door, the lofty nave stretches away before the spectator,—an avenue of noble columns supporting upon rounded arches an expanse of wall glowing with arabesques and frescos. This wall is perforated by a long row of small round-topped windows, high up, and near the roof. The roof, after the manner of the old basilicas, exposes its beams and rafters to view, but gilt and ornamented, and glittering with stars on a deep azure ground. The nave terminates in a lofty semicircular niche, wherein, approached by a flight of twelve steps, rises the high altar.

On the wall above the high altar, on a gold ground, and divided from each other by the typical palm tree, stand the first teachers of Christianity in Bavaria :—St. Bonifazius, St. Benedict, St. Willibald, St. Corbinian, St. Rupert, St. Gimmeran, St. Cilian, and St. Magnus. Above them floats Christ, as the head and symbol of the Church triumphant, surrounded by a glory of Cherubim and Seraphim, and with the Virgin and St. John the Baptist praying at his feet. Beneath the high altar and its flight of steps extends the crypt. Two side altars terminate the outer aisles, as the high altar the nave. Above the side altar to the right are the Virgin and Child receiving the homage of the patron saint of the Bavarian royal family; above the one on the left is the martyrdom of St. Stephen,—the most beautiful of all the frescos in the Basilica,—the most beautiful, I am inclined to say, of all the frescos in Munich. St. Stephen with his meek, pale face, and with clasped hands, falls to the earth beneath the cruel stones of his assailants like a broken white lily.

These altar-pieces are, together with the other frescos in the Basilica, painted by Hess and his assistants. The history of St. Boniface, to whom the church is dedicated, is told in a series of frescos which extends along either side of the nave, above the noble columns of which I

have spoken. These represent twelve principal incidents from his life ; commencing with his reception as a child among the Benedictine monks, and his departure from England to Germany upon his perilous mission,—and ending with his martyrdom in Friesland, and his burial in the Abbey of Fulda. The lesser events are told in smaller designs alternating with the large frescos, and are painted in grey on a blue ground, so managed as to suggest sky. Many of these smaller subjects are peculiarly beautiful ; they are in octagonal compartments, and are surrounded by graceful arabesques of crimson, green, gold, and lilac, on a deep chocolate ground. Below the frescos illustrative of the life of St. Boniface, is a series of medallion heads of the Popes ; and above the frescos, alternating with the round-arched windows, and painted on a gold ground, are groups of saints and martyrs who lived and suffered for the propagation of Christianity in Germany. The effect of the nave is that of a gorgeous and solemn missal.

The walls of the church are a mosaic of rich marbles :—dark greens—dull, ruddy browns and reds—and delicate greys and lilacs. Opposite the side altars, and to the right and left as you enter the church by the side doors, are two little chapels—the chapel for baptism and the chapel for burial. Simplicity, solemnity, and dignity, characterise the whole edifice.

The ceremony of consecration was, we understood, to commence at half-past seven o'clock in the morning. Long streaks of golden and pale pink light from the newly-risen sun stretched athwart a sombre grey sky, as we set forth towards the church, and wonderfully enhanced the beauty of the Pinakothek and Glyptothek, which we passed on our way to the Basilica. The Basilica and the monastery attached to it are only separated by a wall from the beautiful white marble temple which faces the Glyptothek,

and which is erected for the triennial exhibition of paintings here. The streets were as yet almost vacant, although the bells of the Basilica now for the first time summoned the good citizens. As we turned, however, into the street in which the church stands, we were greeted by sounds of life. The burgher-guard, preceded by their band, marched along, and all the houses were festooned with moss garlands, gay flags, carpets, and pictures hung from the windows and balconies. Tall cypress trees in tubs were placed within the portico of the Basilica, one on either side of the lofty carved doors. Few people, however, had as yet congregated.

The citizen-guard, with much parade, stationed itself before the church; and soon the crowd grew. A school of little girls, in white dresses, each bearing her small nosegay in her hand, and a school of little boys, drew up on the steps of the portico. The Archbishop, in his purple robes, descended from his carriage,—was received by the priests,—was presented with the heavy golden key of the church,—and, beneath a crimson canopy which was borne above him, blessed, anointed, and sprinkled with holy water the portal of the church, previous to entering it. People then crowded into the court-yard where stand the church and the monastery, and where, also, the monk's garden extends with many a long pleached alley and flower-bed. Now, with crucifixes borne aloft, and fluttering crimson banners,—with white and black-robed priests and choristers chanting in loud voices from large missals which they bore before them,—with a train of emaciated young Jesuit scholars,—with the twelve Benedictine Brothers, in their long black gowns,—with a procession of magistrates and citizens,—with the little boys' and girls' schools, and all the scholars of the Latin school, arrayed in purple dress-coats with velvet collars, like a set of stunted little men,—appeared

the Archbishop attired in his gorgeous white and golden robes, and wearing his mitre. He walked beneath a canopy of gold and crimson, his vestments borne by attendant priests. With upraised hand, on which glittered his large amethyst ring, and with muttering lips, he blessed the church. Three times the procession encircles the church; now the Archbishop sprinkles the walls with holy water from a silver vessel with a bunch of holy herbs; now he sprinkles the multitude; the choristers sing; the five bells of the Basilica, each bearing the name of a saint, and exquisitely cast, peal from the belfry;—the outer walls are consecrated.

For the unlucky public collected outside the church, there now commenced a most tedious time. Two mortal hours did they wait until the church doors should be thrown open; the only incident to beguile the cold and weariness being the arrival of a carriage filled with dignitaries of the Church in their violet robes, violet caps, white fur and fine linen,—and the constant, sudden, and annoying charges of the stupid burgher-guard upon the patient crowd.

At length the huge doors were swung back, and in poured the multitude, met by a fragrant breath of incense. The high altar glowed and glittered with its bevy of priests. At the foot of the twelve steps leading to it were placed crimson seats on either hand, on which shone forth a small assemblage of gaily attired gentlemen,—a group of bright uniforms to the right, and the more soberly-arrayed magistracy to the left. The railing which inclosed the high altar, the flight of steps, and the seats, were decorated with moss and lovely greenhouse plants in full bloom. Tall laurels, myrtles, and orange trees, in huge tubs, were arranged in rows on either side of the steps, interspersed with lovely aloes and graceful palm-like plants, which drooped their

tender fresh sprays with exquisite carelessness over the balustrades.

Then commenced a bewildering succession of ceremonies. The Archbishop sprinkled the holy water ; anointed the walls, the candlesticks, the crucifixes, the gold and silver vessels ; chanted, and prostrated himself before the altar ; rows of priests, young and old, with burning tapers, ascended and descended the steps ; the Archbishop was robed and disrobed ; sat upon a raised seat to the right of the altar, his head resplendent in his mitre, his amethyst ring sparkling on his gloved hand, his feet resting on a splendidly embroidered violet carpet ; the four Bishops, with long white and gold embroidered mantles covering their violet robes, kneeling around him, or seated upon low amber-coloured seats at his feet ; priests knelt before him with their large open missals, out of which he chanted ; the choristers responded ; now he blessed the great golden crucifix, now the golden candlesticks of the high altar, and the altar itself. The candlesticks were borne back to the altar ; young priests placed tall tapers in them, one by one ; they were lighted, and the whole altar was consecrated and arrayed. Gorgeous crimson carpets were unrolled and covered the steps ; the little girls in white scattered their nosegays ; the bells pealed out ; the organ resounded through the vast church with its thrilling tones ; the *Te Deum* was sung ; priests and people adored ; and the glorious sunshine poured in through the many windows, glittered on the golden walls, and lighted up the marble columns, but sparkled with the greatest splendour on the bright fresh leaves of the laurel, orange, and myrtle trees. Their leaves burnt with such a magical brilliancy and freshness, that, in comparison, the rich hues of the walls faded into an earthly dimness.

While the sunlight thus floods the centre aisle, leaving the rest of the church, with its forest of columns, in a

mysterious mistiness and gloom, high mass was performed. As it terminated, the distant sound of booming cannon was heard, mingling with the pealing organ and the ringing of the bells. The Archbishop was unrobed by his attendant priests, whilst the altar was covered with fine white linen napkins. He descended the steps, and passed out of the consecrated Basilica, blessing the people :—and the ceremonies were at an end.

CHAPTER XVII.

WINTER TWILIGHT AND CHRISTMAS EVE.

December 14th.—I am just returned from the station where I bade my fellow-pilgrim, Clare, God-speed upon her journey. Yes, she is returning to England. It is a very sudden resolve on her part, and we have been full of regret on account of this return ; but it must be. God speed the dear pilgrim !

Now commences for me a truly solitary sojourn ; but solitude has always had more charms than terrors for me. There will not, however, I fear, be much solitude at present, as I perceive an incursion of condoling Werffs !

* * * * *

These long winter nights have an additional gloom flung over them by the horrors of a strange rumour which is afloat among the Munich gossips. This rumour sayeth that at night, in lonely places, there appears a fearful man, who suddenly draws forth a horrible weapon—a poisoned knife, or knives ! concealed in a ring, with which he cuts and cruelly wounds innocent and unsuspecting individuals. Report further states, that the man has already wounded several unhappy women, one of whom is declared to be dying ! It is farther alledged, that the man has vowed to destroy ninety persons !—ninety girls or women !

Some ten days ago one heard of a fresh victim daily. People even declared that they had seen the crowd which surrounded the victim, as she lay bleeding upon

the ground; or had known the cousin, or mother, or sister, or brother of the victim, or of a person who knew the cousin, mother, etc., as it might be. You can scarcely imagine the panic people have been in about the "face-cutter," or "man with the iron clasp," as he is called. They say—mind, I do not vouch for the truth of the story—that a man guilty of the same crime was beheaded last year in Augsburg; others say seven years ago. Report says also, that this terrible man has only vowed vengeance against women,—and young girls especially; and the handsomer the better, he having been "jilted" by a beautiful young girl, and that his revenge can alone satisfy itself with the destruction of pretty faces! Is it not a history worthy of the "*Neue Pitaval*"—if it were true?

Clare witnessed a something at the studio a few days previous to her departure, which had also a dash of the interestingly terrific in it. Unluckily for me I was absent that afternoon, and lost the spectacle. Clare heard a tremendous noise in the studio-field—the shouts and screams of a man, the howls of a dog. Out rushed one gentleman from the studio, out rushed another. Clare, of course, followed, to see what these terrible cries could mean, and all this excitement. There in the field, through the snow, fled a man pursued by an enormous dog: the dog sprang upon the man, tore him, shook him by the hair of his head, and dragged him along the ground; the man howling! the dog howling! Then they were up again, careering round and round the field, man and dog, like wild beasts. Clare was so much horrified that she began to cry quite hysterically. What was her indignation to see the two gentlemen, instead of rushing to the man's assistance, quietly standing before the studio door, looking on and smiling! When they beheld Clare's tears and indignation, they smiled still more! "It

is only the training of a watch-dog," said they. "Dogs are always trained in this way here : dogs are trained so in England, are they not?" Clare now more carefully inspected the man who had so greatly excited her compassion, and perceived that he had his head and face bound up in such a manner as to prevent the dog wounding him,—and he wore also a padded jacket ; but at the first moment the bandages about his face had suggested to her the idea of terrible wounds.

Yesterday, passing through the field, I also encountered the dog-trainer, cased in his wadded jerkin and wadded helmet ; he was talking with the children, and reminded me of an Esquimaux,—the terrible romance failing, as there was no dog present.

Hearing such accounts of "face-cutters," and of fierce dogs, you might naturally imagine that Munich was a terrible place, and that one was environed by dangers dire ;—but were you to see the cozy room in which I am writing, and the cheerful look of the streets as I pass to and fro from the studio morning and afternoon, you need not be much alarmed.

As I observed before, these suggestions of horror only belong to the long winter evenings, and are as much a sign of the season as the number of winter garments you meet in the streets. I wish you could have beheld the long, grotesque crimson boots which Clare and I met the other day !—this class of boots, though usually of untanned leather, is very much affected by the students ;—or could you only have met the tall, shadowy figure of a student, arrayed in a long grey cloak, with a pointed hood standing up on his head, in a wizard or "Mother Red-cap" style ! It was a misty afternoon, just about dusk, when we came upon him at the abrupt turning of a street : he was a shadow, a creature of the mist—certainly not a man ! And he had all the more a

fantastic unreal air about him, as he loomed upon us close to the red Gothic palace of King Ludwig, the *Wittelsbacher Palast*, which, with its red walls and gleaming lights, glowed through the mist like a burning castle of enchantment. It certainly had a singular appearance this palace in the mist; the whole building seemed on fire, and in a dull glow.

These hooded cloaks are the rage here among the young men and lads. Youths and boys generally affect those of drab or grey, lined with crimson, blue, or scarlet. Men usually wear them of darker colours, but with the hoods equally gaily lined. Gentlemen wear, besides these hooded garments, cloaks with large capes, which they fling gracefully over one shoulder, draping themselves picturesquely. If a man does, in Munich, possess a great-coat, he invariably wears it cloakwise, letting the sleeves dangle uselessly at the sides, or float foolishly behind him.

The ladies' winter dress has nothing very particular about it. Of course, among the unbonneted class, with the damp, cold weather, you see a great increase of white, bound-up heads, telling of tooth-ache. I must not forget either to notice the garments of boards and planks worn by all the fountains, and by the statue of the youth at the entrance of the English Garden, who all summer and autumn invites you pleasantly, with outstretched hand, to wander among the trees.

One little thing peculiar to the winter here I greatly admire,—the long rolls of fresh green moss laid inside the windows, to keep out draughts. In many houses the moss garlands are decorated with artificial flowers; but this spoils them entirely. Sometimes you see ivy leaves stuck into the moss, and that is very pretty. Peasants are constantly bringing these moss-wreaths into the city.

Speaking of these moss decorations reminds me of the way

in which the Germans train ivy. This is one of the loveliest things of a small kind to be seen in Germany. We in England rarely attach an idea of decoration to ivy beyond its adornment of old houses and ruins, and of our garden-walls. Yet in England ivy flourishes uncared for with much more luxuriance than it does in Germany. But the German, perhaps, appreciating its beauty—because with him it is a rarer blessing—trains it lovingly around his dwelling, around the internal as well as the external walls. From the palace to the cottage, in this land, there is scarcely a room to be found which does not possess its ivy tree. As you walk through the streets, and cast your eyes upon the houses, there is hardly a window to be seen which is not twined into a very bower by the graceful and gracious festoons of ivy. Among the picturesque leaves often gleams forth a small statue of the Madonna, or of Christ. Ivy trails around the window-bars; ivy makes a pleasant green background to bouquets of flowers blooming in vases or in flower-pots.

A very pleasant little paper, I have often thought, might be written, descriptive of the windows in a German street; the mode in which the cherished ivy was trained would play a conspicuous part in it. You may read much of the character of the inmates of the dwelling by the ivy: sometimes its leaves are dusty, and its growth is ungraceful, its sprays untastefully trained: sometimes it grows in a gaudy flower-pot, or swings from the centre of the window in a badly-shaped *Blumenlamp*—flower-lamp, as it is called—a kind of swinging vessel for plants very much in vogue here; but, as a rule, the ivy is gracefully—nay, most poetically trained; its *Blumenlamp*, if it be planted in one, is often of a graceful, rustic character,—perhaps of red terracotta, with delicately moulded foliage of yellowish white clay meandering over it.

It is not alone in windows that you see ivy trained. Ivy often forms a green and fresh screen across a room, being planted in boxes, and its sprays trained over rustic frame-work. Ivy often casts its pleasant shadows over a piano, so that the musician may sit before his instrument as within a little bower—ivy may be seen adorning the shrine which hangs upon the wall, or dropping its sprays above the lady's work-table.

The staircase in the house of a great painter here is a complete little bit of fairyland,—thanks to his love of ivy, which festoons the balustrade of the polished oak stairs, and shews forth its kindly leaves among the rarer beauties of palms and myrtles which rise grove-like upon the landings! I know an apothecary's shop, which is rather like a bit of a wild wood, from its growth of ivy, than a shop of physic. I was told the other day of a studio here equally sylvan; and I know an old cobbler who could not mend his shoes without seeing his ivy-bush daily before him as he works.

CHRISTMAS.

December 15th.—Last evening I heard the bell tolling from the ruinous tower of a desolate church in the old part of the city. As I saw numbers of people entering the church, I of course followed. I went in at a side door, and found myself close to the high altar. A train of priests in their crimson and gold-embroidered robes, little choristers in their white garments, and a number of men in black, each bearing a lighted taper in his hand, were passing down the aisle. The church is very large and very gloomy; it was almost twilight: crowds of people stood and knelt in the gloom, telling as dark Rembrandt masses of shadow. The one grand point of light was a side altar—one blaze of crimson satin drapery and burning

tapers, which ascended in long rows out of massive silver candlesticks. The men in black extinguished their tapers ; the priests knelt before the altar ; the people bowed themselves. It was more like a Rembrandt effect than anything I ever saw in nature before : those singular groups of the crowd, lost in the gloom and vastness of the church ; that brilliant focus of light, with lesser masses of light, here and there diffusing itself through the picture : light catching upon the shaft of a tall candlestick in the foreground, and upon an upturned white face. It was a wonderful scene altogether, and the responses of the multitude sounded most solemn in the gloom.

On going forth, I looked into a side chapel, where I perceived a crowd. There, decked out with fir-trees, was a curious erection of small cottages in the Tyrolean style ; before these cottages stood a group of large dolls dressed up in remarkably gay draperies. This group represented the arrival of Mary and Joseph at Bethlehem : Mary and Joseph in the dresses of pilgrims, with huge pilgrim hats on, and tall staves in their hands ; the ass, with panniers containing Joseph's axe and carpenter's tools, following them : a man and woman in modern costume, with very mournful countenances, received them, standing upon a very green carpet, representing turf, while cattle were grazing round them.

I understand that a series of these scenes (which are common at the same time of the year in all Catholic countries) will be thus exhibited to admiring crowds, until Christmas ; there will be, no doubt, the adoration of the Magi, the announcement to the Shepherds, etc. The crowd appeared much edified ; a priest stood with a money-box in his hand, ready to receive alms.

On the Sunday before Christmas Eve was held what is

called, in the Munich dialect, the "*Christ-Kindle-Dult*," that is, the Little Christ-child Fair. The fair commenced at noon on Sunday; sinner that I am, I went and bought my little Christmas presents on that day,—which presents, be it remarked, have given such hearty satisfaction, that it was a delight. When I saw poor dear old Fräulein Sänchen crying and kissing my hand with surprise and joy, I longed to have been made of money that I might have given a present to everybody.

How pretty the fair looked, that bright frosty Sunday noon. Still prettier on the Monday evening, when all was lighted up. Madame Thekla, with her face tied in a large white handkerchief, in German fashion, *to prevent toothache*, accompanied me. She looked rather a funny figure, and I know certain people who would not have walked down Regent Street with her; neither she nor I cared, however, for the huge white head-gear: indeed, I thought it rather *piquant* than otherwise.

First, we walked through the principal street, to peep into the shop windows, which were all adorned with their most tempting merchandise. Such gaudy vases, ewers, *Pokals* (drinking-glasses), of variously tinted and gilded Bohemian glass, in one shop; such exquisite ball-dresses and artificial flowers in another; such tempting jewellery! But the confectioners, with all manner of devices for Christmas Trees, were perhaps the most brilliant—quite enchanted grottoes; and in each shop the counter, or a table in the middle of the floor, was festooned and decorated tastefully with the choicest articles. It would have been difficult, even in London or Paris, to find anything more beautiful. At this time the streets were deserted in comparison with what they were about four o'clock. Then there was a stir! as busy and well-dressed a throng as any West-end thoroughfare would exhibit on any bright

afternoon in May. Ladies and children, all in their best, and all so happy and cheerful, and alert ; such rolls and parcels as peeped out from muffs, and from beneath heavy warm cloaks ! Every one, high and low, was purchasing presents ; and the gentlemen were no whit behind the rest. You saw tall, aristocratic gentlemen, with their wives, busy discussing various purchases ; you saw knots of students buying ; you saw good fathers in toy-shops ; you saw them in booksellers' shops buying Andersen's "*Märchen*," and other favourite books ; you saw even little children making their purchases. There were dandified young fellows inspecting the most elegant trinkets, evidently for ladies' wear ; and I speculated as to those for whom they purchased. You saw a regular succession of gay Christmas Trees carried through the streets by maid-servants and men-servants—by poor, care-worn, yet, at all events for that one day,—happy-looking mothers.

Oh ! it was a sight to warm you that cold day, all this happy crowd—more than the warmest Russian furs could have done. All this, as I said, I saw in the afternoon, and not when good Madame Thekla, with her white head-dress, and I were on our evening perambulation. Then the chief point of interest was the fair. The effect was very pretty indeed. My good companion, however, assured me, as people always do when you admire anything, that the fair was not nearly as beautiful this time as it was ten years ago, when she last saw it. Let it have been as much more splendid as it might then, it was, however, quite enough to please me now. Was there not still a pretty effect in the long vista of illuminated booths, with the strip of dark azure night-sky overhead, which, contrasting with the glare of the lamps, looked perfectly oriental—at least as I imagine an eastern sky at night ? And were not those booths themselves very pretty, lined with pale pink and blue

tissue-paper; the stalls heaped up with confectionery, drapery, or crucifixes, and really lovely statuettes of madonnas and saints, as it might be, and presided over by elegant young women in their gayest attire, or bearded men wrapped up in furs?

At all events, the students of the good University of Munich, and various young painters, recognisable by a yet longer growth of hair and beard than the ordinary student, and by a certain semi-Raphaelesque cut of cap and cloak, seemed to think the *fair*—in two senses—attractive; for they were there in crowds, considerably increasing the picturesque character of the scene, as you may imagine. What groves, too, of Christmas Trees there were all fluttering with gay ribbons! what heaps and heaps of gilded walnuts! what heaps of gay dolls, with large tinsel wings to represent the Christ-child! All was bright, and glittering, and cheery; the keen frosty night-air added quite a zest to the whole thing. Such was the Christmas Fair.

Of the Christmas Eve itself I have not much to tell, at least as regards any Christmas Tree. I had another object in view than seeing trees which are so familiar to us, therefore I resisted every invitation, well knowing that what I gave would be duly presented by the respective Christ-child though I were not present. Also, that every gift designed for me would reach me in time; accordingly, after my tea, while all the world was rejoicing itself, I lay down upon my sofa, and in imagination passed through all the happy homes of this blessed Eve. I saw the tree that the peasant had driven off with, in his ladder-wagon, with its long shambling horse, set up in his little cottage in a quiet old-world village, and decorated by some peasant-woman in a badger-skin cap and embroidered silk bodice. I knew exactly how the tree would look in the palace itself, and

how thousands of other beautiful trees must look in their different homes—in the home of the noble—in the home of the small citizen—in the home of the painter. I was there in imagination; seemed to hear the delighted, astonished shouts of thousands of little children, and to see the beaming looks of love from parents, and brothers and sisters, and friends throughout this great Germany! You may be sure I did not forget dear old England, with its jolly Christmas doings,—its holly and turkey, and roast-beef, and mince-pies, and plum-puddings. I lived over many a past Christmas Eve—both beautiful and sad—many strange old ghosts came, of past times, but they were more beautiful than melancholy. I was anything but lonely. I was surrounded, steeped as it were in love. And thus I sank into a delicious slumber, to be woken by Fräulein Sänchen, as it appeared, the next moment.

It was half-past ten at night, and I must rouse myself, for had I not resisted all the joy of the Christmas Eve for this—that I might be present at the midnight mass in the *Hofkapelle*? Fräulein Sänchen was inexorable; I must rise, for we must set off at eleven, if we meant to secure good places in the chapel.

I never should have had strength to rouse myself out of that delicious sleep had I not said to myself “You’ll repent to-morrow morning—you’ll repent to-morrow morning, if you don’t hear that organ—don’t see that exquisite chapel all lighted up!”

So I rose; dressed myself in great haste; drank a cup of coffee in great haste, and found myself as fresh as though it were morning, instead of approaching midnight. When we stepped out into the cold frosty night, how beautiful it was! The crisp snow beneath our feet, and above our heads such a dark-blue frosty sky, with its myriads of glorious stars. The air was filled with the sound of bells:

such holy music! As we passed along, the trees, covered with hoar-frost, shone out like strange phantoms. There were numbers of people hurrying along the streets to various churches.

Our way lay through the courts and galleries of the palace, till we came to the *Hofkapelle*. Lights shone from the palace windows; the whole place seemed astir; the warm breath of incense met us as we approached the chapel. Priests were already chanting and prostrating themselves before the altar, and the organ was fitfully pealing through the chapel. The altar was one blaze of tapers; tapers fixed in all the candelabra around the walls, like tall fire-lilies, cast long glittering reflections upon the marble walls and pavement. And how grand did the prophets, saints, and martyrs appear by this brilliant, artificial light, gazing down upon you from their golden back-grounds!

Soon the two kings, Max and Otho, and their queens, and all the court, appeared in the golden and frescoed galleries on either side of the high altar; the archbishop, in his mitre and brocaded robes, attended by a train of priests, young and old; and a train also of young court pages, lads of from twelve to fifteen, some score of them, dressed in court-suits of blue and silver, entered by a side door near the altar, and bowing first before the altar, then bowed before the king, and passed on. A second train of court pages also entered in the same dress, but apparently some three or four years older, each carrying a tall waxen taper. These stood before the steps of the altar, with their burning lights, and they were, Fräulein Sänchen assured me, every one of high nobility; their fresh young faces seemed to have a vast charm for my poor old wrinkled and time-worn companion. Poor old Fräulein Sänchen! If her face appeared in that brilliant light, contrasted with the beauty of the saints and martyrs painted on wall

and ceiling, yet more old, and odd, and withered, I felt in my heart a still deeper respect and compassion for her—for her who, in the sight of God, from her touching unselfishness, her unwearying goodness in the most prosaic of lives, must have been one of the most acceptable worshippers present. I had a real joy in being with her; it was more beautiful, in fact, than sitting up in one of the golden galleries among kings and queens.

The service lasted about an hour, and was impressive. Nevertheless, the sudden change from the warmth, the light, the music, the colour, the intoxicating incense within the chapel, to the silence without,—the snow, the frosty sky, with a brilliant moonlight, was even more impressive.

In the afternoon I visited several of the old churches of Munich. Vespers were performing everywhere. In some places I beheld extraordinary figures of the infant Jesus, decked out in golden swaddling-clothes, exhibited among burning tapers and artificial flowers, and lying in long glass cases.

In the Jesuits' Church there has been a grand exhibition this week, of the Nativity, in the style which I have already described, with wooden angels, in sublime attitudes, and wooden cattle surrounding the wooden Holy Family. These "*Krippen*," as they are called, are exhibited in various churches, and have attracted immense crowds.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AN ACT OF ROYAL MERCY.—THE FAIR OF THE THREE
KINGS.—A PUBLIC BALL.

January 10th, 1851.—Fräulein Sänchen went out through the deep snow this afternoon, and the terrible stormy weather,—good old creature!—to post me a letter. She has been in to describe something she saw which had much interested her. Returning through the palace-square, she perceived that there was a considerable number of soldiers drawn up before the palace ; it was a regiment just returned from Holstein, and was awaiting the King's inspection. The King had come forth from the palace. Whilst he was surveying the soldiers, a peasant, leading a little girl by the hand, pushed his way through the crowd until he stood close to the King. The peasant kissed the King's hand, and presented the child—she was blind !

"Would his Majesty," besought the peasant, "take compassion upon the little girl and have her admitted into the Blind Asylum? There was so much difficulty : the King, his father, had promised that she should be admitted ; would his Majesty take compassion upon her, and see that this was done?"

The King smiled, and laying his hand upon the child's head, gave his royal word that she should be admitted into the asylum. The poor peasant was in a rapture of joy ;—and so was Fräulein Sänchen as she described the scene to me.

January 12th.—I wonder when there is not a fair in Munich. This, however, was *Dreikönigs Dult*, or the Fair of the Three Kings. By way of amusement, I thought that I would visit it ; as I could not very well go alone, I invited Madame Thekla to accompany me, with which she was very well pleased, especially as I promised to treat her to the shows. The buying and selling, the crowds of peasants, townspeople, students, and soldiers, were as in any other fair. At a little distance from the long array of booths stood the shows—thither we bent our steps.

The first thing we came upon was a small ladder-wagon covered with an arched awning ; bound to one side of the wagon were tall poles, from which floated a series of ghastly pictures—hideous raw-head-and-bloody-bone pictures ! There were murders, executions, beheadings in German fashion ; the criminal extended on a horrid sort of rack, and his head being chopped off by a grim executioner with a sword, whilst a priest stood by in his long robes ; there were houses on fire ; drownings ; miraculous escapes ; there were tall, smirking Hussars, and weeping ladies in white—all heroes and heroines in these bloody histories !

The subjects, the hideous drawing, the hard outlines, the goggle-eyes, the blood, the knives, the fire, made you feel sick. A considerable crowd was collected, and listened breathlessly to the sounds of an organ, to which two Tyroleans sang appalling tragedies. They sang in such clear, sweet, mountain tones, that you were strangely fascinated. Mournfully sang they, in a monotonous chant, of blood, and crime, and terror, till you felt your blood creep ; and, by a frightful fascination, your eyes gloated on the disgusting pictures.

How immoral must be the influence which such exhibitions exercise upon the uneducated crowds surrounding these

syrens! Why should not a *paternal* government, which guards its people from immoral books and newspapers, not guard them equally from such sights and sounds as this Tyrolean exhibition? The Tyroleans sold printed histories of the fearful crimes and calamities which were depicted on their banners. These histories are exciting and romantic reading, as you will perceive when I give some of their titles:—"The History of the Great and terrible Monster who cruelly murdered his Beloved, his Child, his Father, his Mother, his two Sisters, and his Brother, on the 8th of July, 1850;" "Heroic Self-sacrifice of a Bohemian Hussar Officer, and the Punishment of his Murderers;" "A true and dreadful History which occurred on the 14th of March, 1850, in Schopka, near Melnik, in Bohemia;" "The Might of Mutual Love; a highly remarkable event, which occurred at Toulon, in the year 1849;" "The Cursed Mill; a Warning from Real Life;" "The Temptation; the Deed; the Consequences!"

If you care to know anything of the style of these remarkable productions, I will give you a specimen. One begins thus: "In Rossdorf, in Hanover, lived the criminal Peter Natzer. He was by trade a glazier, his father having followed the same calling. Peter was five-and-twenty years old, and was, from his earliest youth, addicted to every species of crime. He had a sweetheart, named Lucie Braun, a poor girl, &c., &c."

Again: "Silent sat the miller, Leverm, in his garden; thoughtfully gazed he into the distant valley. He was scarcely thirty years of age, but heavy cares had bowed him, and robbed him of his fresh, youthful bloom. Beside him sat his wife, who cast many an anxious but affectionate glance on her husband. How tender and lovely was this young wife! The inhabitants of the neighbourhood called

her 'the Rose of the Valley : ' " thus begins a most awful tragedy. And, not contented with these dismal histories in prose, they are also done into verse. Here is a specimen of these dismal ditties, being the rhymster's version of the heroically self-sacrificed Bohemian officer :—

I.

At Melnik in Bohemia
There was a deed of horror done,
By wicked hands, as you shall hear,
All in the pleasant noonday sun.
Eleven men of bad intent
Unto the mill of Melnik went,
And there five people did they kill,
All in cold blood their lives did spill !

II.

The miller he came home at eve,
And soon beheld the dreadful sight ;
And he resolved to go at once
And seek the murderers out that night.
Unto his friend his grief he told,
And he, a captain stout and bold,
Called for his horse, and with good speed
Set out to do this righteous deed.

III.

But first I must to you make known
That their own dog did them betray,
Which had been tied up in the mill,
And now was tracked upon its way.
The eleven murderers thus were found
With all their booty on the ground :
The valiant captain entered in
And charged them with their heinous sin.

IV.

But ah ! what could a single man
Against eleven murderers do ?
They all fell on him as he stood,
A brave young man, and killed him too !
Just then his troop broke down the wall
And killed the cruel murderers all ;
Except such few of them as fled,
Whose blood was by the headsman shed !

Of course we did not read these things in the fair. It was enough for us, there, to listen to the mournful chant of the mountaineers, till our blood was almost frozen in our veins. I took home with me some of these horrible printed histories as many another simple soul did ; and now, after I have read them, and been filled with horror and disgust by them, I have put them away from me as unholy things. But think of the effect they will have in many a lonely village, this winter—in many a desolate farmhouse or cottage—on the wide plain, or among the mountains ! These papers are productive seeds of murder and crime ; of that one may be certain.

The next wonder that stopped us in the fair was a little fat man, who was shouting away at the top of his voice, whilst he briskly sharpened a knife on a long, rough board, which was smeared over with a black ointment. He was a vendor of magical strop-salve ! something in the fashion of Mechi. “ Ladies and gentlemen,” shouted he, “ witness my wonderful invention ! The dullest knife—stick-knife, bread-knife, clasp-knife, fruit-knife, table-knife, carving-knife, shaving-knife (*Rasirmesser*), pen-knife, pruning-knife though dull as this knife—*though dull as this knife !*” and here he began hacking away upon the ledge of a big knife with a strong piece of broken pitcher. “ Yes, though dull,

dull, dull as this knife!—when subjected to my wonderful salve,” and here he smeared it with his black ointment, “will cut a hair, or the most delicate shaving of paper—as it now does!” and with that he severed paper-shavings as if they had been nothing. If it was really the *same knife*, his was a wonderful invention, and beat Mechl hollow.

Next, I had my fortune told at three different places, for six kreuzers, or two-pence each; and as I was promised pretty much the same fortune by all, I suppose I ought to believe in the truth of it. They foretold me lots of trouble in the way of love-crosses, false friends, and unkind relations, and such small trifles; but were equally liberal of rich lovers, and plenty of them, plenty of money, and a good husband to crown all, and good children to be the *profs* of my old age: so I think I had, after all a good sixpenny-worth.

Next we came upon a little caravan, on the steps of which vociferated a most picturesque Tyrolean, in broad-brimmed, sugar-loaf hat, adorned with chamois hair and eagles' feathers, in broad-ribbed stockings, and with a broad, gaily-embroidered band round his waist, which half covered his chest. He assured the crowd below that there was not in the whole of Bavaria anything half as interesting, half as extraordinary, half as astounding, as the singularly gifted, singularly beautiful, singularly intellectual being within; a being from another quarter of the globe—a being adapted to an entirely different mode of existence to ours—a being who could see in the dark—a being who lived upon raw meat!—a wonderful Albino who could speak the German tongue!

Of course we must see the Albino: so in we went, and some way or other I felt an unusual shock. There he sat, in a black velvet dress spangled with silver, the light coming

in from the top of the caravan, and his transparent complexion, his burning, fiery eyes, like carbuncles, his long waves of white, silky hair, and his long, curling, snow-white, silky beard, gave him the appearance of some enchanted dwarf—some cobold or gnome out of a subterranean palace. He ought truly to have been seated upon an ivory or crystal throne, and with a golden gem-encrusted drinking horn in his hand, and not cramped up in a miserable caravan.

I had not much time to lose myself in dreams about enchanted dwarfs or gnomes, for there was something else burning in the caravan besides the Albino's eyes—and that was Madame Thekla's grand silk cloak! She had come out with me in all her grandeur; and now, while we stood enchanted before the Albino, her fine silk cloak was singeing at a little iron stove that stood behind the door. Poor Madame Thekla! Out we rushed, and she revenged herself by vociferating to the crowd outside, as the Tyrolean had done just before, and by exhibiting her unlucky cloak in a sort of savage despair.

An hour afterwards, we again passed the caravan, and the Tyrolean in the ribbed stockings was once more holding forth on the steps, when, at sight of us, he interrupted his oration, and politely invited us to re-enter and complete, *free of cost*, our inspection of the Albino. But Madame Thekla, pointing with stern dignity to her cloak, declined and marched on.

After this we went to the *Waffeln*-booths, where we ate hot-baked *Waffeln*, a kind of gofre cake; and then, resisting a wonderful elephant show, we hastened to the monkey theatre, the poor elephant's rival exhibition—the "Grand Monkey Theatre from Paris," in which forty-two apes and poodles, the property of M. Le Cerf, would exhibit the most wonderful and artistic feats.

We had to wait some time till the four o'clock performance was over, which unfortunately had begun before we arrived ; and whilst Madame Thekla and I stood impatiently waiting in the cold, up there came a merry-faced lad of about ten, and began, in great glee, to describe to us the glorious things that were performed by those "dear little monkeys and dogs." He was quite eloquent in his delight ; and "Oh !" said he, "if I had but another *Sechser* (twopenny-piece), wouldn't I see it again !" "There is another *Sechser*, then !" said I, and put one into his fat little hand. What an astonished, bright face looked up into mine. He seized my hand in both his, and shook it almost off ; and away he ran up the steps for his ticket, flying down again to us, and keeping as close to us as possible, talking all the time, and fairly dancing for joy.

"You've quite bewitched that little fellow," said Madame Thekla ; and I seemed to have bewitched all the little lads in the fair, for, by a strangely mysterious power, they were drawn towards us in crowds, from all sides—little fellows in blouses, little fellows in green and brown surtouts, little fellows in old-fashioned jackets and trowsers—and all crept bashfully towards us. Oh, the wonderful magic of a twopenny-piece ! Heaven only knows how the news of this munificent gift of a *Sechser* had so swiftly spread through the fair ! One little lad actually had the bravery to say to me that "children were admitted at half-price !" And was I not a cold-hearted wretch to reply, "Oh, indeed !" just as though it were a matter of perfect indifference to me, though, in truth, it was not ; but I felt rather appalled at the sight of such a crowd of little eager heads, well knowing that my purse was not full to overflowing, even with twopenny-pieces !

At length we were seated in the little theatre ; and,

after a fearful charivari from the orchestra, the curtain drew up, and we beheld, seated at a long table, a company of monkeys! It was a *table-d'hôte*. A dandified young fellow—perhaps Monsieur Le Cerf himself—in the most elegant of cravats, the most elegant white wristbands, the most elegant ring, and the most elegant moustache, performed the part of host; the waiter and waitress were monkeys. The waiter—a drunken, good-for-nothing waiter he seemed—a fat, big ape—drank behind the backs of the guests the very wine he was serving them with; he appeared so very tipsy, that he could hardly walk; he staggered backwards and forwards, and leaned against the wall for support, as he emptied the bottle he was bringing for the company. But the waitress! She was a little darling; the tiniest of monkeys, and she came skipping on the stage in a broad-brimmed straw hat, and a bright-coloured dress, with the daintiest of white muslin aprons on; she looked like a fairy. Everybody was enchanted with her. Even Monsieur Le Cerf himself caressed her, and gave her not only, every now and then, a nut, but a kiss. She behaved beautifully. As to the guests! They quarrelled and even fought—Monsieur Le Cerf said it was about paying the bill.

I can't pretend to tell you half the clever things the monkeys did in the way of swinging, dancing, firing off muskets, riding on a pony, etc. Wonderful things, too, were performed by the dogs—splendid spaniels and setters. One large black-and-tan creature walked on his fore-legs, in the style of what children call "playing at a wheelbarrow," only he himself, poor wretch, had to wheel the barrow. He walked demurely round and round the stage, carrying his two unlucky hind legs up in the air; then he walked on three legs, and then, the most difficult task of all for a dog, as we were assured, upon two legs on the same side. Another beautiful white spaniel came walking in

most grandly on her hind legs, as *Madame de Pompadour*, in a long-trained dress which was borne by a tiny monkey in livery, bearing a little lantern in his hand.

The finale was the besieging of a fortress. To see some twenty milk-white spaniels rushing up and down the stairs of a burning fortress, illumined by brilliant rose-coloured, green, and blue lights, was very curious indeed. If I could have forgotten the terrible training through which these poor creatures must have gone, I should have enjoyed it much more. But I did not wonder, after beholding their feats, that our little friend had been so much enchanted. He sat behind us in the half-price seats, but for all that we continued to exchange many smiling glances during the performance. I only wished I could have seen a whole row of little fellows all equally delighted and surprised by their good fortune.

A PUBLIC BALL.

I went last night to one of the grand public balls ; not to dance ; only into the gallery, to look on and enjoy the spectacle without the fatigue—or the pleasure. This ball was in the Odéon, one of the principal public buildings here, and where the Conservatorium is. The room in which the ball was held was the same that I described to you once before, when a concert was given by the pupils of the Conservatorium. Myra Amsel and I mounted some dozen steep flights of stairs, and at length emerged into the gallery. We left a throng of carriages setting down ball-attired ladies and gentlemen at the principal entrance, and a throng of spectators admiring them.

Quite out of breath, from our long ascent, we found ourselves in the gallery which runs round the large hall, at an immense height from the floor. The gallery was crowded with people, all eagerly leaning, in a double row, over the

railings ; so that, from the ball-room below, the ceiling must have looked as if adorned with a cornice of living faces. The gallery-crowd appeared to consist of friends of the ball-room company, who were anxiously watching or waiting the advent of their friends below ; and of good citizens, and other people, who, not being themselves of the *haute volée*, had come to criticise and copy their betters—in rank.

It was with considerable difficulty that Myra and I found standing-room where we could see ; yet it was only half-past six. When we did, we looked down upon numberless chandeliers, which, with their circles of starry lamps, illumined a very gay-looking company indeed. At the further end of the hall was a low platform, approached by a flight of steps covered with carpeting ; and here stood a very fine grove of fir-trees, orange-trees, and greenhouse shrubs, behind which were concealed the musicians. The whole platform was in fact an elegant saloon ; where stood couches, chairs, and tables, the crimson and richly-coloured coverings of which looked excessively pretty among the green trees and shrubs. Tapers burned in tall, branching candlesticks upon the tables, and groups of young ladies, in clouds of white muslin, or in pink gauze, looking like rose-buds among all the green leaves, stood or moved about ; whilst gentlemen in gay uniforms, or in the less brilliant civil costume, as it is called—black coat, white waistcoat, and hat in hand—crowded round them. There was no lack of more sober colouring in the dresses of the *chaperones*, in their velvets, silks, and satins. And all these gay people were scattered, not only over the aristocratic platform, but over the whole hall, a group of gentlemen clustering together in the very centre of the beautiful inlaid floor, like a swarm of bees.

Many of the grandees of Munich were either already

present, or were expected. King Max himself was looked for : Prince Adelbert had already arrived, and only to be distinguished from the company by wearing a *brown* instead of a *black* coat ; such being his privilege as a prince of the blood.

And now, from the concealed orchestra, sounded the first note of the polonaise, and the gentlemen hastened toward their partners, and all solemnly paraded, in stately procession, through the ball-room ; and now burst forth a waltz, and away flew the dancers. It really was very tantalising to hear that beautiful music, and to see those dancers ; and to be up in that hot and close gallery, in a merino dress and overshoes ! There was a painful contrast ! For the first few moments I declared to Myra, that, spite of all my philosophy, which had made me decline an invitation to this very ball, I now wished I had been there, and that I *must* and *would* go to the next, if it were only for the sake of old times ! But soon after came a *Française*, or, as we call it, a quadrille ; and then another waltz, and then a polka, and then a *Française* again ; and, by that time, I began to feel that if to look on at a ball was at first tantalising, it became, after a while, very wearisome—"the greatest bore under the sun !" as I remember to have heard certain unhappy victims, who did not dance, declare—but which assertion I, at the time, did not appreciate.

But soon a pleasant excitement arrived for us. Myra's mother, and her sister Ida, entered the ball-room. They came aristocratically late. How handsome they looked ! Frau Amsel in black, with scarlet flowers in her hair ; and Ida looking a very Hebe, in simple white muslin, with a scarlet sash and scarlet bows on her sleeves, and nothing whatever in her hair. She was the simplest, and, to my taste, the most elegantly-dressed girl in the room. Her beautiful head, with its rich, dark hair, looked con-

spicuous, from the entire absence of all artificial ornament. Standing there in the gallery, in my winter dress and overshoes, I felt proud of them. They created quite a sensation as they entered; and as Ida stood beside an orange-tree on the platform, with all her simple beauty, in her white dress and scarlet ribbons, and with her beaming, happy face, I did not wonder at the host of gentlemen who made their way to her.

Myra and I, and their servant Elise, who by this time had joined us, grew quite excited. "There," said Myra, "is Count R. I *know* Ida will dance with him. And there is young S.: I think she has promised him a dance! and there is that little lieutenant; and there is the student from Nuremberg; but she won't dance with *him*—of that I am sure!"

And so we watched until the dumb-show of Ida's arrival had subsided somewhat, when, leaving Mrs. Amsel quietly seated upon one of the couches among the orange-trees, we beheld Ida waltz away with a tall officer in blue uniform.

Again I began to grow desperately weary, and looked round with longing eyes for dear Fräulein Sänchen's old-fashioned face. It seemed to me that she never would come! Fortunately, a little love-making in the foreground of our gallery made me forget my fatigue for the time. There sat before us a very pretty girl, very young and childish-looking. I caught a glimpse of a sweet, child-like brow, and long, drooping eyelashes, as she sat in the front row, with her married sister. Presently, one of the gentlemen from the ball-room below made his appearance. I fancy he was a student; I did not admire his look at all. He was evidently desperately in love with the pretty girl; he forgot all about the ball, and talked most earnestly to her behind the married sister's back; she smiled, and said very little, but listened, and seemed also to forget the ball.

Soon, another gentleman arrived from the ball-room below ; and then jealousy was added to love. The first lover turned black as a thunder-cloud, and I thought looked more unpleasant than ever ; he did not go away, but stood scowling like a jealous lover in a picture of Stephanoff's ; and the girl listened with the same smile and the same innocent brow to the second lover, the married sister all the time looking down into the ball-room.

This amused me for a while, and then another group also amused me. A dowager, in her velvet and grandeur, attended by a queer little old officer, a regular German Major O'Dowd—with spectacles on, and a plumed hat in his hand—brought up a beautiful young lady to speak to some dear friend in the gallery ; and lots of other grandees from below found their way into our upper regions ; till we also seemed all astir and gorgeous. But, O ! joyful sight ! amid all the grand arrivals, there was *Fräulein Sänchen*, with my shawl on her arm.

But the poor dear old soul was in no hurry to go, now she was once there, and I could not find in my heart to deprive her of a glimpse of the gay world, which was such a novelty to her. Besides, she was very anxious to point out to me two grand gentlemen in whom she takes great interest, a young Herr Baron and the son of a certain Frau Geheimrätthinn, who is a great lady. But I was too tired even to care about her favourites, though I have heard so much of them for the last several weeks, without having yet had the pleasure of seeing them. These two young fellows went to one of the court balls the other night : the next morning I had, however, the pleasure of beholding the mother of one of them hanging out clothes in the garden. This is truly German !

CHAPTER XX.

THE LEUCHTENBERG GALLERY.—THE PAINTER GENELLI.

I WENT this morning to the Leuchtenberg Gallery of Pictures, which, it is said, will be removed to Russia, after the death of the old Duchess, the widow of Eugene Beauharnais. The Duke, her son (since deceased) resides in Russia, having married the daughter of the Emperor Nicholas. These pictures were collected by Eugene Beauharnais; and there are various memories of him, of Josephine, and Napoleon, meeting you at every turn.

A picture which, on entering the room, almost immediately strikes you, is a very beautiful portrait of the Empress Josephine, by Gérard; a portrait which satisfies you with its calm gracefulness: she is dressed in the French classic style, as one always sees Josephine represented, but it is here anything but offensive; her small, dark ringlets cluster becomingly round her noble, open countenance; and the bare arms, unencumbered with heavy sleeves, are seen in their perfect beauty. She languidly rests one arm upon the amber-velvet cushions of a low divan on which she sits. A bouquet of beautiful flowers, gum-cistas, roses, and pansies, lies beside her. She wears a white gauze dress without a single ornament, and seems to have just entered from a garden, the flowers and trees of which peep in at you through the open window above the cushions of the divan. She sits as in a reverie, with a quiet, sombre gloom softening the rich colours of the room about her—just as if a gloomy fate cast its sobering influence over her own brilliant life. Opposite to

this interesting portrait is Gérard's well-known picture of blind Belisarius bearing the dead body of his youthful conductor in his arms. One has grown so weary of engravings from this picture that I felt startled by the beauty and nobility of the original painting, as though I had now felt the painter's idea for the first time. The blind old man, grasping his staff, and slowly, majestically moving along in the gathering twilight; the pallid face of the corpse catching the last rays of evening, while the distant mountains and lake are glowing in dim, dusky purple and crimson,—all strike one with a fresh poetry.

This first room is filled with pictures of the modern French and German schools. I was pleasantly surprised to see the names of three women in the catalogue. One is that of Elizabeth Sirani: her picture is a Madonna and Child, and St. John; and as she lived at the commencement of the seventeenth century, her picture takes its place in the second room of the gallery devoted to the older masters. The other two paintings are in the first room: one bears the name of the Baroness Freiburg, and is also a Madonna and Child; the third, which is by far the best picture of the three, though all are very good, is by Marguerite Gérard, born in 1761. It is in fact a Madonna and Child, but of modern treatment. A beautiful young mother is holding high up in her arms and pressing to her rosy lips a fat little child, which struggles in a pretty pettishness against his mother's caresses. There are various other figures in the picture,—the father in the dim obscurity, the worst part of the picture; a nurse-maid busy preparing the child's breakfast; and a curly-headed boy playing with a couple of kittens seated upon the child's cradle. All the accessories of the picture, as well as the flesh and draperies of the principal group, are exquisitely drawn and painted, and finished with a care worthy of a Flemish painting. It is a lovely work of art.

The two pictures, however, before which I paused longest in the first room were a Winter Landscape by Heinrich Bürkel, and a Tyrolean Village Scene by Peter Hess. Imagine a picturesque village church and churchyard, with its crosses and graves rising up in the centre of the picture; the churchyard is somewhat raised above the road which winds round it to the left. The church is built of warm, ruddy stone, mottled with many a weather-stain; the quaint old building, with its varied lines of roofs and low spire and dormer windows, rises sharply against the clear, pale, opal sky of a bright winter's morning. A crucifix also standing upon the brow of the hilly graveyard to the left of the church, relieves itself clearly against the light. To the left of the church, and more in the foreground, is a group of trees, their delicate brown and ruddy branches flaked and feathered with snow and rime. Behind these trees is an old-fashioned house partly concealed by them: this is the house of the priest, who is seen advancing from its gate in his violet and white robes, preceded by a boy in white and scarlet. Peasants pause bare-headed in the snowy road as they pass; other peasants are going upwards to the church through the crisp snow. These figures are the key-note to the whole picture; their clear violets, reds, and olive-greens, in delicate gradations of opal tints, spreading themselves throughout the picture, giving warmth to that snow, and frost, and gush of winter sunshine. You follow these people in imagination into the frosty church; you hear the bell tolling through the frosty air; the voices of the choir burst forth clear and piercing; and the frozen breath rises from many an old devout peasant's lips, and from the lips of the old priest himself,—

“Like pious incense from a censer old.”

Now transport yourself to the village of Partenkirchen,

among the mountains of Upper Bavaria. It is sunrise, but we see neither sun nor heaven; tall peaks and jagged crags close in our picture; but amid these peaks floats mist, and slant sunbeams dart up upon crags and upon the slender spire of a church which measures itself against the mountain's sides, and rises above the clustering stone-scattered roofs of a Tyrolean village. We stand in the village street; before us is a fountain, where the girls and women are busily washing their clothes at the stone troughs which branch away from it. An old woman, standing with her back to us leaning down over the water, clad in a black petticoat, rose-coloured, gold-embroidered bodice, and ruddy-brown fur cap—just such an old dame as one frequently meets in these Munich streets—is the focus of colour and light in the picture; the sunlight glows upon her, and catches here and there upon others of the group; but most of the street is yet in gloom, for the deep, slanting roofs and heavy eaves of the cottages cast broad and dim shadows. Yet the morning sunshine is piercing and resplendent, and falls in bright showers upon many a roof and upon many a mass of luxuriant vegetation, upon the upper branches of many a tree; the village is seemingly a very Garden of Eden,—such leafy trees and festoons of creepers adorn it. And forth from the dim twilight of shadow come lowing kine; the cow-herd in his scarlet jerkin winds his horn; the bells of the cattle tinkle cheerily; the women and girls laugh and gossip shrilly; there is a busy stir of life in this Alpine village, amid the early sunshine of those departing mists of night! I fairly forgot all around me, as I stood before this sweet simple idyll, and was transported into the heaven of summer amid the mountains.

The second room which we now enter is the principal portion of the Leuchtenberg Gallery; but this of no great extent, for this collection of pictures, though choice, is but

small. Along the centre of the room are arranged several groups of sculpture, among which are Canova's Graces and Magdalene. The other groups are, I think, French; these are interspersed with classic vases, and several antique remains; together with a beautiful carved ivory goblet or two. Some relics of Napoleon and Eugene Beauharnais are placed on marble slabs around the room.

The walls are covered with pictures by the masters of the Italian, Spanish, and Flemish schools, arranged in separate compartments: but I am not intending to give a catalogue *raisonné*, though there are several world-famous pictures here,—Murillos, Titians, Leonardo da Vincis, etc.

Let us now examine a certain portrait which, as you enter, your eye instantly rests upon with a strange feeling of curiosity. It is the portrait of a woman, life-size, and taken down to the knees: she sits with her figure fronting you, her head turned aside, so as to present the profile: she is clad in a black dress, with a closely-plaited tucker of thick muslin over her bosom, and confined at the throat with a gold button: she wears a slender gold chain round her neck, and a slender gold ring with a small dark stone upon the taper finger of one of her beautiful hands, which holds a book open upon her knees. There is a severe, strange look about the dress and the position; there is a solemn, ashy look about the whole picture. As you see it across the room, it falls upon your heart like a spectre. It seems like the portrait of one whose soul sits in sack-cloth and ashes. Look at the face. How strange! the same stiffness, the same rigidity, the same ashiness. The features are almost as the features of a skeleton; so thin, so sharp. The soft hair is drawn away from the brow and temples, and concealed beneath a white stiff cap formed not unlike a nautilus-shell, and which fits upon the back of her head; over it and over her brow falls a transparent white veil of

the most delicate gauze. Her large, mild, dark eye looks out beneath an arched eyebrow sharp and clear, but scarcely more than a line; her nose is somewhat large and aquiline, but slender and almost transparent; her lips small, and, though not narrow, fleshless,—it seems as though some strange mental anguish had worn them away, till only a sentiment of grief was left upon them—as though they could never smile more; they have never quivered, those lips, with fretfulness or nervous weakness, but have closed themselves with a high resolve, and meek patient endurance. The cheeks are hollow, the eyes are hollow, the complexion pale and transparent with ashy shadows. It is no physical suffering, but a martyrdom of the spirit, which has worn these hollows, spread this pallor; for the hands and form are those of a woman in sound health. No, it is some unusually mournful destiny which has inscribed such strange words upon mouth and brow, and has refined a noble, pure, spiritual woman into something scarcely of earth. So particularly strong is this refined spirituality in the strange face, that glancing from it to a Raphael's Madonna hanging near, the gentle Madonna even looks coarse and common-place.

And who is this singular woman? She is Petrarch's Laura! Not the Laura as the poet saw her first kneeling in her twentieth year in the Church of St. Clara—the young wife in the heyday of her beauty,—but the Laura after years of trial and suffering of many kinds; the Laura whose eyes followed him with such a tender gaze of anguish and foreboding, when he last saw her upon earth, that he burst into tears, reading in this strange look, which eternally remained written in his soul, her speedy death and their final separation! The Laura whom the Emperor Charles IV., at a splendid ball given in his honour, summoned to him, amidst all the youth and beauty of Avignon, and kissed upon eyes and brow, for the fame of Petrarch's love! whilst a prince

exclaimed, "Is *this*, then, the wondrously beautiful Laura who bewitched Petrarch!"

But it must have been a beauty of the soul, if she resembled this picture, which, to a spirit like Petrarch's, was a thousand times more potent than all the ordinary splendour of physical beauty. It is a refinement, a purity, and noble meekness, which haunt and trouble one even at the sight of her pictured features.

It must, however, be confessed that this portrait is ideal; the costume itself is of the sixteenth rather than of the fourteenth century; probably it is copied, however, from some older portrait. Laura died in 1347, and this picture, according to the catalogue, is painted by Angelo Bronzino, who lived between 1501 and 1576. Nevertheless, it is a strange picture, which haunts and troubles the imagination.

THE PAINTER GENELLI.

The name of Genelli is not much known in England: it was quite new to me when I came here. Clare and I, soon after our arrival, saw some of his designs, which greatly pleased us. Clare admired them extremely.

To-day, therefore, having been kindly invited to do so by Herr Genelli, I went to see his drawings. He lives outside the old walls of the city, close to the dilapidated Sendlinger Gate. Above the gloomy city wall, dark with age, rise picturesque roofs and steep tile-covered gables, dotted over with little windows, and here and there, a quaint church spire or tower. A narrow line of orchard skirts the wall: then comes a narrow moat, and then a row of houses: in one of these lives Genelli.

The wife of Genelli received me,—a handsome woman, with rich plaits of dark hair; then came the daughter, who

is a young actress,—*very* pretty she is, short and round, with large, bright, beautiful blue eyes, and rich golden hair. After sitting and talking a short time, Genelli himself came in. Going into his studio, he brought forth a series of very clever drawings,—*very* clever indeed, and full of a wild fancy.

This one series represented the life of a wicked man,—the life of a libertine.

Several of the designs struck me much. One, where the hero of the series is seated with his wife in a boat upon a lake,—it is a broad expanse of water, with swans swimming near the boat: a peasant girl, standing on a wild rocky shore, warns, with wild gestures, the wife of her husband's wickedness, and the wife rises in a storm of indignant anger. Then there is another, equally full of passion, where he is brought before an Archbishop,—one of the military archbishops of the Middle Ages,—to answer for his crimes: the peasants have risen against him, have set his castle on fire; he is taken prisoner, and now stands stubborn, before his judge, two soldiers endeavouring to force him down upon his knees. In the next design you find him in the cell of a prison: he has slain his confessor, who lies dead, and stripped of his robe, upon the floor; the murderer has clothed himself in the monk's gown, and now hastily fastens his sandals: a burning torch reveals his haste, the corpse, and the prison door. Again you see him, asleep in a wood: he dreams a fearful dream,—lies tossed in agony; behind him you see the figures of his dream: himself, in the monk's gown, flying in haste from the infuriated Archbishop, who rides on a fiery steed. Two huntresses watch him with astonishment, whilst he tosses in his agonised sleep. Next he meets with a witch in this wood, and has his evil fate foretold. He has numerous adventures, ending at last in his being stabbed by his jealous wife.

The nature of these designs may be imagined : they are very German. The impression left on my mind, however, was painful. There were so few touches of beauty and love or nobility. Of course one should not expect this in the hero himself, but one seems to require such touches in the other characters. I recollect this is the case with other designs by Genelli which I have seen. All are impressed with the same character.

One series is called "The Life of a Witch ;"—wild and fearful are the designs.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE SCHÄFFLER DANCE AND CARNIVAL.

Jan. 26th.—I have just returned from seeing the *Schäfflertanz*. Everybody has been saying of late—"So the *Schäfflertanz* takes place this year." The Munich papers have for several weeks past been announcing, that "about the middle of the month the *Schäffler* (Coopers) would perform their interesting dance,—this being the seventh year since its last exhibition; and that having danced before the royal palace, they would take in course the various palaces and residences of the chief nobility, and so continue their dancing until Carnival time.

According to the printed authority to which I have referred, the origin of this dance is as follows. In the year 1517, a fearful plague desolated Munich. So great was the consternation which it occasioned, that people dreaded to leave their houses. All doors and windows were closed, and every man avoided his neighbour. In the midst of this universal terror and silence, all at once a troop of men, coopers by trade, came in from the country with music and fresh green garlands, and went from house to house, calling to the people with sounds of merriment to open their doors and windows. The people came forth, and, as if in frantic joy, danced through the streets. The plague-spell was broken by the delirium of gaiety which, as if in defiance of past misery, seized on every heart. There is something strangely wild in the idea of this fearful scourge being banished by an excess of merriment scarcely less fearful,—the reaction of lacerated human souls.

Every seventh year, therefore, in commemoration of this event, is the *Schäfflertanz* performed,—and this, fortunately for me, happens to be the year.

On Monday the Coopers danced before the Palace,—the royal family witnessing their performance from the windows; and this morning they have danced before the War Office, —where I have seen them. An acquaintance of mine having a friend in the War Office, we were promised seats at a window. Accordingly, at the appointed hour, we made our way thither,—and soon found ourselves seated comfortably, gazing down on the crowd below us. But where were my antique costumes?—where was all the wild poetry of the dance, as I had imagined it? I had expected too much. This is what I saw.

A ring of spectators, in the centre of which moved in a variety of figures in character not unlike our country dance, our Sir Roger de Coverley, or the various *tours* of the German cotillon, a score or so of young men dressed in close-fitting jackets of scarlet trimmed with silver lace, (but the jackets had a sadly modern air,) black velvet breeches, white stockings, shoes, little short yellow leathern aprons adorned with broad crimson satin ribbon fringed with gold, and on their heads modern-shaped light green caps, in which were stuck little nodding white and blue feathers. The dress was very disappointing: not to be compared in antique cut and association with the quaint, parti-coloured costume in which I once saw a troop of "English Plough-Bullocks" attired.

The dance itself, however, was very pretty; especially from the different effects produced by garlands of fresh, green box which the dancers bore in their hands. The lively music, the bright contrast of the scarlet jackets with the fresh green of the wreaths, and the piquancy of the dance, were altogether something very pleasing to witness.

The musicians were clad in the same costume ; and on the ground before them rose a graceful little pyramid of some light-coloured wood, on which were painted stripes of bright blue. On this was placed an elegant little barrel, with a basket containing glasses, out of which wine and beer, the contents of the pyramid and the barrel, were drunk in honour of the noble Minister of War,—who, of course, was witnessing the performance.

On the ground also lay hoops twisted with white and blue ribbons, which were ever and anon snatched up and used in the figures of the dance. Also there were—that I should so long have omitted to mention them!—two lively harlequins, whose business seemed rather to interrupt than to assist in the dance. Various were the antics which they played on the crowd of spectators :—perhaps in traditional memory of the feats of the *Schäffler* of old. One seized on a rosy-faced girl who was quietly looking on, and twirled her away into the centre of the dance,—much to the merriment of the crowd, and her own real, or apparent annoyance, for she tried in vain to hide her face in her shawl. The dance lasted perhaps three-quarters of an hour ; and then, to the sound of music, the dancers marched in procession gallantly up the street.

This *Schäfflertanz* may be almost considered as the commencement of the Carnival. We already hear on all sides of balls and masquerades ; and see people in milliners', printsellers', and booksellers' shops consulting prints of costume and fancy dresses. Masks, hideous, grotesque—the masks of animals, of demons, and the black romantic half-mask,—are exhibited in numberless windows in the town.

announcement of a grand ball to be given in the Odeon, with a lottery, for the benefit of the old *Landwehr*, or militia. It was announced also, that their majesties had graciously consented to attend, and that the whole court would be there. I therefore felt a curiosity to go and see all that was to be seen, and especially did I desire a good view of the young queen, of whom K. was telling the other day the most beautiful things;—how that she was the sweetest, gentlest, most amiable young creature; quite a peasant girl in simplicity; the purest, noblest being that was ever seated on a throne; a lovely innocent flower, in the midst of the temptations and intrigues of a court;—how that being too good even for a queen, she was fitted only to be an angel, and that to see her with her children was the most beautiful thing in the world. After all this, was it wonderful that I longed to be in the same room with this pure, lovely, queenly flower, and to behold her dancing, with all the joyousness of a peasant girl, amongst her admiring people?

No sooner was my determination taken than I set off to Mrs. Amsel's, to ask them if we could not together, go—not into the gallery as before, when I had watched Ida in all her glory—but into the ball-room, with the rest of the company. They agreed immediately; no time was to be lost, for the ball was that night, and the first thing that was to be done, after securing tickets, was to find some officer who would attend us, for without a uniform no party of ladies could be admitted. No black coats were on this occasion admissible; nothing at all but uniforms; either an officer of the army, or one of the militia, must introduce us. However democratic any of us might be, we did not particularly covet the escort of one of the militia,—one's confectioner, one's draper, or one's butcher; there was no fear, however, of our being reduced

to this extremity, for Mrs. Amsel and her daughters were acquainted with hosts of officers; and Ida and Myra ran over a whole list of names, any of whom would only be too happy to accompany us.

I was quite easy, therefore, and left this important part of the business in their hands. I called, on my way to the studio, at a gardener's, and ordered from the gardener's consumptive daughter an ivy-wreath for my hair. I described what I wanted. Oh, yes, she knew very well; she was sure she could please me, for she had often made such for the young Queen. I saw an enchanting little rose-tree which, with its one lovely rose and its buds, seemed fitted to be an emblem of the lovely Queen herself; I bought it, therefore, out of ideal love for her, and it now stands in my window, making my room fresh and beautiful. I ordered my wreath and my rose-tree to be sent home by four o'clock, and went to my work.

Imagine me about that hour returned; my ball-dress of white, with white shoes and gloves, all laid out ready, looking suggestive of the evening's pleasure; my dinner just over, and I, lying on my sofa for half an hour's rest, when in came the Amisels, to say we could not go; they had found no one to go with us. All their officer-acquaintance were already engaged; people were rushing wildly about the town after tickets; people were already crowding into the gallery; it would be the most amusing ball of the season, but go we could not! Was it not a pity—was it not disappointing, and it would be so brilliant, so well worth seeing.

"Oh, but we must go!" said I, feeling quite desperate, "we *can't* be disappointed; why the town is half full of uniforms! what a disgrace it is if we cannot make a uniform of use for once in a way! But I have an idea!" exclaimed I, "a strange one, it is true; but never mind! My opposite

neighbour, the Count — is an acquaintance of yours, though he is not of mine; he goes to every ball that is given; no doubt he is going to-night; cannot you make use of him? No doubt he would be charmed to accompany you,—nay, I am sure he would!”

We looked at each other and laughed heartily. It was rather a strange idea; but, nevertheless, he was an acquaintance of theirs from whom they could ask such a favour, and they said they would do so. We sent across the street to inquire; but he was out. He was an erratic mortal, of whose movements nobody could give any account; he might be back in a quarter of an hour, he might not return till midnight. A message was left with the good woman of the house for him, and the Amsels would return in an hour, when our fate must be decided, for if *he* did not return before then, go we could not.

Scarcely were they gone, when I saw the Herr Graf return, unlock the outer door, and enter with a great clatter of spur and sword, as usual. Three minutes after this, the good woman of the house was in my room. The Herr Graf had not intended to go, but now he would go with the greatest pleasure — with the greatest pleasure in the world! He desired her to tell the gracious lady, Frau Amsel, that he would be immediately ready. “Yes, Fräulein Ida!” said he, “she is an old partner of mine; she dances beautifully—very beautifully! I know her very well; I shall be most happy to go!”

All in a hurry the Amsels came back, learned the news, rushed away to dress, and at half-past six were to call for me and my opposite neighbour, the Herr Graf, in their carriage. I dressed very comfortably, with the gardener's poor consumptive daughter acting as my maid, for which I was very thankful, as poor dear old Fräulein Sänchen my usual tire-woman's eyes being none of the best, she makes a regular botheration of the tiny hooks and eyes, a series of

impotent attempts which generally end in my doing the business myself, to my great discomfort. But my little maid was charming, and the wreath so entirely to my mind, that when my toilet was completed I thought the effect fascinating.

All this time my opposite neighbour was making his toilet; and, as I was taking a cup of chocolate, a message came that he was ready, and very impatient to be off, as he feared the gracious lady, the Frau Amsel, would not find a place to sit down in the crowded hall. At that moment the carriage stopped, and in two seconds more the Herr Graf was handing me down stairs, whilst poor old Fräulein Sänchen lighted us with two candles.

The Herr Graf is very young and good-looking; and it was immediately so evident that he was desperately smitten by Ida's beauty, that I was half sorry for what I had done. But never mind, thought I to myself, it is something to keep the poor lad's mind from stagnation, and Ida will have no objection to have another worshipper added to her train. These young officers are never allowed by government to marry, unless they and their bride have a certain sum of money between them—I don't know exactly what it is—and therefore the greater number of them neither marry nor even think of it. They spend their "young days," as my friend S—— would have said, in a series of flirtations and hopeless passions, more or less serious; therefore I will console myself if my unlucky neighbour has had his heart wounded, for it may as well be by Ida's beautiful face and saucy tongue as by those of any one else.

At last we were at the entrance of the Odeon; and as we were descending from the carriage, there was a cry of "the King! the King!" This, I believe, was only a *ruse* of the crowd collected on such occasions, for their own private amusement; however, it turned all eyes on our arrival. I felt

almost a shock when, on glancing up the broad staircase, I saw it lined on either side by a row of uniforms ; it seemed like facing an army itself. The Odeon Hall was filled with a dense crowd, every man in his uniform. The room was beautifully decorated. First and foremost there was that cornice of human faces gazing down from the lofty gallery ; secondly, a raised platform for the Court, all carpeted, and decorated with greenhouse plants, with a fountain playing before the seat intended for the Queen, the water for which said fountain, I understood, was being constantly pumped up by an unlucky man beneath the ball-room floor. This idea made the fountain, to me, rather a fatigue than a refreshment. Upon the platform, which was guarded by grim stone lions, and behind crimson velvet and gilt chairs arranged for the Court, rose a tent of crimson and gold, beneath which were displayed a number of warlike trophies, flags, cannon, arms of all kinds, in picturesque array, and above them, glowed in fire, a gigantic M, the initial letter of the King's name. Armour, helmets, and breast-plates of various ages, and guns, swords, and pistols, arranged in groups, and forming columns, and stars, and wheels, as we, in London, see them in the Armoury at the Tower, flanked the tent, on either hand ; tall fir-trees shadowing them, palms and tender flowers—Peace and Love, as it were—drooping over, and twining about these implements of torture and horror, in strange contrast. Quick, keen tongues of flame leapt up, ever and anon, from brazen lamps, types of destroying fire, as the weapons were of bloodshed. But both fire and sword produced a wild and poetical impression, thus used in ball-room decoration.

Thirdly, the two long sides of the rooms were rendered gay and attractive by green bowers, regular arbours of fir-tree boughs, intertwined with wreaths of artificial flowers, beneath which were throned, in each, an elegant lady and gentleman, disposing of shares in the lottery ; whilst at the

end of the room the prizes were displayed upon long stalls, bearing a strong resemblance to a scene in our Oxford Street Pantheon. There were numbers of capital things to be won; besides work-tables and easy-chairs, and dressing-cases, and thousands of elegant and *inelegant* nick-nacks which one would be thankful *not* to win; there was, at least if report was to be believed, a statuette, in marble, of the "Bavaria," by Schwanthaler himself, and sent by Queen Theresa. That *would* have been a prize.

I dare say, however, if it were there, that, by some singular freak of Fortune, it would find its way back again to Court. Such things will happen! I saw lots of capital things carried up the steps of the royal platform—gay parasols and lace handkerchiefs. As for us!—poor wretched mortals—we got nothing out of numberless chances, not one of us. A young officer, however, who joined our party, and who, I dare say, never swallowed half-a-dozen cups of tea in his life, won a tea-caddy! He did not seem at all to know what it was. I know Fortune meant that caddy for me—it is a pity she is so blind! A tea-caddy is one of my idols; I would have one made of gold if I could! I deserved to have had the tea-caddy!—that young fellow ought to have had a beer-tankard, or a tobacco-pouch! Well, Fortune certainly had her eyes well bandaged on that occasion.

The drawing of prizes continued all evening, even during the dancing. But no dancing, of course, commenced until the Court arrived.

All at once we saw some half-dozen men in blue uniforms, with white ribbons in their button-holes, rushing through the crowd, which parted before them, like the Red Sea before the children of Israel, and on came the courtly train, two and two,—a brilliant procession of uniforms, and satins, and brocades, and diamonds. Poor King Max was ill with influenza, which is attacking everybody here, and

therefore was not present. But the young Queen was there, attended, if I mistake not, by King Otho ; but, as he wore his uniform, instead of his handsome Albanian dress, I did not immediately recognise him. The human wall, on either side, bowed enthusiastically as their Royalties and their Serene Highnesses passed on, the Queen, especially, acknowledging their loyalty by her most gracious smiles. She wore a brilliant tiara of diamonds, and a rich pink satin dress, and had chains of diamonds round her neck, and her arms were loaded with bracelets. She looked rather different from my simple, peasant-like ideal ; but her face was lovely and kind, and in that expression of kindliness lay an infinite charm. What a study of faces was here ! I read in many of them strange histories of court life and intrigue ; but with that we have now nothing to do.

There were numbers of court ladies, young and old, all very grand ; and princes and dukes in abundance ; they proceeded to the platform, and took their seats, chatting among themselves, and seeming very merry. Soon they again descended, to walk the stately *polonaise* round the ball-room ; the grand ladies returning, however, to their crimson chairs of state, whilst many of the gentlemen might be seen moving amongst the crowd. And soon, when a waltz began, behold Prince Adalbert dancing with a citizen's daughter, and various other of the grandees dancing away with equally plebeian partners. That was all very right was it not ? If they were the guests of the citizens, as on this occasion they were, it was right to associate with citizens. I saw the King of Greece talking to all sorts of people as merrily as could be. There was, however, very little space for dancing—just a circle for the waltzers, and that was all.

We ourselves were neither *aristocratic* enough, not yet *plebeian* enough, to dance ; therefore, we stood in a good place and looked on, and a most amusing scene we beheld.

At the first glance, from the uniforms being pretty much alike, you scarcely distinguished the prince from his butcher or his baker ; but in a very short time your eye told you that there was in the room, as in the world at large, a most subtle, almost imperceptible gradation of rank, both conventional and moral ! With the women it was the same ; from the diamond crown of the Queen to the silver head-gear of the citizen maiden of the lower class. It was to me a singular, almost affecting, study. But sentiment soon gave way to amusement, as one queer couple after another passed before us ! There a little fellow, in military uniform, fairly waltzed round "a huge whale of a wife," in a heavy black cotton dress, gorgeous with brilliant flowers, while her head bore the silver, swallow-tailed Munich cap ; here a sentimental maiden in tawny muslin, clung to the arm of some gigantic crane in regimentals. The most extraordinary costumes presented themselves. All the cotton and stuff dresses danced, while the muslins and satins looked on. And why not ? All the middle-aged, elderly, nay, *old* people danced, so at least it seemed to me, whilst the young looked on. And why not ? I again asked myself—it was only my *taste*, not my *reason*, that objected. There was the feeble Appleshoe in brilliant red and blue, with spectacles on nose, and thin, buff-coloured hair, dancing away with his bony, but good-natured wife, in black silk. I rather admired them. I recognised, in various of the military figures, acquaintances of mine. There, from that soldier I bought my winter dress ; from that ferocious little fellow a packet of charcoal that very morning ; here was the modeller of a beautiful statuette, from whom I shall make a purchase one of these days.

I told you that we stood looking on from a good place, which happened to be close to one of the grim lions guarding the steps of the platform. As Prince Adalbert returned to

the aristocracy, he passed us, and having danced with Ida at several balls this winter, and being a sort of acquaintance of Mrs. Amsel's, he stopped to speak to them. He seemed very good-tempered, and as he chatted about the ball, and various other things, he glanced several times towards me with a smile, as if to say—"and who is this young lady?" Whereupon Mrs. Amsel introduced me to his Royal Highness, and his Royal Highness was very polite indeed, and we two had a little chat. I tell this in order that — may honour me because I have exchanged words with a prince of the blood.

Once more, in the course of the evening, the Court ladies descended from their elevation and danced a quadrille—the Queen is excessively fond of dancing, they say—after which, about ten o'clock, the whole Court again paraded the room, and then took their departure. Soon after we followed their example. Before we left, however, I saw a rather characteristic bit of Munich life, the militia and their partners regaling themselves with beer and ham in a room adjoining the ball-room; such a chaos of plumed helmets, tankards, and plates of ham as there was! And the ceiling of the room adjoining was painted with grand allegorical frescos of Apollo and the Muses!

But I have not yet done. I must tell you of the

MASKED ACADEMY.

"Fräulein Amsel has been to ask you to go with her to the *Maskirtacademie* at the Odeon to-night!" exclaimed Madame Thekla, when I came home about half-past five last Thursday evening; "she said you must be there at latest by six, as it will be so terribly crowded, and she wishes you to call for her."

All this was impossible ; it was then more than half-past five, and I had not yet dined, to say nothing of dressing ! “Would Madame Thekla go with me into the gallery ?” I asked.

“Yes, with pleasure, as soon as she had had her beer,” the tea of most Munich women of her class.

Away we started. The gallery was crowded to excess, although it was only just six ; and if people had not been very polite to me, as a foreigner and a young lady, I should have had no place at all. However, squeezed up against a pillar and a poor little hump-backed lad, to whom of course I was very polite all the evening, for he had inconvenienced himself for me—I saw capitally.

The scene of operation was again the large hall of the Odeon. At one end was erected a stage, for the performance of a pantomime, which I soon perceived was to be the amusement of the evening. Before the proscenium were seats and music desks, then came rows and rows of chairs for the audience, filling about half the room. In the other portion of the hall were arranged card-tables.

There were very few people in the room when we first took our place in the gallery, so that for the hour preceding the performance of the pantomime, my amusement was watching the arrivals. People were to be masked ; at least, such were the directions on the cards of admission : therefore, I was considerably disappointed to see the ladies, with very few exceptions, without masks or masquerade dresses, only in full evening costume, — perhaps, however, somewhat more brilliant in colour than usual. Many children were in fancy dresses, looking excessively pretty ; one little girl, of about twelve, especially, who paraded about in extreme grandeur as a minute Moorish lady. The gentlemen, however, were all either in fancy dresses or dominoes, and the effect of those dominoed gentlemen was, to my eyes, remarkably

comic. They swept along in scarlet, blue, orange, green, and crimson dominoes, trimmed with deep white lace frills and capes, yet wearing their every-day black hats, on which were stuck their masks, and with common-place black trousers and patent-leather boots peeping out beneath.

The court in attendance on the three kings and the two queens arrived. King Ludwig's tall, spare figure, decked out in a white and scarlet domino, looked very like that of a Catholic priest. The King of Greece wore blue, King Max crimson. The young Queen was dressed in a very simple mode—a crimson velvet dress, over which she wore ermine; a tiara of diamonds on her brow. The old Queen wore black velvet, and looked so very quiet, that I never knew she was a queen till the evening was almost over. The royalties scattered themselves through the room, sitting, standing, talking, laughing, like ordinary mortals; the white and scarlet Catholic Priest bowing and nodding his head about everywhere in that lively manner which instantly announced him as King Ludwig.

Every now and then small troops of regular masks entered, men evidently, most of them, dressed as women. In they came, with that queer, uncertain gait, mysterious air, and peering gaze, which masks always assume. There were two mysterious, veiled, Moorish beauties; two nuns; two pink sentimental sisters; and three big-boned white ones, dressed in white bed-gowns and mob-caps. These three Amazonian dames stalked about together, distributing little papers among the crowd, which said little papers usually created much laughter and astonishment. Now a sister mysteriously drew aside a guest, and whispered something in his or her ear. Kings, queens, and courtiers, all had their turn.

Such was the fun going on before and during the pauses

in the pantomime. The pantomime itself was nothing particular. Harlequin, Columbine, Pantaloon, and some half-dozen other oddly-attired mortals, performed a variety of antics and practical jokes, which called forth roars of laughter from the motley audience. To me, however, they seemed poor and dull. The most amusing thing, I thought, was a dancing donkey, the legs of which you instantly recognised as youthful human legs. Pantaloon, who adores this donkey, rushes off for hay to feed it with; but the donkey, with donkey politeness, refuses the hay each time it is offered, wheeling round, presenting his tail and his heels instead of his mouth, till poor old Pantaloon is in the last stage of astonishment and despair. The only pretty thing was a dance of children, dressed as Swiss peasants.

People, I suppose, considered this Masked Academy very amusing; and you will enquire, "but why Masked *Academy*?" So have I asked from numbers of people, and the answer I get is, "Oh, it is the Masked Academy!" as though every body knew what that meant. You, therefore, must make the best of this answer, as I have done, and be content.

There are quantities of balls just now, one of which I must mention; it was at the beautiful house of an artist—a house exquisitely furnished in the old German style, all the decorations charming, and all the company artists. It was what is called here a "pic-nic," which means a party, the expense of which is divided by the company; different friends joining and providing different portions of the entertainment. This is a custom very general in Munich, and a rational one, I think—but very un-English. These pic-nics circulate. I have heard of the officers' pic-nic, the students' pic-nic, and so on.

The Carnival is now approaching its end; everybody is being merry whilst they may. In a few days comes Lent.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE BUTCHERS' LEAP INTO THE FOUNTAIN.—END OF
CARNIVAL.

THIS strange ceremonial, like the *Schöfflertanz* which I lately described, is said to have its origin in the time of the plague. While the coopers danced with garlands and music through the streets, the butchers sprang into the fountain in the market-place, to show their fellow-citizens that its water was no longer to be dreaded as poisoned. Perhaps they were the Sanitary Commissioners of those days ; and by bathing themselves in the water and dashing it about on the crowd, would teach the true means of putting pestilence to flight.

Though the Coopers' Dance takes place only once in seven years, the Butchers' Leap occurs annually, and always on *Fasching Montag*,—the Monday before Shrove Tuesday. I believe the ceremony is of great importance to the trade of the butchers ; as certain privileges granted to them are annually renewed at this time, in connection with the Leap. These two ceremonies—of the Coopers' Dance and the Butchers' Leap—are now almost the last remains of the picturesque and quaint customs of old Munich.

The butchers commence their proceedings by attending high mass in St. Peter's Church,—close to the Schranren Platz, or market-place, in which the fountain is situated. It is a desolate-looking church, this St. Peter's, as seen from without,—old, decaying, and ugly ; within, tawdry and, though not desolate and decaying, ugly. From staringly-

white walls frown down on the spectator torture-pictures, alternating with huge gilt images of sentimental saints in clumsy drapery. The altars are masses of golden clouds and golden cherubs.

Music, as from the orchestra of a theatre rather than from the choir of a church, greeted Madame Thekla and myself as we entered. The butchers were just passing out. We caught glimpses of scarlet coats; and saw two huge silver flagons, covered with a very panoply of gold and silver medals, borne aloft by important officials clothed in scarlet. Having watched the procession—some half-dozen tiny butchers' sons, urchins of five and six years old, with rosy, round faces, and chubby hands, mounted on stalwart horses, and dressed in scarlet coats, top-boots, and jaunty green velvet hats—seven butchers' apprentices, the Leapers of the day, also dressed in scarlet, and mounted on horseback—the musicians—the ample train of master-butchers and journeymen, in long dark cloaks and with huge nosegays in their hats—and the scarlet officials bearing the decorated flagons—having watched, I say, all these good folk wend their way in long procession up the narrow street leading from the church, and seen them cross the market-place in the direction of the Palace, where they are awaited by the King,—let us look around, and notice the features of the market-place. It is, in fact, a quaint old bit of the city, well worth study.

If I love the Ludwigsstrasse as the most beautiful portion of new Munich, I almost equally love the Schranneplatz as about the quaintest part of old Munich. It is long and narrow for a market-place, but wide for a street. The houses are old; many of them very handsome, and rich with ornamental stucco-work,—

“All garlanded with carven imageries
Of fruit and flowers, and bunches of knot-grass.”

the sills. At one of three windows the old carpenter was at work; he soon moved all his tools away, and brought out a singular piece of wood, which at first considerably puzzled me.

"May I ask," said I, "what you are making?"

"An organ, *gnädiges Fräulein*, for my little grandson there!" pointing to a shy little lad with large blue eyes and very white hair.

"You are a musician, then?" said I, looking with still greater interest at the old man, with his thin, intelligent face.

"No, not so much of that; but that little chap is very fond of music, and I'm making this for him. I work at it all my leisure moments. I've the pipes all ready; it will turn out well, I think, and we are both very anxious about it, aren't we, Hänschen? Ah, he's a slow lad, that is, at his books, though!—a very slow lad! I've to comfort him often, *gnädiges Fräulein*,—he's so slow; he's not like his brother, who died last year—that was a quick lad! But I tell Hänschen he'll learn easier by-and-by—and he's a good lad, *Fräulein*, and very fond of music!"

"And Hänschen," I said, "you are not slow at music; of that I'm certain: are you?"

If any one could have seen the bright flush of the little fellow's face, and his large kindling eyes, they would have felt as delightful a thrill as I now do in recalling his face, and the pleased kindly countenance of the old grandfather.

Madame Thekla and the old man had a long gossip. Hänschen whispered and tittered with a group of little lads come to see the "Leap"—a group of "youth," as the old grandfather called them.

We probably might have an hour or more to wait until the commencement of the spectacle.

Sometimes I amused myself with watching the people outside; sometimes I fell into pleasant day-dreams, lulled by the droning voices of the two old gossips, and I felt

astonished every now and then by their inquiring from me if I were not tired, were not impatient? Not at all! I could have sat there for hours. I found my attention, however, aroused by Madame Thekla's voice,—she was talking of birds; I think it was *à propos* of the old man's canary. She was talking of the time when her "*seliger Mann*" was alive, and when she lived near Salzburg. I always like to hear her talk of that time, for "the blessed husband" must have been a good husband indeed,—a kind old fellow, who, nearly twice her age, treated her not only as a beloved wife, but as a spoilt child. He was a well-to-do man, and her life near Salzburg is her garden of Eden. And as she talked of the pigeons they had there, of the old thrush that used to hang beneath the vine, and of their tame lark, her memories seemed to mingle with my own beautiful memories of Salzburg. I wove such pleasant fancies of dewy, sunshiny mornings in a quiet, old-fashioned garden, where there was a fluttering of white-winged pigeons settling down to drink out of a stone basin in the grass, of the thrush singing beneath the vine odorous with blossoms, of the old tame lark hanging in an apricot tree, and, above all, the glorious craggy sides and snowy summits of the Salzburg Alps rising in glorious majesty and grandeur, that I felt quite sorry to be called away from these imaginary pictures to the reality, amusing as it was, which was going on in the market-place.

Looking out of the window on the crowd that began to collect around the fountain, I noticed the tall roofs and handsome fronts of the houses opposite, and the crowd of pigeons—scores and scores of pigeons—assembled just opposite the fountain on the edge of the steep roof which rose like a red hill-side behind them. They seemed solemnly met to witness the great festivities about to be celebrated, and sat in silent expectation brooding in the sunshine. Then I wondered what attraction the icy water could have

for the children who leaned over the fountain's side, dabbling in the water as though it had been Midsummer. The crowd increased and increased, and seven new white buckets were brought and placed on a broad plank, which extended across one side of the fountain basin.

A shout from the crowd announced the arrival of the butchers. First of all came the tender butcher-infants, in scarlet coats, top-boots, and green velvet hats, borne in the arms of their fathers through the crowd in order that they might witness the fun. Then followed the scarlet officials; and then came seven of the queerest beasts man ever set eyes on. What were they, if human? Were they seven Esquimaux chiefs, or seven African mumbo-jumbos? They were the heroes of the day—the seven butcher-apprentices, clothed in fur caps and garments,—covered from shoulder to heel with hundreds of dangling calves' tails—red, white, black, dun!

You may imagine the shouts that greeted them,—the peals of laughter. Up they sprang on the broad plank,—leaping, dancing, making their tails fly round like trundled mops. The crowd roared with laughter.

A stately scarlet-clad official, a butcher (*Altgesell*), stands beside them on the plank. Ten times they drink the health of the royal family, and prosperity to the butchers' craft. The *Altgesell* then striking many blows on the shoulder of the nearest apprentice, frees him and all the remaining six from their indentures. They are henceforth full-grown butchers. Then they plunge into the very centre of the fountain with a tremendous splash. The crowd shouts; the startled pigeons wheel in wild alarm above the heads and laughter of the crowd; the seven Tritons dash torrents of water on the multitude, who fly shrieking and laughing before the deluge;—the seven buckets are plied with unwearied arms; lads are enticed within aim by showers of

nuts flung by the "Leapers," and then are drenched to the skin. It is a bewilderment of water, flying calves' tails, pelting nuts, and shrieking urchins!

The "Leapers" then ascend out of their bath,—shake themselves like shaggy dogs,—have white cloths pinned round their necks as though they were going to be shaved,—and have very grand medals hung round their necks suspended by gaudy ribbons.

The procession retires across the market-place to its "*Herberge*," and the crowd disperses,—but disperses only to reassemble in various public-houses for the merriment of the afternoon and night. That night and the next day are "the maddest, merriest of all the year." Music is everywhere—dancing everywhere. It is the end of the Carnival. Ash-Wednesday comes,—and then, all is gloom.

CHAPTER XXIII.

CONVERSATION WITH A PAINTER.—THE FRESCOS OF THE
NEW PINAKOTHEK AND STEREOCHROMIE.

March 12th.—In conversation to-day with a Munich painter, I chanced to observe what a great charm for me the character of Munich had,—not alone its churches, its pictures, its galleries, its beautiful and old-fashioned houses, but its whole poetical, dreamy character: I loved the mild oxen yoked in the heavy wagons, the peasants, the villages, the Isar, the desolate plain, and the glorious chain of Alps, with a peculiar and an indefinable love.

"But," observed he, "there is one feature in Munich life from which you, unfortunately, as a woman, have been cut off,—the jovial, poetical, quaint life of the artists among themselves. This is a great pity, for you would have so much enjoyed it,—the life of the artists, I mean, in their *Kneips*, with their festivals and odd usages." And then he went on to tell me how gay the artists here usually are during Carnival time, and described one of their masked balls, where all is deliciously artistic and poetic. "This year and last, however, people," said he, "have been too much dispirited by all these political troubles to have heart for such merriment. But the meetings at their *Kneips*! those were delightful, poetical, artistic! Then, too, in May, there is the May Festival, when all the painters go forth, with their wives and children, to Starnberg, where they spend a day full of beauty and merriment upon the lake, and among

the woods, and make huge bonfires by the water side, leaping over them in memory of old pagan times.

"Have you ever been to Schwanthaler's Castle?" asked the painter.

"No," I replied; "where is it?"

"It is about two *Stunden* from Munich, a strange romantic little castle, a great resort of the Munich artists. On one occasion they had all gone forth," pursued the painter, "with music and with banners flying, a grand, jovial company, and when with sounds of music they approached the little castle, behold! a knight, clad in armour, suddenly appeared upon the battlements, and in a hoarse, sepulchral voice, demanded—

"Who are these men that, with music and jollity, have aroused me from my sleep of centuries?"

And then one of the intruders replied in a grand speech to the old knight, and there was much parleying.

How thoroughly German is all this! Imagine highly intellectual and earnest-spirited men, even were they painters and poets, in England giving themselves up to such a frolic. It would be felt as childish and undignified. But here it is in keeping.

"And," continued the painter, "there is also another beautiful feature of our Munich artist-life which you have never yet properly enjoyed,—this is the *Schneegebirg*,—those sublime mountains where we behold that poetry which we strive to work out in our pictures here in the city. The Schneegebirg (the Alpine chain) is a portion of Munich art—it is our heaven. Such beauty as there is among these mountains! such grandeur! such gorgeous colouring! such flowers! such wild legends! such a primitive race of people! such remains of old times,—of the Romans, of the old Germans, of the Druids. Yes, indeed, Tyrol is a district! Talk of Switzerland! it is modern in its feeling, it is com-

mon-place in comparison! Think only of the *Untersberg*, with old Barbarossa asleep in his enchantment beneath it, with his beard grown through the stone table upon which he leans! Think of the whole region around Salzburg; it is brimful of legends and beauty!"

Had you only heard the painter's words of enthusiasm, and seen his countenance flush with earnest love of these mountains, you would have felt, as I at the moment felt, ready to start that instant for the "hill country."

Yes, at the bottom of my soul I have a pang of "*Heimweh*" whenever I look towards the Alpine chain. The few glimpses I have had of its beauty are always haunting my imagination.

I wish E—— would paint, some day, a little picture, called "In the Tyrol." It should be a picture of flowers. It should represent a small portion of grey rock, covered with mosses and lichens of every tint; and flowers should droop over the rock and spring out of its crevices; flowers like the brightest gems, crimson mountain-pinks, deep azure gentians and flowers like stars of gold, and delicate, feathery grasses, and luxuriant leaves of ladies'-mantle sparkling with dew-drops; and beyond, as background, should be a pearly evening sky, streaked with rose and orange, and Alpine peaks of deepest violet, dreamy and sublime in the glow of sunset. If E——, with his exquisite love of flowers and weeds, should not be inspired to paint such a picture, I myself feel so, and must attempt it some day, setting off to the mountains and bathing my spirit in their beauty and joy.

Kaulbach is at work this spring upon his designs for the New Pinakothek, a series of frescos illustrative of the history of modern German art: the building of the New Pinakothek being destined for the repository of works as

exclusively of modern schools, as the Old Pinakothek is of the old.

Seven designs for the south façade of the New Pinakothek are now complete, and the frescos are in progress. The centre composition represents King Ludwig as descending from his throne, and receiving with a gracious welcome various artists and lovers of art, who approach him with chef-d'œuvres both ancient and modern. Classic, Egyptian, mediæval, all are welcome to enrich the galleries and palaces of his art-city.

It would seem no easy task to adapt our modern costume to the poetical necessities of colossal figures. Looking at these designs, however, one is inclined to anticipate a happy result. Kaulbach has preserved the individual characteristics both of the men and of the age which he has portrayed, and yet there is no want of dignity.

One could have wished that the genius of so great a man as Kaulbach should have had some more congenial subject entrusted to it, for a series of great public works, in the city of his home, than the illustration of an almost personal theme; for Kaulbach's true path lies among the highest regions of the ideal.

Yet, even working upon this task, his genius has burst forth in many a beautiful and poetic touch, contrasting wonderfully with the vein of genial humour and keen satire running through the whole series; as characteristic of the man as is his spirit of tenderness, grace, and beauty.

The first in order of this series—though not the first completed—is the design upon which the painter is now at work. It is an allegorical representation of the triumph of knowledge and modern taste over the formalities and stagnation of what the Germans designate the "*Zopfzeit*," or Pigtail-age. Kaulbach's peculiar spirit of humour and satire, to which I have just referred, and of which his designs to

"Reineke Fuchs" are a striking example, a spirit akin to the satire of our own Hogarth, singularly and most forcibly in this design contrasts with another element of his nature, an element as strikingly akin to Flaxman as the other is to Hogarth,—the most lovely appreciation of the antique—the most exquisite grace and simplicity in his lines of composition.

A hideous three-headed monster keeps watch and ward over a small stone cell, adorned with architectural monsters in periwigs and lace cravats. Within the cell, and clinging together on the ground, sit the imprisoned Graces. A lamp burns beside them. One holds, listlessly, an unbound wreath of flowers; another hides her face in the lap of the third. The third Grace raises her head as though a sudden hope had rushed to her heart and flushed her cheek! Sounds of rescue have reached her ear. A mighty combat is being waged without. Upborne by a low light cloud, on comes Minerva, with upraised spear and shield, to attack the Cerberus. Close upon her follows Winckelmann, who flings, with unerring aim, his ink-stand at the monster, whilst Thorwaldsen aims vigorous blows with his mighty mallet, and Carstens—the friend of our Flaxman—brandishes his sword! Up through a marsh out of the distance comes on the architect Schenkel, with a large portfolio beneath his arm. Hideous frogs are ready to meet him, with hateful croakings, on the mainland, but he cares not for them: on he comes, with calm, brave face to aid in the rescue!

The monster's death-hour is arrived; the three scaly necks writhe beneath the three elegant lace cravats; the three hideous human countenances turn livid, and are distorted by death-pangs, beneath the three powdered periwigs.

And lo! on the other side of the little cell up rushes

Pegasus, carrying upon his back between his swift wings Cornelius, wielding a tremendous two-edged sword ; Overbeck, with his devout countenance, bearing with love and awe a fluttering banner, upon which glows the Madonna and Child ! and Veit, vigorous in his genius and youth !

Veit, like a right generous soul, lends his hand to a nameless brother painter, so that he also may mount Pegasus. Alas, poor fellow ! it is time a friendly hand should raise him, for already is he growing bald, and from his pocket peeps forth a pistol, and his one foot still rests upon a tortoise. A moment more and he will be seated upon the back of Pegasus, the fourth of the "*Haimons-Kinder*" of Modern Art, ready to lend his arm to the strife.

On rushes Pegasus, and beneath his hoofs sleeps in self-contented rest,—his arm encircling a lay-figure, his ideal of grace—a withered old fellow dressed in full periwig costume, a decoration in his button-hole, a smile of the utmost self-gratulation on his lean visage.

The seventh study of colour for these frescos of the south façade is also just completed.

It represents the group of sculptors who have embellished Munich. In the centre sits the Munich sculptor *par excellence*, Schwanthaler. He is seated on a low seat as though designing ; sketches of various statues lie at his feet. A tall exquisite Gothic *Pokal* (goblet) rises from the ground beside him, and near to him also stands a quaint and hideous bust as of some demon dwarf : it is clothed in strange old crumbling armour, and to those who know the sculptor and his love of such things, and his whole life, it is full of suggestive meaning.

To the right of Schwanthaler sits, modelling a bust, Professor Halbig, celebrated for his great skill in various branches of his art, for his modelling of classic, romantic, and religious subjects, as well as of portraits and of animals

Behind Halbig stands Rauch of Berlin, busied upon the statue of Max-Joseph, which is erected on the Residenz Platz opposite the beautiful Opera-house. Near to Rauch you see the veteran Schadow. To the left of Schwanthaler stand the sculptors Widmann and Brugger, and grand old Thorwaldsen, with his thoughtful and serene brow shaded by its cloud of snowy locks: he wraps himself majestically in his cloak, and looks out, as with prophetic gaze, towards the great future of German art.

Beyond these figures, and various statues familiar to the inhabitants of Munich, rises the pediment of the Regensburg Walhalla. Workmen, their muscles strained, their chests heaving, place upon it the heroic figure of the Hermann with his winged helm and firmly-clenched sword.

And now, above the pediment, and relieved against the cloudless deep-blue Munich sky, is a lovely group! It is the poetry of the Munich people's life. Sweet round-faced girls and women and children gaze down upon all these wonders of art, and upon this busy throng of artists and workmen. Theirs is the enjoyment, the astonishment! This woman in her sparkling silver head-dress and pretty gay bodice, and silver necklace of many chains, points out the wonders to those two doubly-astonished urchins who lean over the pediment. And here sits a bright, smiling "*Kellnerin*," pouring out the intoxicating "*Bock*" into the tall, ell-long glass! How pretty she is, and how gracefully she pours! And see! here is another bright creature bearing a plate heaped up with round loaves and those odd-looking roots,—those huge radishes, said to taste so good with Munich beer! And beyond, up come peasant women! You know them by the kerchief tightly bound across their brows. How amazed that woman is! and well she may be, at that long array of golden statues of the

Electors, which you just see looming out of the distance, and at the commanding Kurfürst Maximilian I., who, seated on his bronze horse, grandly waves his bronze arm against the blue sky.

This little bit of the people's life is an exquisite touch, and repeated in various phases throughout the whole series of designs,—it is the artist's link between the actual and the ideal; and though, these touches are *true* to life it is a *beautiful truth*. The costume to its minutest detail is the actual every-day national costume, but through the artist's mind it has lost all that in the vulgarity of life it has gained of harsh and repulsive,—it is mellowed and purified as by a glowing and beautifying sun. If it is thus with the costume, how much more is it so in the faces and forms!

The other designs are treated in a similar manner. There is the entrance of a troop of young German painters and sculptors into Rome. Their studying also the great works of the old masters and the antique, and being summoned in the midst of their studies by a Bavarian herald. Among these students are Cornelius, Schnorr, Hess, and Schwanthaler. In the distance prophetically beckons the Bavaria with her oak-wreath.

Next in order, and the centre fresco which I have already described, is the king's reception of the artists and their works, and of the various artistic treasures with which he has stored his capital. Next follow, a design of the painters busily employed on their different works, and another of the architects; lastly come the sculptors, of which I have given you a more elaborate description. Each design is rich to overflowing with suggestive thought and beautiful fancy.

Since writing the above the scaffoldings have been removed from before two of the completed frescos of the

New Pinakothek, and all Munich has streamed to look at them. For my own part I greatly prefer the small cartoons and sketches of colour to the finished frescos: the colouring of the modern costume in the frescos tells to my eye gaudy and forced. Again I must repeat, would that a different class of composition had been chosen for the exercise of Kaulbach's peculiarly exalted genius!

I hear on all sides regret expressed that these frescos, which are exposed without the least defence against the weather upon the external walls of the building, have been executed in the old mode of fresco, and not according to the new method of *stereochromie*, in which Kaulbach's Berlin frescos are being painted.

Stereochromie is the discovery of the celebrated chemist the *Oberberggrath* von Fuchs of Munich, and is considered by German painters one of the great discoveries of the age. Among its advantages over ordinary fresco and encaustic painting, are its greater durability, and the power which the painter has of retouching and *glazing*. The colours are mixed with water, and the whole picture permanently fixed by profuse syringings with the so-called "*water-glass*"—the preparation of a soluble silicated alkali.

I understand that *stereochromie* is in fact a preserver of the wall upon which the picture is painted: by the chemical action of the solution, sprinkled over the picture whilst it is in progress and when completed, the ground on which it is painted and the colours of the picture become one hard flinty mass, the colours themselves being converted into the hardest stone; whilst in ordinary fresco it is a mere skin of flint which preserves the painting. So hard, I am told, is a picture in *stereochromie* that neither fire nor damp can affect it. During the last twelve years numerous experiments have been tried with this process, and it is said to have stood all tests admirably.

That Kaulbach has perfect reliance upon stereochromie is proved by his employing it as the medium by which he perpetuates his great series of historical works at Berlin.

I have already referred to the Hogarthian element in Kaulbach's genius ; and to one design of his in particular, belonging to the Hogarthian class, I must refer more in detail. This is his drawing entitled "The Mad-House," universally known throughout Germany. It is a work interesting from the history of its origin as well as from the intrinsic genius. Kaulbach's childhood and early youth were a season of poverty ; his is the old and affecting story of genius putting forth its tender roots and germinating in an arid and rocky soil.

"The Mad-House" takes its origin from the time when Kaulbach was a lad of fifteen studying at the Düsseldorf Academy. The physician of an asylum frequently visiting the house where Kaulbach lodged, proposed to him that he and a fellow-student should decorate the church of the Asylum with frescos from sacred subjects. They were to be paid *in food*. The youthful decorators completed their work. Then the physician, with a secret and benevolent intention in his heart, the purport of which only in later years revealed itself to the painter, proposed to show them over the Asylum. He led the two youths through the desolate wards of that house of woe, relating as he went along the mournful histories of the miserable inhabitants. He wished to recompense the boys for their labour, not alone by food for the body, but by food for thought and reflection ; he wished to read them a deep and impressive life's lesson, and he related to them therefore these miserable histories in an extraordinarily vivid and poetic manner. The impression made by his words upon one of his listeners was profound. Those mournful histories and forms haunted young Kaulbach's

imagination like ghosts for ten years ; then, in order fairly to lay the phantoms, he made his design of "The Mad-House."

The design represents the patients as grouped together, men and women, in the desolate yard of the Mad-House : here is an awful commentary upon human life—upon the sane as well as the insane. Ambition, avarice, fanaticism, cruelty, love, over-excitement of sense and of intellect, each presents its wretched victim ! With the exception of three out of the fifteen mad people which the design contains, all are absorbed in their own reflections or occupations, heedless of those around them : these three are two young women, who contend with each other about a man, and an old crone who watches the contest. The man, a wretched, sordid being, with a thin mean face, wrinkled-up eye, and mouth drawn down, with an indescribable look of cruel hardness and meanness combined,—with a lottery ticket pinned upon his battered hat, with earrings in his ears, and his hands doggedly thrust within his apron, looks out unconcernedly, heedless of the women, whose arms are locked around his bull-neck ; his eyes are filled with avaricious madness. The ribald shriek rings in one's ears of the woman who, with a tiger-look in her coarse face, and with her hair closely shaven, seeks with maniac violence to push back her rival, who with closely-locked hands clings round the man. Ah ! those are arms which should have clung around a kind and noble being,—that sweet feminine face should have gleamed with the sunshine of domestic joy : in that beautiful, sad countenance, veiled now with the mist of madness, and in the close, close clasp of those hands, one reads the history of a miserable, cruel marriage ; it is a face that makes the heart sick to dwell upon. The old crone, wearing her quaint peasant costume, whilst her bony fingers

knit busily, looks round upon this group ; her old eyes also have the mist of madness in them, and from her toothless jaws proceed, you feel, coarse, horrible mumblings.

All the other maniacs are self-absorbed. Here in the centre sits, with ungartered stockings falling from his legs, and resting his fierce face upon his fists, one who believes himself a soldier ; his wooden sword is slung around his shoulders. Close to him is seated one who believes himself a king, bearing his wooden sceptre, a medal hanging round his neck, his poor, sad imbecile head crowned with a paper and tinsel diadem. There, on the other hand of the soldier, with dreamy spectacled face, an old man is seen demonstrating to himself a problem from Euclid, with up-raised hands, books laid upon his knee, and diagrams drawn upon the ground before him. This man is a shoemaker : singularly bearing out the assertion that the cobblercraft so frequently has an inexplicable kinship with the speculative intellect. One man has bowed his head upon his knees in the utter, hopeless abandonment of despair ; he loosely holds a letter in his hand. A woman with anxious face hushes, as if to sleep, a piece of wood, which she has wrapped up in handkerchiefs, believing it an infant, and rocks it tenderly upon her knees. Prominent in this mass of anguish stands forth a large man ; his open, frilled shirt displays a brawny breast, to which he presses a wooden cross with one hand, pointing towards himself with the other. His bold face, his partially bald head, from either side of which flies his shaggy hair, are impressed with a revolting, sneering scorn ; laughter and misery, and blasphemy, contend in that dreadful countenance. Close beside him stands a youth, who clasps his rosary piously and yet fanatically to his breast ; his beautiful, dreamy, sensitive countenance pleads mournfully whilst he mutters prayers. Are not these the types of

the two extremes of fanaticism? A young girl, whose rich hair falls in heavy masses from her comb, and whose sweet young face, as it is caught in profile, speaks of the soul's sickness, clasps her poor hands and prays also.

The background of this group is in savage desolate harmony with it: you see a portion of the mad-house wall, a small barred window looking out of it, and a piece of door, the heavy hinges of which and the very bell-handle have a harsh, prison-like air. A piece of blank wall extends along from this corner of the mad-house: it is crested with a few dreary weeds, and above the wall you can catch a desolate sweep of low hills, with a tuft or two of bushes and a cheerless stretch of sky above. The yard itself is full of weeds and stones, dreary yet more, if possible, than is the glimpse of the external world.

Two figures which as yet I have not referred to add strongly to the strange spirit of the scene. One is an old mad-woman pacing rapidly up and down—up and down—beside this wall; she walks like a caged beast before the bars of its den: the carriage of her stooping head, the swing of her gown, the position of her slovenly feet, tell of her restless movements to and fro, and the lower portion of her stern old face, as it is partially revealed by her hood-like drapery, excites the imagination extraordinarily. I can scarcely account to myself for the impression always produced upon me by this especial figure, which is by far the most insignificant, as regards size, in the design. It is a vague horror,—to me she is the maddest of all the maniacs, the most terrible in her madness.

The other figure is—the *jailor*, I was about to say—the *keeper*, though jailor would truly be the fitter term for such a man as this appears to be; short and very stout, and

hard and cruel. Would that in charity his cruelty might be pronounced madness! There he stands, with feet doggedly planted before the door of the prison-house; his arms are folded behind him, and in his hands he holds a great bunch of keys, the very number suggesting the many cells which he has to lock; his hard, coarse, cruel face is turned towards the group, the eyes half concealed by a furred night-cap, which is drawn down over them, and with a pipe in his mouth he glares broodingly over his victims: out of the pocket of his great coat protrudes a stout whip with a keen, heavy thong.

The use of this thong is shown by a rude drawing upon the mad-house wall, where this human fiend, in coarse but striking caricature, is depicted flogging a victim, who with goggle-eyes and circular head, and circular body, such as we see in children's drawings, flings up in agony two arms like toasting-forks.

END OF VOL. I.

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